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MAGAZINE



October
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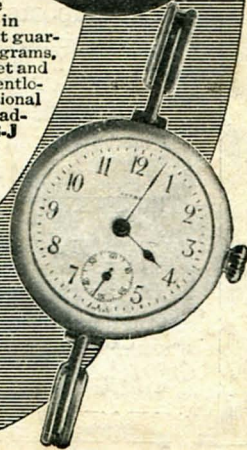
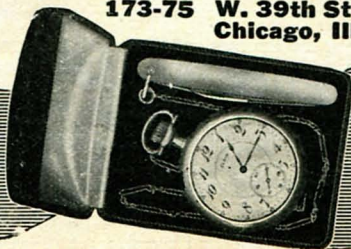
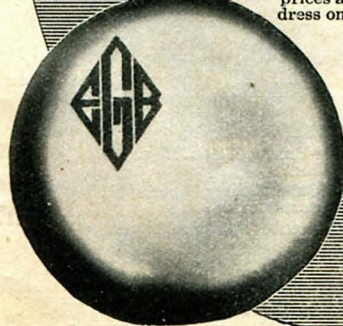
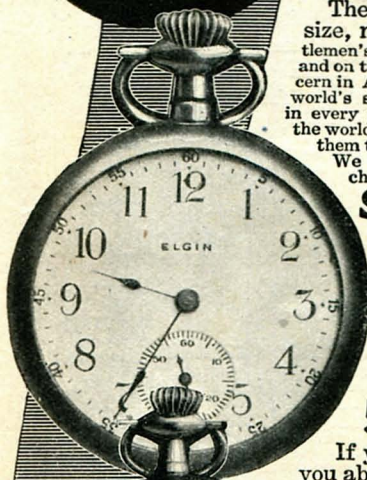
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

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VOL. VIII

No. 5

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Mary Anderson, Betty Schade, Charlotte Burton, Clara Williams,
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Chester Conklin, Jackie Saunders.

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EDWIN M. COLVIN, Pres.
ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Sec.-Treas.

JAMES R. QUIRK, Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.
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A Department of Photoplay Review

IN the November number of Photoplay Magazine, on sale October 1, will be found this periodical's *Department of Comment and Criticism on Current Photoplays*. Thereafter it will be a regular and dependable feature of the magazine.

The reviews will be of the broadest scope, and will be of more than momentary interest; that is, they will reflect the trends of manufacturers and mark the advent of ideas, rather than be of minute and temporary attention to passing productions of ephemeral nature.

They will be written by an authority. We aimed to secure the best informed writer in the United States to handle this department. Rather than talk about his ability to handle this big subject, let us ask our readers later if they concur in our judgment.

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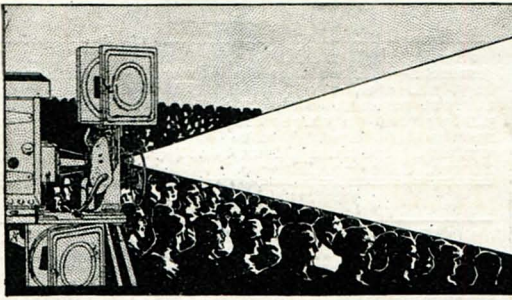
Photoplay Magazine has but one interest in this new undertaking: the interest of its readers. It serves no other interest; cannot be made to serve any other interest.

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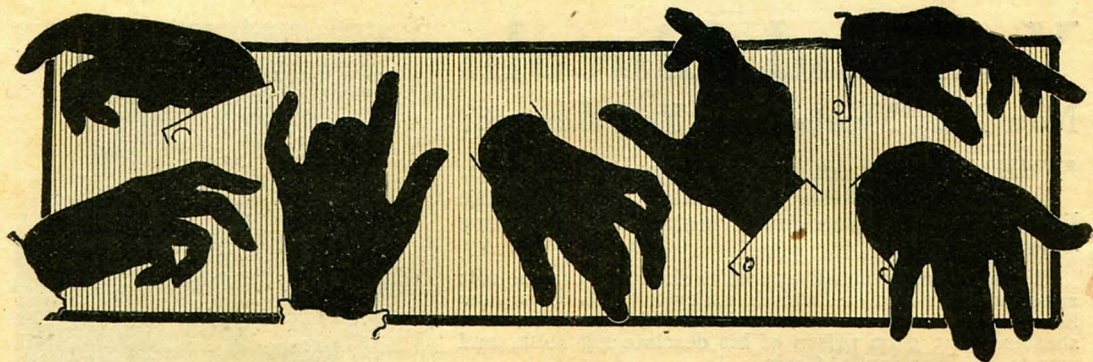
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We have prepared a book which tells all about the wonderful gymnastic finger exercises and explains the course in complete detail, which is free to those interested. It is a big 48-page book, brimful of eye-opening ideas and valuable information. It explains how this unique new method will quickly make your fingers *strong and dextrous*, bring them under *perfect control*, make them extremely rapid in their movements—how in a few short weeks you can transform your typewriting and make it *easy, accurate and amazingly speedy*—all this and much more is told in detail. No instruction book ever written, no matter what its cost, ever told so plainly the real WHY and HOW of expert typewriting. If you are ambitious to get ahead—if you want to make your work easier—if you want to put more money in your pay envelope—get this book at once. It will be a revelation to you as to the *speed and salary* that is possible to typists.

extremely rapid in their movements—how in a few short weeks you can transform your typewriting and make it *easy, accurate and amazingly speedy*—all this and much more is told in detail. No instruction book ever written, no matter what its cost, ever told so plainly the real WHY and HOW of expert typewriting. If you are ambitious to get ahead—if you want to make your work easier—if you want to put more money in your pay envelope—get this book at once. It will be a revelation to you as to the *speed and salary* that is possible to typists.

Tear off the coupon now, before you turn the page

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

POPULAR PHOTOPLAYERS



CLEO MADISON

a favorite Universal player, owned a stock company, in which she starred, and spun on the vaudeville wheel before she went into moving pictures. Her work in "Shadows of Life," and three pirate pictures, "Under the Black Flag," "Captain Kidd" and "The Buccaneers" has been most impressive. She was born in Chicago.



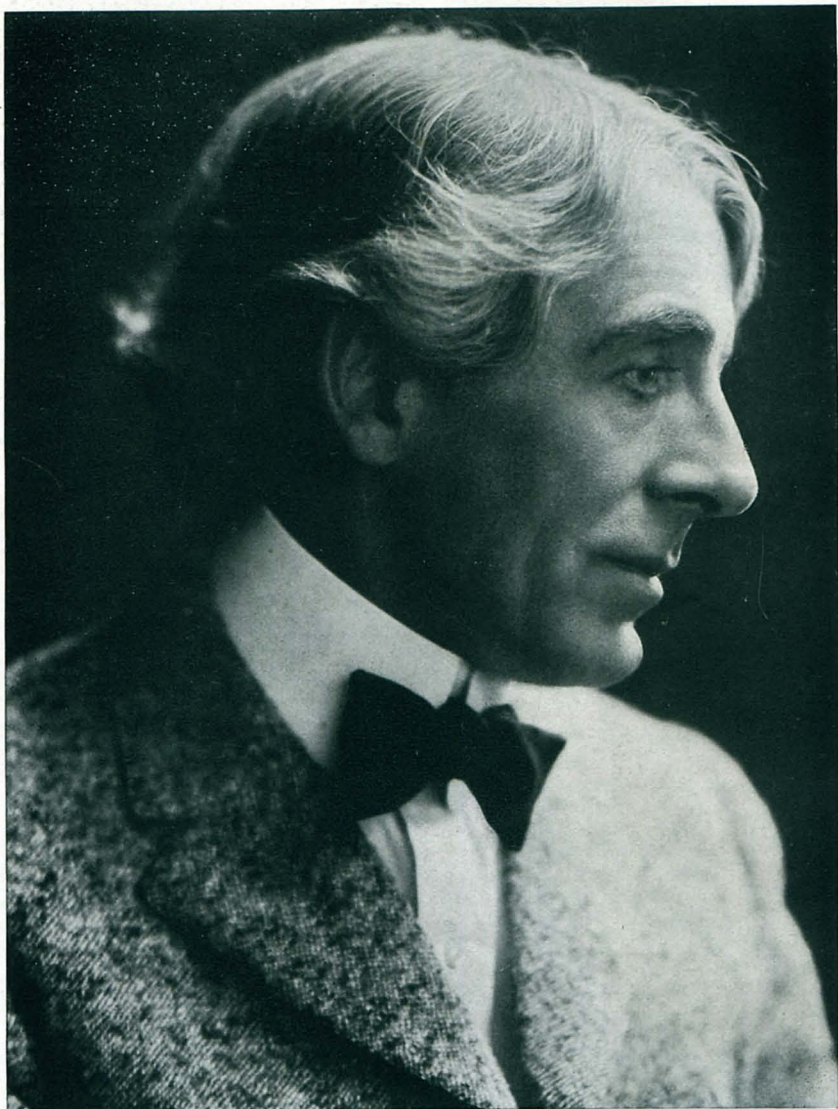
VICTOR MOORE

one of the best-known comedians of the legitimate stage, made his screen debut not many months ago, under the Lasky banner, in George Bronson Howard's play, "Snobs." Mr. Moore's success was so marked, and his liking for photoplay work so pronounced, that he will probably remain permanently in the domain of pantomimic drama. His best-known stage work was "Chimmie Fadden."



GRACE DARMOND

is one of the youngest leading women in moving pictures. In "The House of a Thousand Candles" and "The Millionaire Baby," both Selig feature plays, she scored distinct personal triumphs. Her first acting experience was as Editha, in "Editha's Burglar," a legitimate play. Miss Darmond was born in Chicago eighteen years ago.



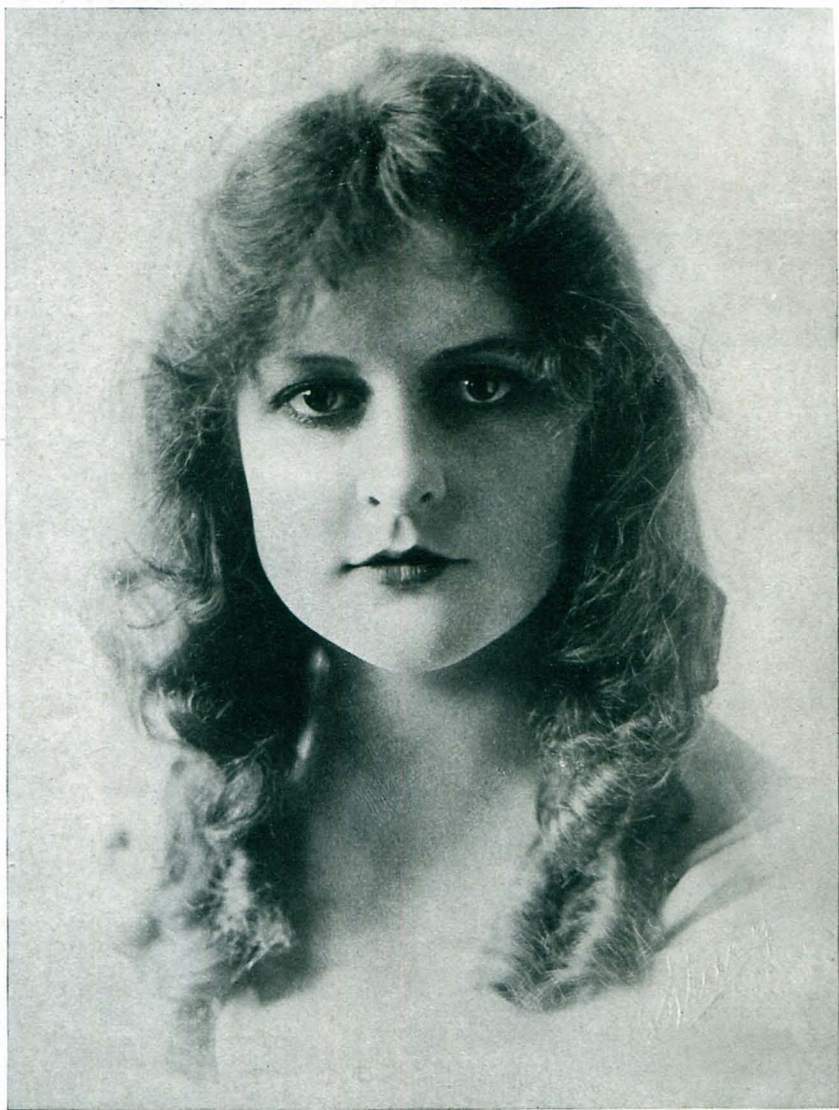
SPOTTISWOODE AITKEN

is D. W. Griffith's leading character man and will long be remembered as Dr. Cameron in "The Birth of a Nation." He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, and began his theatrical career at the age of 17. He was of the original cast of "The Dangers of London," and held many other important stage engagements. He is an excellent cartoonist, a proud father and an enthusiastic though not notably successful gardener.



NANCE O'NEIL

a tragedienne, to whom the word "distinguished" may justly be applied, has made a remarkable success in a series of tremendous roles during her few months in active photography—all of which service has been with Fox. Miss O'Neil is a Californian, achieved footlight fame under the direction of McKee Rankin, and is unmarried. "Nance O'Neil" is a stage name, her own name being Lamson.



MARY ANDERSON

one of the most attractive of the Vitagraph players, was born in Brooklyn, New York, June 28, 1897. She went into pictures directly from high school. Her first picture was in support of John Bunny. Before going into the movies, Miss Anderson was quite successful in Grecian dances at which she was expert, but which were not approved of by father.



BETTY SCHADE

a specimen of loveliness difficult to match in any department store of beauty, has been identified with several photoplay producing organizations in the vicinity of Los Angeles, and is at present with the Lasky company. Miss Schade not only photographs well in the films, but has been a camera art-subject of wide renown in the past few years. Chicago is her birthplace.



CHARLOTTE BURTON

the villainess in "The Diamond From The Sky" was born in San Francisco, May 30th, 1890. She made her debut at the age of eight in "The Brownies in Fairyland." Although Miss Burton is a very sweet and decorative little person in private life, she is a most expert photoplay villainess and any plot in which she is called upon to tangle up the skeins of romance, may be counted upon to supply plenty of thrills.



CLARA WILLIAMS

is of the dark, Spanish type of beauty so rich in emotional power. She was born in Seattle. As a child she appeared on the stage and was drafted to pictures by the Essanay company in 1910. Her best work has been seen in "The Reward," "Winning Back," and "The Italian." She is one of the New York Motion Picture Corporation's prize players.



ROBERT WARWICK

of the World Film Corporation, is a product of the West, and music is the art that first attracted him. He studied singing in Europe but his voice failed, and he turned to the dramatic stage. He was first seen in films in "The Man of the Hour," "The Dollar Mark" and "Alias, Jimmy Valentine," are other pictures in which his work was notable.



ANNA LITTLE

of the Universal, is the cow-girl heroine of the little boys and the middle-aged boys and the gray-haired boys of the United States, who have accepted the press-agent's catch-line "darling daughter of the plains," without question. She is a native of California and unmarried. Her work in "Damon and Pythias," and "The Opened Shutters" attracted wide attention.



SIGNE AUEN

of the Reliance-Majestic went into theatricals as a breadwinner. She was prominent in the younger social set of Spokane, Wash., when a financial crash that ruined her father, prompted her to seek work. After six weeks in stock she entered pictures. She is a graduate of a well known woman's school, and studied music and art, in Copenhagen. Her best work was in "The Fox Woman."



BRYANT WASHBURN

who made a perfect transition from villainy to heroism, after serving the Essanay company in base capacities so long that virtue seemed impossible, is a native of Chicago, is in his fourth year in Essanay pictures, and came to the screen after thorough stage tuition, including roles in George Fawcett's vehicles, appearances with Percy Haswell in Toronto, and a year's starring tour in "The Wolf." Mr. Washburn is under thirty.



CHESTER CONKLIN,

who is widely known as Mr. Droppington was born in Oskaloosa, Iowa in 1886. He went into stock in comedy and in serious parts, all of which were equally funny. Mr. Conklin decided to stick to intentional comedy. His summers Mr. Conklin spent clowning with a circus. Two years ago Mack Sennett signed him for the Keystone.



JACKIE SAUNDERS

of the Balboa company is just as trig and chic as her name, and even the extra girls admit they couldn't do better in her parts. She is twenty and was born in Philadelphia. As soon as she was old enough to care for herself, she went on the stage. "Gypsy Love," "Little Jackie" and "Rose of the Alley" adorn her three years in pictures.



Girls, This is Your Arena—

if you are one of the fortunate winners in the great Photoplay Magazine—World Film "Beauty and Brains" contest just starting. It is the interior of the Peerless Studio at Fort Lee, N. J. This is the principal World studio, where Clara Kimball Young, Robert Warwick, Vivian Martin and other illustrious persons have made their great pictures. It is just across the Hudson River from New York City.



PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The "Beauty and Brains" Contest

PARTICULARS OF THE GREAT PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE-WORLD FILM COMPETITION, NOW COMMENCING—THE CHANCE OF CHANCES FOR HALF A SCORE AMERICAN GIRLS TO BECOME MOVING PICTURE STARS

THE "Beauty and Brains" Contest, under the auspices of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and The World Film Corporation, is now on.

This contest was instituted for two purposes: to give ten unknown young American women a chance for stellar honors in the great field of motion pictures; to provide one of the biggest of the producing companies with ten possible stars.

Here are the particulars:

It is only necessary that the contestants shall have had *no previous stage or picture experience*. Actresses, either of the "legitimate" or photoplay stages, will not be considered.

For the rest, send two photographs to The Judges, "Beauty and Brains" Contest, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago. Send a profile picture, and a full face study. Every picture should have the full name and address of the subject written on the back; pictures not so backed will not be considered. The sender must also write a letter of not more than 150 words stating: "Why I would like to be a photoplay actress."

From the photographs and letters so re-

ceived the judges will select *two* from each *National Grand Division*. Particulars concerning the five Grand Divisions are given in the ensuing paragraphs.

The ten girls from the five Grand Divisions will be taken to New York in first class trains, will be properly chaperoned in the metropolis, and will be lodged expenses paid in full, at one of Manhattan's most celebrated hotels, and, within two weeks at most after their arrival in New York, will be given photographic and dramatic trials at the Fort Lee, New Jersey, studios of the World Film Corporation.

Those contestants who pass the final photographic and acting requirements, under the tutelage of the World's most eminent directors, will be given contracts as World Film actresses for a period of not less than one year, at a regular salary.

Those who do not pass the final trials will, in a first class manner, and without any expense to them whatsoever, be returned to their homes.

Thus the winners will either have established futures at a single cast of the dice of chance—or, failing that, they will in any event have had one of the most interesting



Vivian Martin, World Film star.

experiences and the greatest trip of their lives.

The ten winners will be announced, and their pictures and letters will be published, in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for February, 1916.

Next month the names of the Judges will be given, and further particulars will be published in detail.

HERE are the Grand Divisions of the contest by States, and from each Grand Division will come a pair of "Twins of Future Celebrity."

The Eastern Division is composed of the states of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina.

The East Central Division is composed of Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Indiana and Michigan.

The West Central Division is composed of Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Iowa,

Kansas, North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, and Nebraska.

The Western Division is composed of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, and California.

The Southern Division is composed of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Texas.

THE most remarkable artistic offer of *bona-fide* nature ever made to the young women of America is contained in the terms of the *Photoplay Magazine-World Film* "Beauty and Brains" contest, the simple but explicit terms of which are announced above.

The art of Active Photography, the biggest, newest, most universal and most humanly serviceable of all the arts, is crying aloud for exponents. Especially, it wants young women. It must have—as the name of this contest implicitly implies—"Beauty and Brains."

No qualification is necessary beyond their possession.



Alice Brady, snapped at Fort Lee studio.



A Group of "World" Celebrities

An informal photograph from the Fort Lee studios. Standing, left to right: Director Capellani, Director Crane, Director Chautard, Holbrook Blinn, Director Tourneur, Alice Brady, Director Young, Clara Kimball Young. Seated, same order: Elaine Hammerstein, Wilton Lackaye, Dorothy Fairchild.

No "favorites" will be picked.

Neither PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE nor the World Film Corporation has a protegee, or proteges, to "plant" in the minds and hearts of the American public.

This is not a contest for the commercial exploitation of one photoplay. It is not a contest on which interest will be wearily reiteratingly centered on one pretty girl.

It is a sincere effort to give to ten representative young American women *The Big Chance*.

THE World Film Corporation wants new stars. Its avarice for loveliness and talent is like the avarice of Moloch for its old-time sacrifices of beauty and youth—except that this is a complimentary, beneficent avarice—an avarice which serves rather than consumes.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as a periodical appealing to and serving the photoplay public of the whole country, is the vehicle whereby this film manufacturing company and its unknown, future leading women may be brought together.

And there you are.

DO you know that a *photograph* is more than a map of one's features—that it is an index to mentality, and oftentimes, to character?

That is why the preliminary stage of this contest is to be decided upon photographs, aided by the letters, as an index of natural intelligence and education.

These young women will eventually have the camera for a master, so it is well to see, right at the start of the affair, how well they serve it; and, in turn, what it can do for them.

Some sorts of beauty do not respond to the lens. Some lovely girls who would attract far more than momentary attention in a street, or at a public gathering, simply "will not photograph." This is a bit of tragedy, too. Why don't they "photograph"? Lots of answers, and no two volunteer answers seem to agree. Some say too much vivacity is responsible; others, that immobility of countenance always make a bad picture. At any rate, the fact is unalterable, and the pretty girls who won't "photograph" must stand aside, now, for the pretty girls who do. This is a



Clara Kimball Young, in her dressing-room at the World studio, at Fort Lee, N. J.

prime reason for judgment upon photographs.

THE World Film Corporation, which is the manufacturing and presentation end of this joint offer, is one of the biggest and most active photoplay makers in the world.

Its central offices are located at 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, and from these offices radiate lines of picture service throughout the world.

There is not an American city of consequence, and few hamlets, in which World Film plays are not shown every day.

Its principal studios are located at Fort Lee, New Jersey, just across the Hudson from Upper Manhattan. Thus its actors may virtually live "on Broadway," and at the same time be easily prompt at the 'cross-river studios in the morning.

This company's "locations" are by no

means confined to New Jersey. It makes its pictorial product all over the country—wherever the story seems to demand its situation nor do our boundaries even limit its stage.

At Fort Lee will be found, in daily work upon the architecture of future dramatic masterpieces, men like Maurice Tourneur, the famous Frenchman who staged such successes as "Alias Jimmy Valentine," and "Les Miserables;" Albert Capellani, who made the production of "The Face in the Moonlight;" Emile Chautard, who guided the famous actor Holbrook Blinn through "The Boss," which Blinn himself had put on as a play upon the limited stage—and, perhaps better known than any of them to the public at large, James Young, whose "Hearts in Exile," a Russian masterpiece, will remain one of the great dramatic pictures of 1915.

IN the World studios Lillian Russell made her "Wildfire" picture; Lew Fields immortalized "Old Dutch;" William Elliott appeared in "Women and Wine;" Tom Wise played "A Gentleman from Mississippi," and Wilton Lackaye perpetuated his wonderful Svengali in "Trilby."

These be stars from the legitimate—but here, regularly employed, are Clara Kimball Young, and Vivian Martin; and Robert Warwick, and Alice Brady and Holbrook Blinn, and many others who have won an imperishable place in the affections of all American lovers of the play.

Every contestant who wins the preliminary of this great trial—and there will be ten of them—will be brought to New York like a little Princess, live like a little Princess at one of the most famous and most dignified of the New York hotels, and be chaperoned as circumspectly as a little Princess, too! This last statement is not intended to carry the similitude of guardianship into any impetuous girl's jubilant but suspicious mind. It is intended to allay any mother's fear that her daughter will not have every kindness, service and thought of an actual home about her during this thrilling trip to the greatest Amer-

ican city, and to the center of the world's greatest art industry.

Arrangements have been made for all of these things, and further details will be announced in the November issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

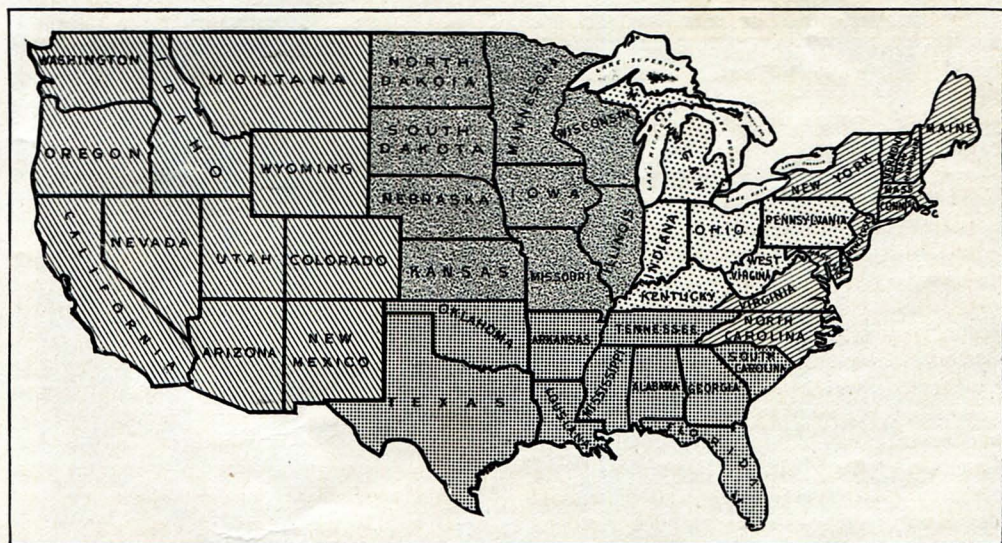
THE "Beauty and Brains Contest" originated with The World Film Corporation. They had received hundreds of applicants for positions; their agents, in different parts of the country, had interviewed hundreds more, unavailingly.

In despair, Some One said: "There must be, unknown and perhaps in distant states, beautiful, talented girls awaiting the Great Opportunity, while we, just as helplessly, and in ever greater need, await these girls—the stars of tomorrow. How shall we reach them?"

Then another Some One put into words the fundamental idea of the contest as it has taken shape.

One more question arose: Who should preach this gospel of Beauty and Brains? What was the best medium for the Opportunity that Was to reach the Girls Who Might Be?

And in the council there was but one answer: PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.




Five Grand Divisions of the Contest

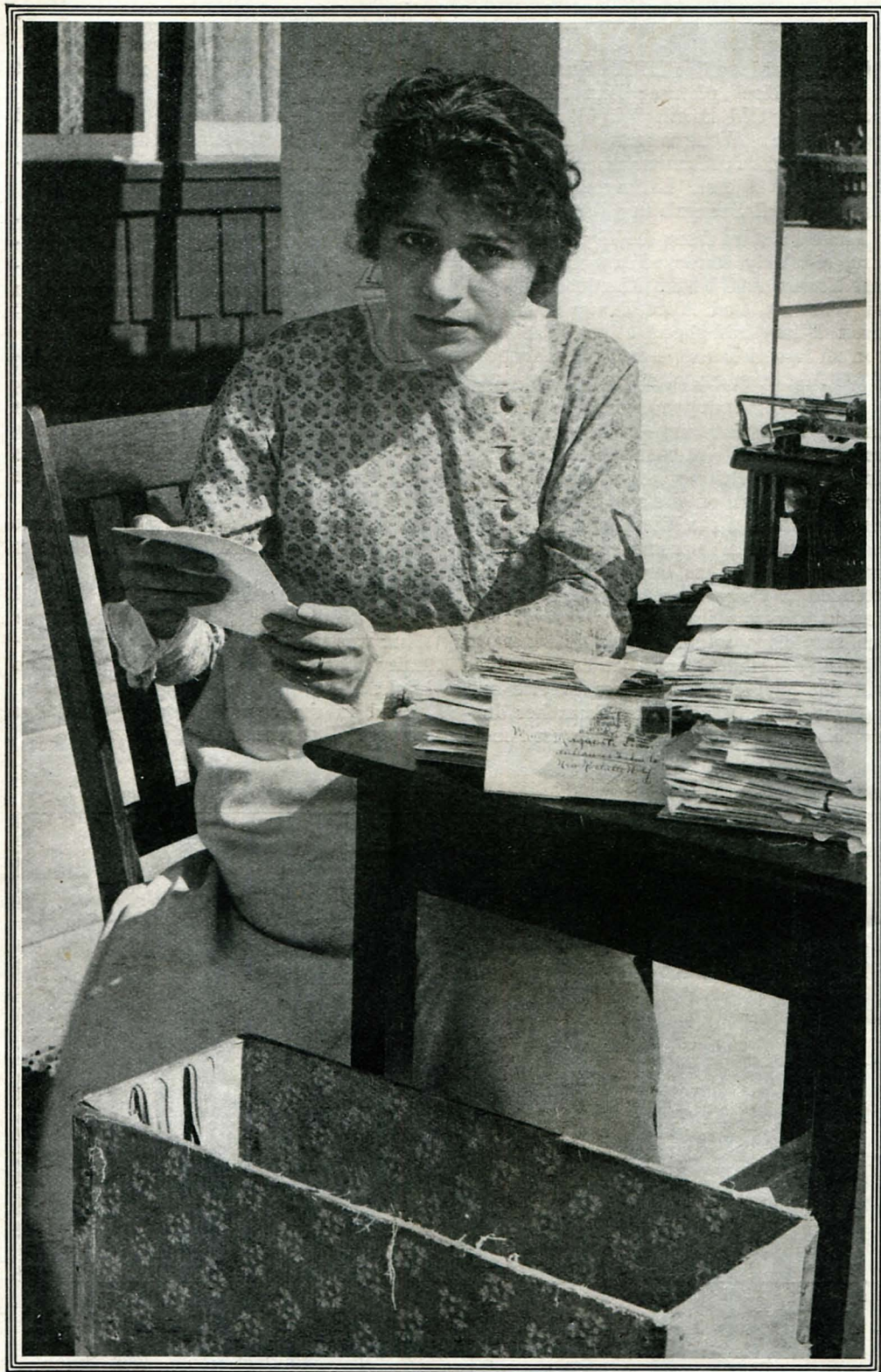
 Western Division

 West Central Division

 East Central Division

 Southern Division

 Eastern Division



"I haven't even had a chance to answer my letters," said Marguerite Snow.

That Snow-Cruze Lady

STELLAR MARGUERITE, A
CELEBRITY WHO ISN'T ASHAMED
OF HER MARRIAGE LICENSE

By Wallace Franklin

THIS story is supposed to be about Marguerite Snow but really it isn't about her at all. It's about Mrs. Jimmy Cruze.

Of course Marguerite Snow and Mrs. Jimmy Cruze are one and the same but nevertheless, they are very different.

At the Quality Studio out in Hollywood I caught a quick glimpse of Marguerite Snow, a superb creature in "The Second in Command" acting her part with an intensity and fervor responding to Bushman's impetuous mood as the flying sparks from an anvil respond to blows from a hammer.

The next day I went to a little Hollywood bungalow to interview Marguerite Snow, but instead I had a little breezy chat with Mrs. Jimmy Cruze and the one and only Julie.

The light in her soft brown eyes as she talked of Julie and her home was as different from the sparkling brilliance I had seen at the studio as the glow of a firefly is from the sputter of an arc-light.

For there are just two big things in which Mrs. Jimmy is interested — Julie and her home.

"Really," she said, "I'm afraid I'll make an awfully poor subject for an interview.

I don't ride horseback or swim or golf or run over people in my car or do any of those 'stunts' that make good reading."

"The truth of the matter is that I hardly know how to drive my own car and I much prefer the back seat to the driver's. The only real hobby I have is taking care of the baby and getting the place fixed up for Jimmy.

"You know, Jimmy has been away for nearly three months. He started out here at the same time I did, but he is driving a car across the continent, making one night stands on the way and is having the time of his life.

"I've tried so hard to get the garden and the lawn all fixed up nice for him but"—with a rueful gaze at the lawn—"some gophers have got it in for me and have been tearing things up in an awfully discouraging manner."

Julie, Mrs. Jimmy informed me, is going to have her own sweet way about her career. She certainly comes from a theatrical family but when she made her debut in the pictures in a scene from "The Million Dollar Mystery," she acted in a scandalous manner. "Maybe though," said Mrs. Cruze, "her exhibition of temperament goes to show that she has



This is Julie Cruze. The license is not attached to Julie, but to the car.

histrionic ability. It's not merely temper."

Certainly, if Julie ever was afraid of the camera, she has mastered her emotions to a marked degree for one so young, as the camera man had difficulty in taking any photographs of Miss Snow without chaining the everpresent Julie to the porch.

Most babies are immortalized in one way or another, but Julie Cruze will go down into fame of the near future as the youngest heroine of a five reel feature ever made.

Every month since Julie's debut in this vale of sorrows her fond parents have had about twenty-five feet of movie film taken of her and it is their intention to spring the animated autobiography on her at some future date.

Julice came by her name in a queer way. Mrs. Cruze had made up her mind that she was going to name her offspring Jimmy Cruze, Jr., in honor of her celebrated husband, and had laboriously embroidered the initials J. C. on a little coat.

And then when the baby arrived circumstances demanded that another name be

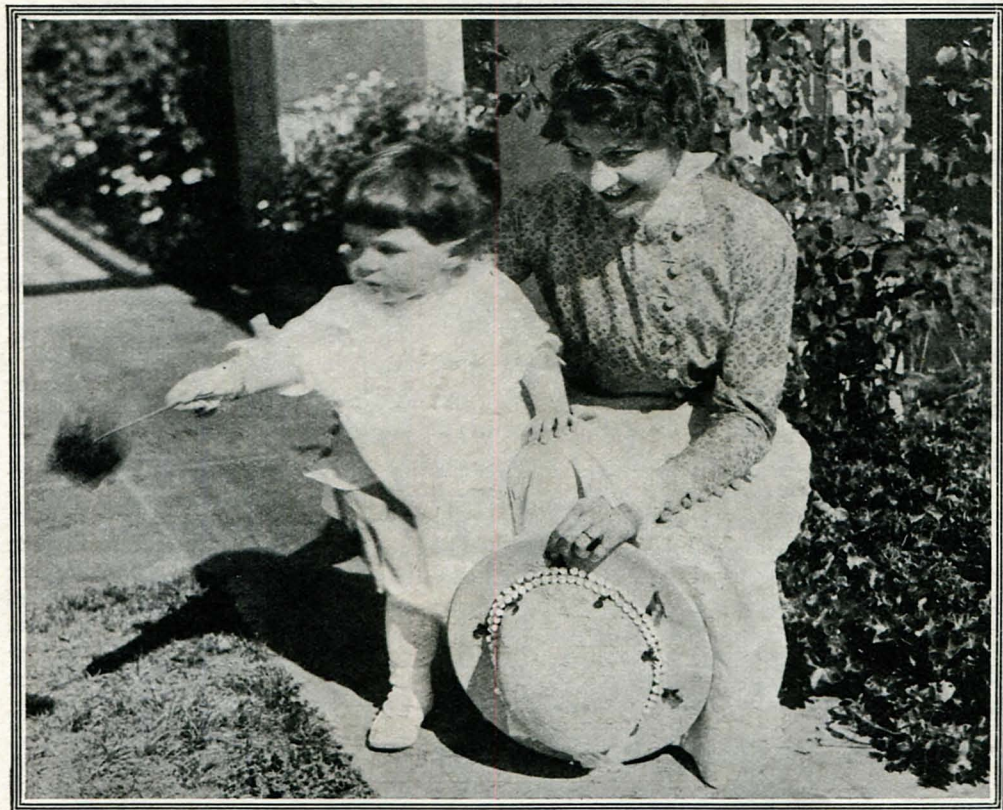
chosen, for Jimmy makes kind of an awkward name for a girl. Mrs. Jimmy absolutely refused to change the initials on the embroidery and therefore she picked Julie as the prettiest name she could think of to fit the circumstances.

"Anyhow," she said, "I had kind of hoped it would be a girl, because I knew I could dress her up so much prettier than if it were a boy."

"I guess the real reason why I like moving pictures better than I ever did the stage is because when you are working in pictures you get a chance to settle down and have a home while when you are on the stage life is just one hotel after another.

"I started out on the stage when I was fourteen and was dragged around all over the universe by unfeeling managers until five years ago, when I got a chance to go to work for the Thanhouser people in New Rochelle.

"You don't know what a relief it was to get settled down somewhere for the first time in my life. I had a great time with



"The only real hobby I have is taking care of the baby and getting the place fixed up for Jimmy."

the Thanhouser people, but I am certainly enjoying it here.

"You know, I was really scared to death when I came out here and had to rush into Mr. Bushman's arms in the first scene we had. But I didn't have much of a chance to remain a stranger, as we have been on a mad rush ever since.

"I haven't even had a chance to answer my letters. Look at them. I usually try to keep up, but I haven't had a chance out here and now I have had to buy that type-writer over there and I guess I'll have to dictate the answers and just sign them because I never could catch up in longhand."

I did manage to get her to talk shop just a minute. Marguerite Snow, with all her interest in Julie and her home, is a very wideawake young lady and knows the trend of moving pictures.

"The people are getting awfully tired of pictures that just ramble along and also of stunt pictures. They like a real gripping story. People are getting so familiar with pictures that it takes something really good to interest them.

"You will see that the actors and actresses who make a success in motion pictures are not trying to be actors and au-

thors and directors all at once. You have to put all your time in at acting to be a success at it.

"I think you'll also find that the people to reach the top in the pictures and stick there are the ones who got their training on the stage. Lots of actors and actresses get suddenly famous by means of some stunt they can do, but the public quickly tires of that one stunt and demands some real acting.

When the camera man got on the job to take some pictures there was only one picture that Mrs. Jimmy wanted badly. That was a good, close-up of the license number of her car.

"Every picture I have ever seen of a moving picture actress in 'her car' has had a dealer's license looming up in the foreground," said Mrs. Jimmy, "and I would like people to know that this car is really mine."

"I'm afraid you didn't get much of an interview," she said as I started for the door and sidestepped Julie and her playthings on the floor.

Perhaps I didn't, but I made the discovery that charming as Marguerite Snow is, Mrs. Jimmy Cruze has her left at the post.

DOUBLES

DO YOU resemble Mary Pickford, Clara Kimball Young, Ella Hall, Miriam Nesbitt, Edith Storey, or Marguerite Courtot? Do you resemble ANYBODY on the screen?

For every celebrated star there is, somewhere, a double.

Photoplay Magazine would like to find these duplicates—these twins of fame.

We would like to see *just how much YOU* resemble —?

Our readers would like to see just how much your friend, or your sister, or your daughter, resembles — well, whoever she is?

Not only the editors of Photoplay Magazine, but EVERYBODY, would like to see *the girl who looks like* Mary Pickford, or Clara Kimball Young, or Ella Hall.

Send the *resemblance picture* to Photoplay Magazine. If you wish it returned, enclose postage. Write the name and address plainly upon the back.

Next—watch for the procession of doubles!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 N. Clark St., CHICAGO

MI PERDIDA

By Elwell Lawrence

THE TALE OF A SONG THAT
FOUND ITS OWN ECHO
IN DRIFTING HEARTS

Illustrations from the Vitagraph Film

JUAN MORA came home from the opera very tired that night. He remembered afterwards that the air was ominously close and sultry, and that the instrument case under his arm seemed very heavy. Even for the first violin at the Neapolitan Opera House, the long Faust score had been exhausting.

But with each step as he climbed the four flights to his tiny apartment his heart grew lighter, for all his world was in those three little rooms—Perdita, his wife, and Lola, their little girl. He could have played the whole night through with pride and happiness.

As usual he unlocked the door quietly. Yes, there was the candle on the table, and near it the tall glass of milk and the covered plate of meat and salad. Ah, Perdita never forgot him. Could he ever be worthy of such love and care?

Juan set his violin case carefully on end behind the door, removed his hat and coat with a sigh of relief, and went to the table. By the plate he saw a folded paper addressed to him in his wife's writing. He took it up with a little tender smile. What was it this time, he wondered. Some surprise for Lola, or a request that he go out before the shop at the corner closed, and get something for breakfast? He drank some milk and then opened the paper.

"Dear Juan,"

he read, "I can't stand this life of poverty any longer. Ducharme says I can still be great in opera, so I am going away to work and study as in the old days. Ducharme will give me my chance. Be good to Lola. Perdita."

After the first moments of stunned incredulity the man got to his feet. From room to room he went, and every step verified her words. The bed by Lola's crib was untouched, the cheap wardrobe stripped bare of her clothes, the little intimate things that spoke of her presence were missing.

Back again at the table with its untouched food, the note dropped from his nerveless fingers, and he groped his way half blindly to a chair by the window.

After all, then, what he had sometimes feared was true. She *had* been unhappy and discontented. She *had* regretted the career she had given up to marry him. He buried his head in his arms.

Then he looked up, his gentle, sensitive face twisted as he remembered Ducharme. That man again, with his power, wealth and position as director at the Neapolitan! Would their rivalry never cease? Juan recalled with sudden vividness how, seven years before, Perdita, a remarkably gifted girl in the opera chorus had refused Ducharme



From the Photoplay of Jesse Datus Smith

"Mi Perdida!" she thought, and let the score fall into her lap.

From the photoplay by Jesse Datus Smith.



"My dear," said Ducharme, when the last echo had died away in the empty opera house, "yours is a voice in a thousand."

and the career he offered to marry him, Juan, for love.

He had realized then the artistic sacrifice she was making, but he had divined also a still greater one—her relinquishment of the gay and luxurious side of opera life, a love of which seemed inherent in her tastes and blood. He had long feared her hatred of poverty, and now he saw that his fear had been justified. It was that primarily which had driven her away.

Sitting there with bowed head, crushed, overwhelmed, he did not blame her. He had tried hard and failed, and he felt that to keep Perdita beating her life out here was like imprisoning a butterfly in a warehouse. . . .

That her departure implied any relationship with Ducharme he did not even consider. He simply knew that Ducharme had stirred her latent ambition with his flattery, and that maddened by the monotonous squalor of her life here she had left it for the excitement and adulation she craved.

As these things grew clearer in his dull brain the door leading into the next room gently opened, and a little night-clad, bare-foot figure came in. The man's throat tightened at sight of the child.

"Lola," he whispered.

The little girl was six or seven years old, dark-haired and serious-eyed, and at his call she pattered across the room to him.

"Daddy, where's Mamma?"

With a sudden passion of loneliness and grief he swept her to him. Her little arms went around his neck.

"Mamma's gone away," he answered presently, "and now Daddy will have to be both Daddy and Mamma to you."

"O-o-oh!" she said. "How funny!"

"Yes," he replied, "isn't it—funny!"

Daylight brought Juan Mora the full realization of his loss, and it was a pale and distraught artist who went to rehearsal that morning. He entered the opera house by a door giving into the orchestra rest room, and found many of the members already there. The place was thick with tobacco smoke, and noisy with the discordant tuning of instruments.

Juan saw Ducharme, the director, talking in one corner with Max Conrad, a little bald-headed German who conducted the second orchestra, and crossed over to him.

"Is this true?" he demanded, thrusting Perdita's note before the other.

Ducharme read, pawing his spade-shaped beard. Then he burst into a sudden laugh, and tossed the paper back into Juan's face.

"Yes," he said, "it's true. Your wife threw herself away for seven years, and now she's come to her senses. If we can undo the evil you've done her, perhaps she will sing yet!"

Juan drew a breath that sounded like the hiss of a descending whip, and leaped for that leering, cruel face. He felt his fingers close about the hairy throat and sink deep. Then in the uproar men seized him and tore him away. When Ducharme could speak, he pointed a trembling finger at Mora.

"Get out of here!" he grated, thickly, "and never come back!" And Juan with his violin under his arm, went. Inside of twelve hours love, art, work—everything he held dear had been taken from him. He faced the world broken and penniless.

II

"My dear," said Ducharme, when the last echo had died away in the empty opera house, "yours is a voice in a thousand.

You will be great, and I shall have had the humble honor of directing you and bringing you out." He bowed deeply, almost reverently.

Perdita standing beside him on the dismantled stage, flushed with pleasure. All the months of work and study had not been in vain then. Though she knew Ducharme loved her, she also knew that even he would not stake his reputation and career on a worthless singer, and that he spoke the truth. All the dreamed-of glory lay ready to her hand. And yet, her triumph brought little joy. She was not happy. Invisible ties of love and longing which she had tried in vain to throw off, bound her to the past.

Little Max Conrad who had been listening enraptured in the wings, rushed out to add his word of praise.

"Wunderschöne!" he exclaimed. "It is a superb voice, superb!"

"If only we had an opera—a new opera, worthy of you!" said Ducharme. "Ah, what a debut that would be! And then"—he stepped close to her, his little eyes glittering—"perhaps! Ah, Perdita, I have waited so long!"

She drew away from him with suddenly



"We will give our opera, little mother," he said. "I shall be the orchestra and you the prima donna."

accentuated disgust, and he, seeing he had struck a wrong note, shrugged and summoned a smile. He would wait. . . .

Late that afternoon Juan Mora left the restaurant where he had finally found work playing in the orchestra, and started homeward. At the first corner someone called him by name, and he turned to see Max Conrad. It was his first encounter with any associate in his former life, and he hesitated. But he bore no malice against the little German and stopped.

"What are you doing now?" Conrad asked, as they walked along. He was quick to observe that Juan was pale and tired-looking, and that his clothes were shabby.

The musician's eyes lighted with a new fire.

"Come with me," he said, "I will show you."

He led the way to a tenement in the poorest quarter of the city, and up the stairs to a single room in the rear. (Long since, he had given up the little apartment.) This place was neat with the pitiful, bare neatness of poverty, and Lola, who kept it so, met him at the door.

Juan, trembling with a strange eagerness, went to the table and gathering up a sheaf of manuscript music, set it on the music stand. Then taking his violin from his case, he began to play.

"That's what I have done," he said when he had finished, "It is my opera." He was silent a moment, and then added simply: "You know the tragedy of my life. I've told it there. If I hadn't had that, I would have killed myself."

Conrad who knew good music when he heard it, drew a long breath of admiration even as a daring thought leaped to his nimble brain.

"It is beautiful, splendid!" he said, enthusiastically. "It will make you famous. What have you called it?"

"Mi Perdida, my lost one," said Juan, softly.

An hour later Conrad was closeted with Ducharme.

"You've wanted an opera and I've found it," he said exultantly, and told of his meeting with Mora.

The director's face darkened for a moment, and then its expression changed to one of craft. "If I could launch *Perdida* with an opera I had written myself," he

thought, "she *couldn't* refuse me." Then he leaned close to Conrad. "If you can get me the manuscript of that work without Mora's knowing it, I'll have you appointed assistant director at the opera house," he said.

The little German gasped. Assistant director! It was more than he had ever dreamed. The dazzle of the bribe blinded him.

"Gott!" he grunted. "I'll do it!"

That evening there was a great celebration in the little rear room ever so many flights up. There was meat for supper, the first in a fortnight, and after that a trolley ride, and last of all, ice cream at the corner shop which Lola courageously passed every day with averted eyes.

They came home tired and happy, but Juan, excited by Conrad's praise to new hope, could not sleep.

"Bring me the music, little mother," he cried, gayly, unlocking his violin case, "and we will give our opera. I shall be the orchestra and you the *prima donna*."

Lola ran to the accustomed drawer, but the music was not there. She thought she had mislaid it and ran to the table. Juan, eager to begin, joined the search. From place to place, with ever-increasing concern, they went. Swiftly concern gave place to fear, and fear at last to the conviction of overwhelming disaster. The opera was gone!

Lola commenced to cry, but Juan stood dazedly leaning against the old deal dresser. Then suddenly the violin dropped from his fingers, his hands went to his temples, and he sank gently to the floor.

Sometime later one of Ducharme's clerks brought *Perdida* a package. Opening it in her furnished room she found it to be the score of a new opera he had been promising her. The title page read:

MI PERDIDA
AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS
BY
HENRI DUCHARME.

"Mi *Perdida*!" she thought, and let the score fall into her lap. The tragedy of those two words awoke in her suddenly all the deep and poignant memories she had denied so long. The vision of Juan, patient, tender, and happy, even through



The director, faced at last with his theft, turned on Conrad and charged him with the theft.

their dire poverty rose before her. Once again she heard Lola's voice and experienced that last childish embrace. And a great desire for them both swept over her.

Blinded with her tears she rose, and with a new resolution, went out. Her way took her to the building where the first tiny apartment had been, but she found it cobwebbed with the dirt of long vacancy, and the janitress whom she sought, could only shrug at her frantic inquiries.

"Where have they gone?" she said. "Who knows? They may both be dead by this time."

III

When they discharged Juan Mora from the hospital after the brain fever that almost cost him his life, his first act was to get Lola from the institution where she had been sent, and to try and make a little home for them somewhere. But he was not now even the Juan Mora of the restaurant orchestras. His violin had been broken by its fall on that fatal night, and he had no money to buy another. For a while he could get nothing to do, and starvation stared them in the face.

Then, made desperate by the thought of Lola's innocent misery, he stole a loaf of bread from the open kitchen door of a big restaurant. Retribution followed swift and sure from the cursing scullions, but when the big, white-aproned cook had heard Juan's wretched story, he sent away the policeman that one of the men had called.

"You Juan Mora of the opera?" he said. "I have heard you play and sat spell-bound." Then he laughed hugely. "After all, we are fellow artists. You play on men's hearts, I on their stomachs. I will give you work."

So Juan became a waiter in the big restaurant.

There are some natures to whom adversity brings only resentment and bitterness; others which feel subconsciously that the dark valleys must eventually yield to the radiant summits. Juan's was one of these.

He was grateful for the work he had, and for the fact that he and Lola were fighting on together again. Life was black, but he had an abiding faith that it was never meant to be and couldn't remain so forever.

Then one night when the restaurant was

crowded with diners, the thing happened. The orchestra slipped suddenly into an exquisite, yearning melody that caught everyone's attention. Juan was on his way to the kitchen with a tray of dishes when he heard it first, and he stopped as if he had been shot. His face flushed hotly.

On the music went, from one lovely strain to another, and Juan Mora, standing there white and trembling, knew that he was listening to the overture of "Mi Perdida," his opera. Setting down his tray he edged towards the orchestra platform, and looked at the music sheets on the stands.

"Mi Perdida by Henri Ducharme," he read, and with the deadly chill that crept over him came the first faint suspicion of the truth.

"Yes," the violinist told him good-naturedly when they had finished the selection, "it's the new piece at the Neapolitan. Tremendous hit, too."

The Neapolitan! How Juan finished his work and got through the next day of waiting he never knew, but an hour before the performance commenced the next night he and Lola were in the front row seats he had bought with his meagre savings, listening to his own divine melody.

In the merciful darkness Juan Mora wept.

Then the curtain rose slowly and revealed the scene of his first act. The action took place between the second leads with a chorus support, and prepared for the dramatic entrance of the *prima donna*. Juan sat tense, gripping the arms of his chair as the moment approached. Suddenly the spot light fell upon the rear centre, two curtains were drawn back and the *prima donna* stood there, her voice flooding the great auditorium with the sustained high note that marked her appearance.

For a moment Juan stared at the singer stupidly. Then the blinding truth rushed over him. It was Perdita, singing his own opera, Perdita, at last! He could not think. He sat as if turned to stone. Then his faculties returned and his tumultuous emotions overwhelmed him. Forgetful of his surroundings he sprang up, calling her name with a great cry of gladness.

Perdita, who had come down stage, heard him and stopped suddenly. A tense instant and the light of recognition broke over her face and she went deathly pale.

The next, recovering herself, she rushed from the stage.

The opera house was in an uproar. Ushers hurried down the aisles, the musicians rose in their places, and the lights went up suddenly. A moment later Perdita, sobbing wildly, came through the stage door to a box, and then into the body of the house and towards Juan.

Lola, seeing her first, ran towards her with a shrill cry, and the *prima donna* gathered the child in a fierce embrace. A moment later she and Juan had met, and oblivious of all about them, had spanned the gulf of all their misunderstanding. There was no performance of "Mi Perdida" that night.

Then began Perdita's effort to establish Juan's title to authorship of the great opera.

One day, opening a table drawer, she came upon a litter of paper scraps, evidently cut with scissors from sheets of music manuscript. Fitting some of the pieces together, she gradually reconstructed the title-page of the original score from which Juan had copied his completed opera, and questioning him, found that he had given the discarded sheets to Lola to make into paper dolls.

With this and other reconstructed pages she went to the Board of Managers of the Opera Company, and laid the whole story before them. Ducharme and Conrad were called before the Board and accused.

The director, faced at last with his act, turned on Conrad and charged him with the theft. The little German, as anxious as Ducharme to save himself, narrated the conversation in the director's office, which proved Ducharme to have been the instigator of the deed. Ready to fly at one another's throats, the two, by charge and counter-charge revealed the whole plot.

They were summarily dismissed from their posts and Juan at once made director of the company.

The news of the scandal spread like wildfire and when Mora, vindicated at last, came next morning to take charge of the great house from which he had once been dismissed in disgrace, he received an ovation.

But while this triumph was sweet, far sweeter to Juan was the knowledge that through all he had lost, he and Perdita had finally found themselves and each other.

A Queen of Two Realms



Billie Burke

receives from monarch-maker Tom Ince, in great state, the contract-scepter of photoplay regality. This queen of the theatre will annex her new—and broader—dominion before the cameras at Santa Monica.

S O L D

By George Vaux Bacon

AN AVERTED TRAGEDY OF MIS-
UNDERSTOOD DEVOTION IN THE
NEW WORLD'S *QUARTIER LATIN*

Illustrations by Famous Players Company

ABRAHAM DOLBEARE was not a pretty man. He was fat, and his neck was thick and protruded over his collar at the back in a great roll of glistening fat skin covered with oily black curly hair. He was crafty, like his twinkling black eyes, and his lips were thick and avaricious.

But to sell him a picture was equivalent to being crowned with eternally undimming laurel by the Goddess of Fame herself.

He was a picture broker; one of the greatest in New York. His shop was a marble palace on the Avenue in the Fifties. Unto him came the parvenu, the nouveau riche, the connoisseur and the patron, each to be cheated, patronized or served according to Dolbeare's shrewd judgment of how much or how little his customer knew.

One Sunday in June, on a morning as lovely as a perfect sapphire, Abraham stepped from the side street off the Avenue on which he lived in a house with a modest brownstone front; but possessed of an interior the oriental gorgeousness of which soothed his inherited Asiatic taste for color. Upon reaching the Avenue, he walked southward slowly, enjoying to the fullest the oddly chaste voluptuousness of a street along the pavements of which walk more charmingly beautiful and exquisitely dressed women than upon any other street in the world.

Berlin is a spick and span Prussian officer; Paris, a scented dandy; London, a side whiskered British tradesman with port-empurpled face and respectable pomposity; New York, a wonderful, lithe girl; beautiful of face, figure and fabric.

And Abraham loved beauty; the beauty of pictures because it brought him wealth, the beauty of women because it brought him joy.

Therefore, when he had walked four blocks and was opposite the cathedral, and saw Donald Bryant, the young "art for art's sake" idealist, whom he respected—

and laughed at—(when he thought of him) approaching arm in arm with a woman the beauty of whom struck him full across the eyes like the slap of a scented glove, he paused, raised his hat. He bowed profoundly to the woman.

"This is Mr. Dolbeare, the great art dealer, dear," said Donald, introducing.

Helen Bryant smiled. It was a wonderful, infectious smile of the kind that one man and woman in ten thousand possesses.

"You have not yet sold me a painting, have you, young man?" he asked.

"Not yet," replied Donald; "but when I do—the world will be at your door!"

For a second the art dealer paused. In that second his eyes took in the full sweep of Helen's beauty, scarcely concealed by the light dress she wore. In that second his practiced eye told him that not even Praxiteles could have designed the perfection of her body.

"You are a great painter, Donald," he said, "but you have been unwise. You paint for tomorrow, and wish to live today. It is not possible. You must give the world what it wants, and the world wants beauty—above all, the matchless beauty of woman, God's living masterpiece; not ideas, brilliant as they may be, brilliantly as you may express them in color! Behold, you have Helen of Troy for a wife, and you send me paintings of shadows!"

"What do you mean?"

The art dealer tapped the pavement with his gold-headed cane and put his hat back on his head.

"Tut! If I should meet Phidias walking with Electra, or Pygmalion with Galatea, and he should ask, 'Do you know where I can find a good model?' Would I send him to an agency? I have met you strolling along the Avenue with your masterpiece!" He bowed, smiling and went on.

"He is a strange one!" remarked Helen, laughing.

"Hideous old brute!" answered Donald.

(Photoplay adapted from the Russian of George Erastov by Herman Bernstein.)



"Don't you suppose her husband would allow her to pose?"

The next day he received a letter from the dealer. It was brief:

"Dear Mr. Bryant:

"For a nude of Madame, your wife, in the manner of which I well know you are capable, I will give you five thousand dollars. I should appreciate a reply. Sincerely,

"ABRAHAM DOLBEARE."

Helen had been criticizing gently and with wonderful understanding a work he was just finishing. He handed her the letter.

"I will pose for you," she said.

"It is impossible, Helen," he said, slowly. The thought of the woman he loved more than life—whom he had loved so much that he had sacrificed her as well as himself to his unquestioning devotion to art—being the object of the admiring glance of connoisseur rous in an art gallery was like a physical pang to him.

"Donald," she said quietly. "If, as you have always said and I have always

dreamed, the creation of a beautiful thing is divine, then truly, it is a compliment to me, and not a dishonor, if you paint me beautifully. In a few more months this struggle will begin to beat your spirit down. Take this opportunity! Go to Dolbeare. Tell him I will pose."

Though she realized the tremendous compliment the art dealer had paid her in praising her—for from him, praise of a woman's beauty was as praise coming from one whose daily bread was earned through his understanding of loveliness—there was not a hint of conceit in Helen. Her mind was worthy of her body.

Donald hesitated. They argued for a while in the pitifully bare little studio; but eventually he removed his painter's smock, put on his coat and last season's straw, and went to Dolbeare's palatial shop.

In ten minutes the deal was closed—and he was given an advance fee of one thousand dollars to bind the bargain. No one

knows the value of money till he has starved for the want of it. Donald's head spun like a boy's top. He went to Dolbeare's bank and cashed it, and bringing the beautiful saffron bills to the studio, presented them as a token to Helen.

The next morning, he made his first sketches for the painting. Try as he could to remind himself of the unpleasant fact that he was about to paint a picture which would exhibit the naked grace of his wife before thousands, the grace and beauty of her was such that he lost all thought of her as a woman, as his wife, even as a living being, in the sheer appreciation of her loveliness.

Day after day passed in a succession of hours of light in which they labored (for posing is no light task) and hours of darkness in which they rested. They lived on the advance which Dolbeare shrewdly knew was necessary for Donald to put his best and undivided efforts into the work.

At last the day came when it was finished. Donald was exhausted, as was Helen, too. The hours had been long, and the moments of rest few; but both she and her husband knew that the finished work was a masterpiece. It was a bit of art as indescribable in words as words are indescribable when they reach a certain pitch of beauty in expression.

Dolbeare was notified, and appeared, in the course of the afternoon, to view the work.

Helen was busy about the studio. Donald was moodily sketching a "pot-boiler." The master canvas, almost the height of a man, stood on its easel in the center of the studio, covered with a linen cloth while the colors dried.

Donald removed the cloth, and the art dealer, adjusting his binocle, gazed at it in silence.

"It is wonderful!" he breathed, "—such chastity—yet such voluptuousness; such



Bob's love, which had never died, drove his hand to surpass anything that he had ever done.



At last the day came when it was finished.

virginal eyes, and yet such passion! The thing will drive men mad! There is a fortune in that painting!"

He heard a growl beside him, and turned to find Donald glaring at him with eyes red-rimmed—like an animal's.

"So that is what men will say of her, is it!" he choked, and before either Dolbeare or Helen could stop him, seize a heavy brush full of black, and with a cry like an injured child, inked the marvelous canvas from top to bottom!

Dolbeare turned purple.

"You fool!" he gasped. "What have you done!"

"You saw!" growled Donald, throwing the brush on the floor.

Helen stood like a statue, looking from one to the other.

"You are mad," said Dolbeare contemptuously. "You will return the thousand dollars to me—or else paint another

portrait of the same subject. Good day!"

He turned on his heel and went out. When he had gone, Donald flung himself on the couch in a corner of the studio and buried his face in the pillows. When Helen tried to comfort him he shook her off like a petulant child. She went to the beautiful canvas and covered it gently again with the linen cloth.

II

Donald Bryant and Robert Wainwright had been chums when they were students together in Paris. They had both loved the same beautiful girl: Donald had married her—Donald, whom the wisecracks claimed was the coming master—and then the parting of the ways had come. Wainwright remained in Paris for a while, and Donald returned to America with his lovely young wife to reap the harvest of renown

his early work had promised. The renown had never come, for he would not do what the public wanted done, and his paintings were unfailingly praised—and unsold.

Robert, after a few months longer in Paris, returned to America; but went West, and there painted wonderful, dramatic and popular pictures of Indians and cowboys and buffalo hunts of bygone days. His pictures sold like hot cakes and he became almost wealthy.

One day he returned to New York and went to see Dolbeare.

He found the usually urbane tradesman in a condition of mind bordering on delirium.

"What on earth is the matter?" asked the painter.

Dolbeare waved his arms frantically.

"An artist—Gott! It is always an artist! Now one has gone mad and ruined a painting worth at least ten thousand dollars before my very eyes—before the eyes of me, who had ordered it and who had just pronounced it a masterpiece."

Robert asked him for Donald's address.

Dolbeare gave it to him with a gasp and rushed away into the rear recesses of his palatial shop.

Robert, half amused and half nettled by his manner, left the shop and went to Donald's studio.

He found Donald alone, busy over a sketch for an advertisement declaiming the merits of a new motor.

"What, commercial work!" he demanded, opening the door. Donald leaped from his chair.

"Bob!" he cried, and the two shook hands joyfully. The contrast was striking. Bob was dressed as only money can dress a man. Although Donald had inherent good taste, it could not hide his poverty.

They talked over old times for an afternoon that quickly fled into evening. Helen, who had gone out with a painting, came in. Both rose to greet her, Bob with that deep tremor in the heart which only he knows who has loved deeply and meets after a long absence, her who has been always the incarnation of womanhood in his soul. If she had only married him!



Before either could stop him, Donald had daubed the marvelous canvas from top to bottom.

She would have had everything that a woman can desire.

He pattered around among a stack of Donald's sketches. Eventually, he pulled out a study in charcoal. Singularly enough, there was no head to it. It was a female torso; but one of such beauty, of such perfect proportion, that all the artist in Bob rose to a pitch of appreciation that his commercialization had not blunted.

Helen was busying herself at the kitchenette getting something to eat for the two.

"Donald," said Bob, "who was the model for this sketch? She is a second Venus de Milo. If you'll tell me who she is I'll give you a royal commission for it and pay her the best salary she ever received."

"Too bad. She has given up posing and married," said Donald shortly.

Helen, hearing him, turned and opened her mouth as though to speak; but changed her mind and went on with her work.

Something in Donald's tone struck Bob as peculiar.

"How long has she been married?" he asked casually.

"Oh, only a couple of weeks," replied Donald carelessly.

"Don't you suppose her husband would allow her to pose—?"

"I'm sure he wouldn't. I tried, and he refused."

Bob whistled disappointedly.

Dolbeare, who had dropped in for a moment, laughed sardonically, but said nothing.

The following morning Donald received a letter from Dolbeare in which the dealer threatened immediate legal action unless the one thousand dollars were immediately returned or a new picture of Helen begun at once.

Donald answered the letter by stating simply that he had spent the money and would repay it as soon as possible; but that he would not expose his wife to the gaze of the multitude.

Two days later a constable appeared and seized everything in the studio except Donald's painting materials. Only the law which prevents a creditor from seizing a workman's tools for debt restrained him from that.

Helen was broken-hearted. It seemed that all the devotion, faith and sacrifice that she had given Donald had finally turned to the dust and ashes of defeat.

For hours she sat alone in the studio, brooding, while Donald was down town trying vainly to sell some of the "masterpieces" none of the dealers would buy.

Presently, she rose, put on her hat and went out. Donald would not be back for several hours, she knew. He always spent the whole afternoon on his fruitless selling expeditions.

Within half an hour, she was at Bob Wainwright's studio. It was on the second story of a famous studio building in Sixty-Sixth Street near Central Park West. She went up in the elevator, walked into the dusk of the hall, and for a moment hesitated before pressing the bell that would admit her.

To what was she going? she thought. Bob had promised a large sum for the model who was the original of the drawings he had seen in Donald's studio. He would undoubtedly pay the money. Oh yes. But she knew the temperament of such as he; she knew that he loved her, hopelessly, and, for all she knew, desperately.

She shuddered slightly and rang the bell.

Wainwright himself, dressed in painting smock and velvet cap, with a bulldog pipe in his mouth, opened the door.

"Helen!" he said slowly.

"Bob," said Helen, "I am going to ask you to be very good to me—I am going to ask a good deal, I know."

"Yes—" he nearly whispered, "What is it?"

She entered the studio.

"Some days ago," she continued, "you said that you would be willing to give a large sum to know who the original of the sketches in Donald's portfolio is. Didn't you?"

"Yes," he admitted. He indicated an inviting morris chair before a bank of palms. The studio was furnished gorgeously.

He perched himself on the edge of the model's throne.

"I have come to sell you the services of the model," went on Helen. "How much will you pay?"

"I will pay you a thousand dollars for introducing her and I'll pay the model three times her usual fees," said Bob promptly.

Helen quietly removed her hat and laid it on her lap. "Agreed," she said. "Do you wish me to pose today?"

Bob was a big man, with heavy brows, and a dark, tanned face. He looked at her for a full minute without speaking, then said quietly.

"You mean that you were the model—and that you have come to pose for me?"

"Yes— Oh, Bob, Donald and I are desperately in need of money. He would be beside himself if he knew; but I thought I could come and pose without him knowing, and so help him in spite of himself!"

"There is no reason why you shouldn't," said Bob, "and I give you my word of honor, Helen, that you will not regret it—and that the work that will result will be worthy of you—and of me!"

But when Helen had removed her garments, and sat on the model's throne in all her dazzlingly beautiful perfection Bob's love, which had never died, drove his hand to work that surpassed anything that he had ever done.

With the thousand dollars which Bob immediately paid her, Helen got rid of Dolbeare, going to his office with it, and begging him to take it back and not to force Donald to do the other pictures against his will. Dolbeare was politeness itself, and promised: but in all his life he had not been so infuriated as he had by Donald's destruction of the picture he had coveted. He took the thousand

from Helen, wondering where she got it, thanked her effusively, promised that there was an end to the matter—and with Semitic patience proceeded to await an opportunity to make Donald suffer.

When the furniture was returned, Helen explained Dolbeare's generosity by telling Donald that the dealer had relented and was willing to await payment of the thousand dollars without security.

Dolbeare suspected that something was going on. The source of the thousand dollars seemed worth discovering.

To explain her absences when she was posing, Helen told Donald that she had gotten a position as an art teacher.

As the days went by, the new painting of Helen grew to a thing of beauty surpassing even that of Donald's: but with each succeeding day, Bob's passion for his model grew also, until, one day, it passed the bounds of human endurance.

He dropped his brushes and bade her retire and dress. When she returned from the model's room, she found him staring at her with hungry eyes.

He reached into his pocket to give her her pay for the day's work immediately, as is the custom; but instead suddenly took her in his arms, crushed her to him, and

Dolbeare took the thousand from Helen, wondering where she got it.



pressed on her lips kisses of such overwhelming passion, that she nearly fainted in his arms beneath them.

With a struggle she released herself and shrank away from him.

"I couldn't help it, Helen. It's more than flesh and blood can stand. I love you—God, how I love you!" he said hoarsely. He was trembling from head to foot.

"Bob," said Helen, "I know. And I understand: but it cannot be. It is the same now as always. You are a friend, and so I forgive without even being asked for forgiveness; but I love Donald—Oh, so much. I cannot help it, can I? Won't you let me come and pose for you? If you do this, of course I cannot."

"I swear that it will not occur again," said Bob. The lines in his face deepened as he spoke.

Bob kept his word. She posed twice again without a repetition of the scene.

Dolbeare, by methods of his own, discovered one day, to his unholy delight, the source of the thousand dollars. That same afternoon, with his usual dignity, he appeared in Donald's studio.

Donald had been getting a number of commercial orders, which kept the wolf from the door when he worked on his classic subjects. He was doing one of these—a lady posing with a removable electric motor for row-boats—when the art dealer, top-hatted, with his gold cane and Prince Albert coat, entered the studio.

"Hello, Dolbeare," said Donald shortly.

"Aha, Mr. Bryant. Working in the unholy cause of commerce, eh?" said Dolbeare.

"One must live," snapped Donald shortly.

"True. Very true," replied Dolbeare musingly. "Where is Madame?"

"She has an art class."

"An art class? Women are so thrifty! They will drive us men out of business presently. Tell me; where is her class?"

"I don't know." Donald stopped his work and turned around on his chair towards the Jew. "What do you want, anyhow? More masterpieces to 'drive men mad'?"

"I must apologize for my errand, I confess," said Dolbeare suavely; "but I have come to tell you that Madame is not conducting an art class."

"What are you up to now?"

"A woman of such beauty as your wife cannot go her way through the world without attracting attention. Such beauty, like that of a marble Rodin, or a Whistler nocturne, demands a certain tribute of all men. I come paying that tribute. Madame is posing in the nude for Robert Wainwright."

A more vengeful man than Dolbeare would have received more than satisfaction for every insult in the expression that came over Donald's face. He turned as white as chalk and his lips were like two threads of crimson. His eyes were shot with pain as though he had been stabbed. He leaped to his feet.

"You—!" he began furiously.

"I beg of you," said Dolbeare pompously, retiring with his gold headed cane in front of him. "You have misjudged my good intentions before. Do not do so this time. Be calm, and make a careful, prudent inquiry into the matter."

He turned on his heel and left, his soul seething with alkaline joy.

Donald literally threw on his hat and coat, rushed out of the studio and made his way to Bob Wainwright's.

He got out of the elevator and banged furiously at the studio door without waiting to look for the bell.

When Bob answered, he was hurled backward; but seeing Donald, and immediately surmising what was in the wind, pretended to be furiously angry and seized his visitor by the arm.

"What is the matter with you?" he cried, and shook him so lustily that Donald tried to punch him in rage and shouted at the top of his lungs.

"My wife is here, damn you! Where is she?"

Which was exactly what Bob wanted him to do. Helen, from the model's throne, which was invisible from the door, heard her husband's voice from where she stood, and rushed in a panic to the model's room to dress. She was none too soon. Donald broke away with a volley of curses and burst into the studio. No one was there—nothing but a portrait of a nude woman, a full length canvas of a beauty that, if Donald had been in his normal senses sufficiently to have noticed, he could scarcely have believed to have been the commercial-minded Bob's.

"Well!" demanded Bob.

"She is here somewhere!" repeated Donald wildly.

"Nothing of the sort. You seem to be out of your mind."

"Dolbeare told me she was!"

"Dolbeare!" Bob cursed the dealer roundly under his breath.

At that moment, to Bob's horror, the heavy velvet curtains that hung before the model's dressing room opened, and Helen fully dressed and deathly pale, a marvelous study against the dead black of the hangings, stepped partially into the room.

Donald was standing beside a heavy teak-wood table in the center of the room. Upon it, lay a silver-mounted duelling pistol. Without a sound, he reached for it, clutched it in his hand, and wheeled toward Bob, who promptly started to run around the room. Donald was blind to everything except the object of his insane jealousy. For a second, Bob was still. In that second, Donald raised the pistol, which, for some reason of his own, Bob had always kept loaded and primed. With a terrific report and flash from the pan, the antique weapon went off. Bob had ducked involuntarily!

At the moment Donald had fired, Helen had rushed towards him and was directly behind Bob. The slug struck her fairly. She reeled, turned slowly half around with her arms toward Donald, and crumpled in a heap on the floor.

Donald hurled himself upon her in agony. Bob, the practical, rushed to the telephone, called a surgeon, and then, pulling Donald from her and hurling him with the strength of a Goliath into a corner of the room, tore away her clothes revealing a gaping, bubbling wound in her shoulder,

from which the crimson blood poured over her white breast.

Within ten minutes, the surgeon whom Bob had called arrived, bandaged the wound, and pronounced Helen, though a little weak from loss of blood, to be in small danger.

The men laid her in silence on a divan. When she recovered, she reached for Donald, took his head in her hands, with an effort, raised her head and kissed him. He buried his face on the couch beside her and sobbed like a child.

"It was only for you, Dearest," she whispered. "Everything was only for you. Don't you see?"

And from that time on, Donald did see. He no longer sacrificed his wife to his dreams; but sacrificed his fruitless dreams for a love that was greater than art—that had been greater even than his own lack of belief.

As for Bob, he was even more of a friend to the two, after that, than ever, and satisfied himself hugely, one day, by walking into Dolbeare's palatial shop and giving the art dealer a severe drubbing with his cane—and then sold him three pictures.

He gave Donald his beautiful picture of Helen.

Six weeks later, Donald invited Bob to an exhibit. In it, he showed him a picture that Bob had not seen. It was a portrait of Bob himself—a masterpiece of portraiture—and beneath it was a neat white card with the interesting legend, "SOLD."

"Dolbeare bought it—for five thousand dollars!" said Donald. They both laughed and went to the Cafe des Beaux-Arts for a bit of Louis' grape-fruit cordial.

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Hart of the Plains

CHRONICLE OF A QUIET GENTLEMAN WHO ACTS NOTHING THAT HE HASN'T LIVED

By George DeSalto

HAVING enjoyed the personal acquaintance, yea friendship of a number of so-called Western "Bad Men," I could never tolerate the virtuous, also mythical chap, who comes out from the East and rids Dead Man's Gulch of its baddest bad men via the trigger route, narrowly escapes lynching, and finally winds up in a until-death-do-us-part clinch with the lovely blonde heroine.

That's the "Western stuff" of the first period of the photoplay. It was no wonder that there was a terrible falling off in the popularity of the wild and woolly drama about the time that the scenario writers had gotten a good start in their incursions into the all but forgotten dime novel era. A public satiated with pseudo-Western "stuff" turned with relief to the crook plays and the vampire women.

But the Western play is making a real "come back." Not the Diamond Dick brand, but dramas more truly typical of actual frontier life.

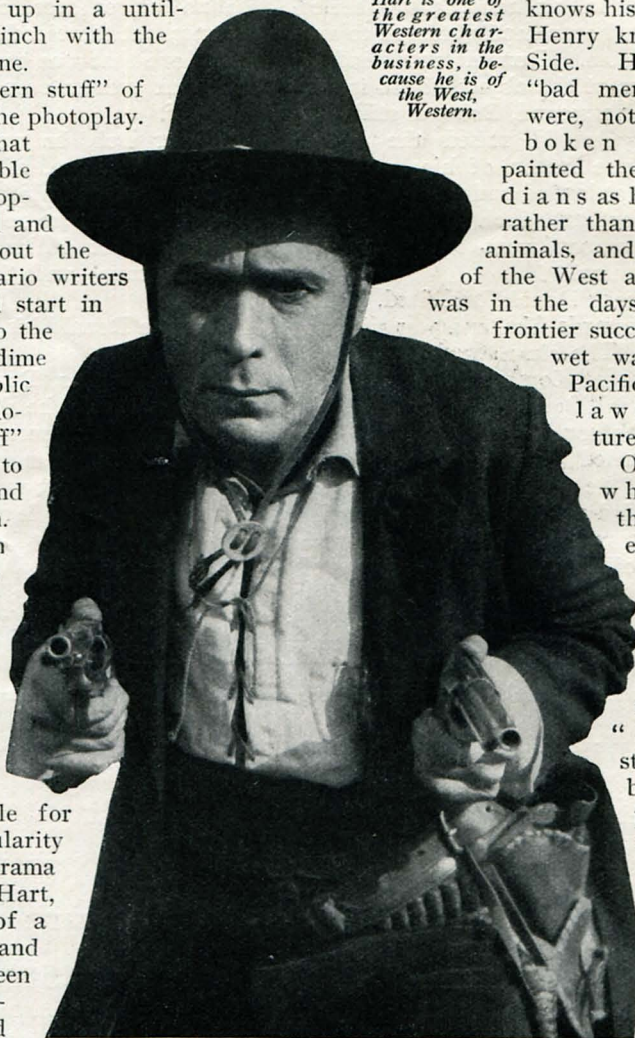
Probably no one is more responsible for the reviving popularity of the western drama than William S. Hart, who in the face of a decline in the demand for that type of screen production, has persistently "stayed

with it." And as a result the cowboy camps of the other studios are again showing signs of activity and script writers are looking for good "western stuff" with search warrants.

Hart is one of the greatest Western characters in the business, because he is of the West, Western. He knows his West like O. Henry knew his East Side. He knew the "bad men" as they were, not as the Hoboken litterateurs painted them; the Indians as human beings rather than bloodthirsty animals, and all the rest of the West as it actually was in the days before the frontier succumbed to the wet waters of the Pacific or the dry laws of legislatures.

Only the man who has lived those days can enact them to the satisfaction of the West of today and that is the real test of "Western stuff." Aided by his general physical ensemble, a stalwart figure and a face of rugged character, together with a celerity of ac-

Hart is one of the greatest Western characters in the business, because he is of the West, Western.



tion and a mobility of features, "Bill" Hart has proved up as one of the greatest Western heroes of the screen, as he was of the legitimate stage, whether as an outlaw or as a hero of the conventional type.

"The Bargain," the first big Western play in which he starred, is regarded as one of the greatest of the kind ever filmed. "On the Night Stage," which followed it, and in which Robert Edeson appeared as a co-star, shares its popularity, and both productions are credited with aiding largely in the revival of Western screen drama.

Hart is an enthusiast on the subject of the West. He is a firm believer in the staying power of the Western drama.

"I can only see it one way," he told me. "The Western drama will never die. It may languish at times; it may give way to the temporary popularity of other sorts of plays, but it will never vanish either from the legitimate stage or the screen."

"The West has given America its only real romantic period which reached its zenith in the eighties and early nineties when the frontier was making its last stand. That was an era of action, romance and red blood and in my opinion it has given America its greatest drama. It will live in literature and the drama because of its red blood, for the red corpuscle appeals to the anemic just as it does to the normal person, perhaps even more so, for very human reasons."

It might be stated parenthetically that as a purveyor of the red corpuscle, Hart is some purveyor. He is a big two-fisted fellow, standing six-one in his bootless feet, an expert horseman, shot and roper and is ever willing to take a big chance to put over a real thrill. He is in no sense a "moving picture cowboy" for he was an actor of recognized ability long before the clicking camera was dreamed of.

Before letting him tell about how he became an actor a brief glance at his early life is due the reader. Born in Newburg, N. Y., of English parentage, he was taken to the plains of Dakota before he was old enough to say "goo," which is some young. His father was a college man and while his education did not suffer, he did not see a city until he was fifteen. Likewise he attained his first pair of shoes at that age at Minneapolis, en route back to New York. Not that he went barefoot. But moccasins were the common footwear

of the plains during that period. Passing through the impressionable age of youth on the then wild and woolly plains, hobnobbing with Indians to whom the warpath was yet a frequent diversion and the rough and ready frontiersmen of those days, the spirit of the West was indelibly stamped on him, and even the subsequent years in the effete East could not eradicate the dominant traces.

"My first ambition was to go back to the West as a soldier," said Hart, "not as a \$13-a-month trooper, but as an officer. I took the examination for West Point and passed an almost perfect physical examination. I just got by in the other examinations, but in those days it required a long political pull to attain 'The Point,' and my father did not have it."

"My next ambition was to go to Australia, and I had arranged to leave New York on a windjammer. But my father blocked that also."

"Then I decided to be an actor, but New York did not show any indication of overwhelming joy at my decision. I had acquired a number of valuable prizes for athletic prowess and I sold them, took a boat for London, and landed a job carrying a spear. I was only eighteen when I returned to New York, but I considered myself a real actor. I convinced a manager of that fact and was given a job playing bits on the road. The manager was also a tragedian, a German tragedian, who had played everything that any other actor had ever played."

"My advancement was rapid. In a few weeks I was doubling as the king and the ghost in Hamlet and playing leads. The 'old man' raised my salary regularly. He would say, 'William, how much are you getting now?' I would say, 'Sixteen a week.' Then he would say, 'Hereafter your salary shall be eighteen tollars a week.' At the end of the season my salary had mounted to \$35 a week, but the funny thing about my financial advancement was that I never drew more than the original twelve a week."

At the age of twenty-four, young Hart was supporting Modjeska on Broadway, and at twenty-seven he was playing leads to Julia Arthur. It was his success in "The Squaw Man," and later in "The Virginian," in which he played the title part for two years continuously, that gave Hart his



He is a big, two-fisted fellow, standing, six-one in his bootless feet, and is ever ready to take a big chance, to put over a real thrill.

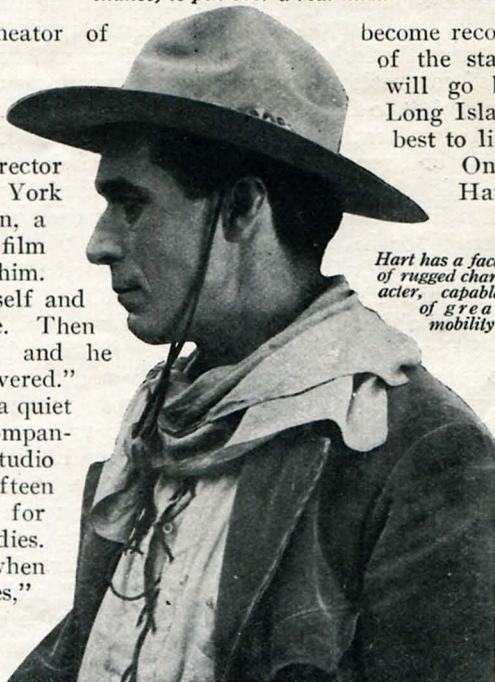
reputation as a delineator of Western character and which led to his acquisition for western screen dramas by Thomas H. Ince, director general of the New York Motion Picture concern, a year ago. His first two film plays did not feature him. He was afraid of himself and used an assumed name. Then came "The Bargain" and he knew that he had "delivered."

Hart's private life is a quiet one. His constant companion when out of the studio is his sister, who for fifteen years "held the book" for him in all his stage studies. "Mayme lost her job when I went into the pictures," said Hart rather ruefully, "and she finds it rather difficult to

become reconciled to my desertion of the stage, but some day we will go back to my farm on Long Island Sound and try our best to live the simple life."

One of the secrets of Hart's wonderful screen success is the character of the man himself. He is essentially and potentially male.

Hart has a face of rugged character, capable of great mobility.



Personally I like him as a Western hero because he does not wear fuzzy chaps. And it takes character to resist the swashbuckling appeal of fuzzy chaps, especially when the public is enamored of the "hero beautiful."

THE IMPOSTOR

By Garry Bournemouthe

HOW HAPPINESS CAME IN
A CLOAK OF FALSEHOOD

Illustrations from the World Film

"WELL, Tearer, old girl, your dream's come true. You're going to see nobility at last. He's a real baronet, and he's coming here to see me."

The man, dressed in dirty dungarees and rough shirt, glanced whimsically about the mean room where he stood. It was one of two the hut contained, and was small, bare and unplastered, with crude and scanty furniture. Through its open windows could be seen the wild, rocky beauty of the Welsh coast, and below, the sea with a stately white yacht riding at anchor. There was a dull murmur of surf.

"Sir Anthony, your twin brother, Blink! I can't believe it." The young woman was handsome, with a dark, glowing, gypsy beauty. She lay indolently in a shabby chair, half wrapped in a brightly striped blanket.

"You will when you see him. In the old days no one could tell us apart."

The old days! It was ten years since, following a wild impulse, he had thrown aside a "gentleman's" life in London, for freedom and the open road. Herbert Gregston, known in every gypsy camp of England as Blink, the Tearer's husband, took a turn up and down the room, his fine head with its grizzled hair bent in thought. He was a big, stalwart man, a little past the prime of life.

"Tony got a title by arriving in the world first," he added, "but I believe he's made a rum go of it. I've heard of his rows with his work people and his son. You'd think a man of his wealth and position might manage to make people happy, wouldn't you, instead of grinding them down. They say he's on this cruise now for his health after some labor trouble or other."

For a moment he watched the white yacht rise and fall on the water below. Then, in a pause, strange voices sounded close by, and the girl, throwing aside the

blanket, sprang up and ran to the edge of the cliff. She faced the sunset, and her pretty head and figure were suddenly thrown into sharp silhouette. Her shabby dress revealed a ripe, lithe figure.

"Yes, they're coming!" she cried, returning; "Gouger and Sir Anthony; and Gouger is furious about something. I can't imagine what it is."

Two men, strangely contrasted, mounted the cliff-crest and came towards the cabin. One, obviously the baronet, was dressed in tweeds, wore a monocle, and leaned heavily on his stick. The other was a gypsy, tall and swarthy, with silver earrings in his ears and a brilliant sash. This was Gouger, a friend, who, at Blink's request, had gone to bring the baronet to the cabin. Together thus, the two presented that grotesquerie of contrast Fate so often thrusts forward to view—one feeble of body, but influential; the other superbly molded, but otherwise a nonentity.

"What did you bring me up here for, you brainless fool!" panted Sir Anthony to his companion in a fury. "My doctor warned me—"

"I was told to bring you—you are here," growled Gouger in his difficult English.

"Hold your tongue!" flared the other. "Remember your place! Leave me!"

After a moment the Gouger obeyed, but his face was dark with hatred as he slunk away. Then Blink appeared and the twins faced each other after their long separation. And because blood is thicker than water they clasped hands across the numerous gulfs of position and privilege that separated them. At one side the Tearer, looking first at one and then at the other, stood amazed at their resemblance. But for their contrasting dress, as a result of the blind luck of birth, she could not have told them apart. Even their voices were alike.

When he had got his breath the baronet launched upon a tirade. Times were hard,



"Sir Anthony your twin brother, Blink!" she exclaimed. "I can't believe it."

money was scarce, the damned labor scum was preaching anarchy, and would overthrow the Government one of these fine days.

"What's the matter at the mines?" asked Blink, amused, remembering that the wealth and glory of Gregston Abbey depended on them.

"Matter! Gad, everything's the matter. There's nothing the scoundrels don't want; more pay, shorter hours, safety appliances—" Sir Anthony's face crimsoned with fury. "The swine actually put on airs. But I've beaten 'em in the past and I'll beat 'em again!"

Blink laughed. "Tony, I wouldn't be as unhappy as you for the world! And now what's the son and heir up to? Seems to me I've heard something."

"You have!" The other's choler increased. "You've heard that I've disinherited him because he ignores my wishes. I want him to marry Lady Tagle and he refuses. 'Mary Priestly,' says he, 'or nobody.' 'All right,' says I, 'Mary Priestly and *nothing*!' The headstrong, stubborn ass! Let him defy me if he dares. I'll cut him off with a shilling. I will! I will!"

Sir Anthony shook his stick in a frenzy of passion, the veins of his forehead and neck standing out like whip cords; his face congested.

Then, as with starting eyes and open mouth he seemed about to speak, something happened. His gaze became fixed and glassy, his hand relaxed its grip on the cane, a swift shadow suddenly closed down upon him. Rigid and breathing stertorously, Sir Anthony fell to the floor.

Combined apoplexy and paralysis did their work swiftly, and in a few minutes all was over. Then, with the troubled spirit gone, the face lost its look of strife and irascibility.

Blink walked to the window and looked out. Through the shock of his brother's death he recalled the other's bitter and uncharitable words. How strange that with everything at his command Sir Anthony had really had nothing, while he with nothing had really had everything!

The Tearer, who had worked fearlessly beside him during the crisis, gave a little frightened exclamation.

"Blink! But for the clothes I could swear it was you lying there. I never saw

such a resemblance. It's—it's ghastly!"

The man shrugged, but the girl's words had suddenly set him thinking, and his thoughts led to a wild and daring conclusion.

"No one could ever tell us apart in the old days," he thought, "and now that I've been away ten years who would know whether it was Blink the gypsy or Sir Anthony who came back from this cruise?" He thought long and deeply and then turned to his wife.

"Tearer," he said, "I think I'd like a go at this baronet business. I couldn't do it any worse than Tony did. And how would you like to be a real lady?"

The Tearer's red lips parted in breathless anticipation. Then, swiftly, she ran to a fragment of mirror hung against the cabin wall. A real lady! Did she even look the part? Eagerly she studied her dark, vivid beauty—she was in her twenties still—and a wave of confidence and daring swept over her. "Oh, Blink, if I could only try!"

"That settles it. Help me to change clothes with poor Tony. Then put on your one white dress; you will have to pose as my trained nurse till we can make some better arrangement. Thank heaven Tony was a widower!"

The exchange was quickly made, and when the two left to go aboard the yacht, to all appearances Blink, the gypsy, lay dead on his cabin floor. An hour later the *Nirvana* raised anchor and departed on what her owner had ordered to be an extended cruise.

Next day Gouger, his quick blood still hot at the affront of the Baronet, returned to the cabin and discovered the body of his friend. He discovered also that the Tearer was gone.

To Gouger there was but one explanation of all this. The hated Sir Anthony had killed his brother with poison (there were no signs of physical violence) and had run off with his brother's wife.

The gypsy buried the body on the crest of that lonely cliff, and above the grave



Swiftly, she ran to a fragment of mirror hung against the cabin wall. A real lady!

swore vengeance for his friend with up-raised dagger. Then he set out to fulfill his mission. Now came nervous hours for Blink, hours when it seemed to him preposterous that the fraud was not discovered. But his identity was safe.

II

It was agreed by everyone in the vicinity of Gregston Abbey that the long voyage had done Sir Anthony good. He had returned with a newly paralyzed right arm (acquired suddenly when Blink found himself faced with the necessity of signing Anthony Gregston's name to a check; he now did all business through his solicitors), but otherwise he seemed vastly improved.

Considerable credit for this was given to Miss Gibson, his trained nurse, whose devotion was thought remarkable. Sir Anthony spoke of her in the highest terms, a fact which in itself made the servants giddy.

His own "son," Blink was relieved to find, scarcely greeted him when he came home. Aubrey's "Ah, Guv'nor, good trip,

I suppose," vouchsafed from behind a paper, was a revelation in filial affection. At first Blink was glad of this indifference, for he had dreaded that meeting, but as time went on and there was no change, he commenced to realize how far apart father and son had grown.

The shabbily liveried servants who waited on him reflected this attitude. They paled with fright whenever he raised his voice, and whispered hatred of him in the servants' hall. They expected a return to the old hateful penury of the stingy baronet.

The air of distrust and dislike at the Abbey was but indicative, Blink found, of that his outside employes expressed. Most significant was the attitude of the tenantry and the miners from the great coal shafts nearby. When in his role of Sir Anthony he motored through the countryside it was to meet sullen silence and glances of hatred. Gaunt women and children stood miserably in their squalid doorways and watched him pass, and men at the village pubs shook their fists after him. There were mutterings of hatred and threats of upheaval



When the committee visited the Abbey, with threats, Blink made Aubrey his spokesman.



Then Blink told all that had happened that day in the little hut on the Welsh coast.

everywhere. A "committee" even visited the Abbey, with threats. As a bit of humor, Blink made Aubrey his spokesman.

"How poor Tony bungled his job!" Blink thought, observing all this.

But one day a plan took shape in his mind, and he commenced to grin. The next afternoon, accompanied by Miss Gibson, he went to call on Mary Priestly, Aubrey's fiancée. She was a level-eyed, self-possessed young woman, but when she saw her arch-enemy descend before her door and enter it, she feared he had had another stroke. Then, during tea, while the baronet made himself bewilderingly agreeable to Mrs. Priestly (who had long since given up hope of such attentions), the Tearer talked with Mary.

"I'm really very fond of Sir Anthony," she confided, "and he of me." Mary looked well-bred astonishment. "The fact is, I'm such a help—know his ways so well, and all that, that—well, my dear, we have just about decided to marry."

For several moments Miss Priestly could not find words.

"I think it only fair," she said then, "to

let you know that the first Lady Gregston was far from happy."

"Of course that may have been due to Lady Gregston's lack of skill," suggested Miss Gibson, sweetly, and went on: "Of course we realize that such a marriage might make a great deal of difference to Aubrey in the matter of the inheritance," she blushed becomingly, "so we are unwilling to take such a step without his consent."

"I see." Mary's fine blue eyes grew speculative. "I'll tell him."

That night the young man, a blond giant, sought out his father for the first time since his arrival home. He was the correct picture of young aristocracy, stiff, unemotional, to whom expressed feeling was distinctly bad form.

"I'll give my consent to your marrying this nurse on one condition," he said, when after much parrying and evading, the real subject had been reached.

"And what is that?"

"The same one as always—that I be permitted to marry Miss Priestly without disinheritance."

"Nothing would please me more," said this astonishing Sir Anthony.

"What?"

In spite of himself the young man's eyes almost popped out of his head.

"Quite so. It's an alliance I have dreamed of for a long time."

Then the blithe baronet ordered the port brought in, and over their glasses a reconciliation was effected. It was agreed that the weddings should take place within a month.

The next week affairs at the coal mines reached their climax. Two men were killed in a falling cage owing to defective equipment, and the whole countryside rose in revolt.

Sir Anthony at once announced that he would visit the mines himself and find out if conditions were as reported. That afternoon, accompanied by the Tearer and Mary Priestly, he braved openly expressed danger of violence, and drove to the scene of disaster.

At the shaft he found a grimy, muttering crowd, sullen and hostile. But alighting fearlessly, he went over the property from tippie to gallery with his two companions, and listened to the complaints presented by a committee of the strikers. He found them to include the very demands that had so infuriated the original Sir Anthony.

At the end the baronet climbed into his automobile and, careful not to gesture with his paralyzed arm, made a speech to the throng. He said that the miners were right in every particular, and that every demand made would be granted. For a moment there was stunned silence as the bewildered wretches thought their lord had taken leave of his senses. Then caps went into the air and the brooding anger of the mob turned into joy and cheers.

"Love of that nurse may have done all this," said Aubrey to Mary that evening, "but I fear for the Guv'nor's reason. But crazy or not, he's growing rather a good sort, y'know. Never realized it before."

"Baroneting isn't so difficult, after all," Blink told the Tearer that night. "Fact is, poor Tony couldn't see beyond the end of his nose. With the new improvements the mines will pay better than ever before."

Gradually the whole atmosphere of the county changed, and Sir Anthony Gregston, Bart., basked in the light of his good

deeds. His passage through the surrounding villages now was a signal for cheers, waving of hands, and pulling of forelocks. With higher pay and better homes the people found something to live for, and happiness superseded the old restless and dangerous discontent.

Meanwhile at the Abbey preparations went merrily on for the imminent weddings.

Then one evening, when the Tearer was walking alone in the Abbey park at a considerable distance from the house, a man suddenly rose up from behind a stone wall and accosted her. After a moment of fright she recognized Gouger.

"Where's the baronet?" he demanded fiercely, his black eyes glittering. "He killed Blink, and I'm going to kill him! I'd kill you, too, if I didn't think old Gregston had made you go with him." He told her of finding Blink's body, of burying it, and of the vengeance he had sworn.

Dumb with fright, the Tearer could not answer. She thought for an instant of telling Gouger the truth, but then she remembered the approaching marriage, and knew that could not be explained convincingly. Finally she put him off for the moment by saying that the baronet was away from home, and made her escape.

This sudden resurrection of the past had the same effect on pleasant baronial life as the appearance of a bull at a picnic. In an instant it threatened to undo all that Blink had accomplished, and to plunge them into scandal, if not tragedy. It seemed as if the dead Sir Anthony, with a last effort of ill will, had reached from the grave to unmask the impostor.

Blink himself was in whimsical despair.

"I'm grateful for his noble loyalty to my memory, but I really can't be killed on that account! Put him off. Buy him off. Tell him anything!"

"He won't be put off any longer," the Tearer replied. "He swears he's coming tomorrow if he has to fight his way into the house!"

"Very well, tell him to come," he directed. "But I want you and Aubrey and Mary in the room."

The next afternoon Gouger strode glowering up through the big park to the house. A cross-hilted dagger protruded from his brilliant sash, and he glared at the servants ferociously as they showed him into the

long, richly-hung, luxurious drawing-room.

At sight of Aubrey and the two women he hesitated, but seeing Sir Anthony in the background, he bared his white teeth and strode forward, his hand on his dagger.

"Here, you!" Aubrey barred the way. "None of that! What do you want?"

Gouger turned on him menacingly, the stiletto half drawn.

"I kill your father," he snarled, "because he killed Blink, my friend. I have sworn, and what I have sworn, I do."

With a sudden motion, he eluded the young man and leaped at the bogus Sir Anthony. Then Blink, who knew the inviolability of the gypsy oath, realized that matters had gone too far, and held up his hand.

"Wait!" he cried, and when Gouger drew back for a moment, turned to the others. "I see there's no way out of this but to tell the truth," he said. "I am not Sir Anthony at all. I am Blink. It is Sir Anthony who is dead."

"What!" For the second time in his life Aubrey was shaken from his well-bred stolidity. His jaw hung and his eyes bulged with amazement.

"Yes." And then Blink told all that had happened that day in the little hut on the Welsh coast. When he had fin-

ished Gouger then turned to the Tearer.

"Is this true?" he demanded.

"On my oath," she assented, and Gouger, thrusting his dagger back into his sash, turned away.

Then Blink drew a document from his pocket. "This," he said, "is your father's will, disinheriting you." Deliberately he tore it across. "But tomorrow, Aubrey, I shall draw another will naming you as my heir. And now I ask you to forgive me the hoax I've practiced."

The young man, who had been listening with growing astonishment, suddenly laughed.

"Well, rather! You're quite the best Guv'nor I've had, you know, so we'll just say nothing more about it. As a matter of fact, I've grown a bit fond of you y'know, since you came back from that bally trip." He colored at this unseemly display of affection, but Blink laughed.

"We'll let it go at that," he said. "I was an impostor, but—"

"Impostor!" said Mary Priestly. "Well, perhaps. But in everything but name you were the true baronet of Gregston Abbey."

"And now for the weddings!" suggested the Tearer, who was about to become a real lady at last.



She faced the sunset and her pretty head and figure were thrown into sharp silhouette.

"Polly" Frederick

PAULINE, WHO CAME FROM NEW ENGLAND
TO STARDOM, THROUGH THE CHORUS GATE

By Julian Johnson

ONE of the distinguishing features of the true actress is that one seldom, if ever, beholds the real *she* on the stage.

I have seen Pauline Frederick across the *tungstens* many times, but I had to meet Pauline Frederick in her home to realize that I had never seen Pauline Frederick at all.

Of course an actress must bring many real attributes of personality to her roles, or they wouldn't be convincing; but if she is really an actress she is many-sided and has many attributes. Any of them may make a part; all of them together make the woman.

New York knows Pauline Frederick as a chorus girl who made good the way the novelists say she does, but which seldom comes to pass in real life. New York knows her as the personification of elegant luridity; not, perhaps, as a por-trayer of scarlet women, but as a por-trayer of women of scarlet emotions; as the Mrs. Potiphar who nearly brought Joseph into an Egyptian divorce court as co-respondent; as the Innocent on whom George Broadhurst sprinkled a little more rosen paprika than Hungarian ancestry had given her.

Her picture career has been a continuation of those vivid, passionate women. Donna Roma Valonna, mentality, spirit

and parental tragedy notwithstanding, was certainly too warm to be called a statue. "Sold" proclaims her as no panacea for St. Anthony; other magnificent challenges to virility are scheduled to follow.

Yet it is no temptress, no rose-pink jewel of emotion, who greets the fortunate visitor to her home in New York City.

Rather, it is one of the best fellows in the world, not sexless, but with sex locked

up for business hours, who grabs your hand like a man, and says: "Hello! How are you!" with all the fervor of a real-estate agent who thinks you want to buy.

No annal of Pauline Frederick will ever be complete that doesn't contain an overshadowing by Mrs. Frederick, her mother. Of the two artists, I must say that Mrs. Frederick is the greater. Pauline has climbed to a place where she has few rivals as an interpreter, but Mrs. Frederick, as a combination of gentlewoman and businesswoman, mother and manager, diplomat and duenna, has no rivals anywhere.

The two Fredericks—Frederick the actress and Frederick the Great—live in a spacious, quiet, morning-sun apartment on Park avenue. Park avenue is Manhattan's eastern frontier of elegance. It has something on Fifth avenue in quietness, and in its lack of a constant encroachment of shops.



I have seen Pauline Frederick across the Tungstens many times, but I had to meet her in her home to realize that I had never seen Pauline Frederick at all.



The two Fredericks—Frederick the actress and Frederick the Great—live in a spacious, quiet, morning-sun apartment on Park Avenue.

If you have a morning appointment it is certain that mother will meet you, and will probably entertain you many, many minutes—the while sending maternal S. O. S. calls to a sleepy star who shall be nameless.

To Mrs. Frederick there is no Pauline: there is Polly, a somewhat wilful daughter who nevertheless can be licked into submission, and who is said to be pretty good at acting.

I had just time to learn who was the real boss of the rancho, on the bright June morning in whose midst I called, before the entrance of Polly.

Polly is a convert of that sartorial evangelist who proclaimed that the Mongolian, alone, knows how to robe his person at once for comfort and appearance. Polly loves Chinese and Japanese things, and she loves the Occidental modifications of them. The June morning found Polly in something that I shall describe, probably with gross inaccuracy, as Mandarin trousers both feminized and glorified; a kimono whose delicacy of color and fabric belied its richness; white silk stockings and chiney black pumps which were only a frame for insteps as perfect as the arch of Titus.

Polly, like a Skoda mortar, has to have a

setting to shoot. She's that kind of star.

Polly's setting is a deep chair and a footstool, and a humidor of cigarettes.

There is nothing risqué, unwomanly or bold in the Frederick cigarettes. Many a clerk's wife gets behind a blue cloud, in public—and looks like Jezebel. Miss Frederick's Turkish tobacco is as innocent as a maiden lady's tea-without-tango, or as a young kid's swimming au naturel. Polly's cigarette belongs; it is as daintily disposed as a café noir at dinner or as an ice at a party. And I can't help but remember that among the holy abjurers of such a ladylike consolation as Polly's there will be those facial distorters, those displayers of molar convulsions, the gum-chewers! Oh, pot calling the kettle carbonaceous!

The first pride of a real domestic woman is her home. Such a pride is Miss Fredericks.

"This," she says, waving a cigarette like a baton toward the south entrance and its lamps and little pictures, and back toward the north end, with its big bay and beautiful books, "is what 'The Eternal City' did for me. Do you wonder that I choose to stay in photoplays?"

I never wondered at that, but I said

"No," with bated mysteriousness, as though the wonderful thought had just kissed me.

"I don't know what I can say about picture-making that hasn't been said," continued the star. "I am as enthusiastic as I can be, and I do want to tell you how wonderful I think Mr. Porter and Mr. Frohman are. Mr. Porter, especially, has been such a help to me in every way, in making my pictures. He has not only told me how to depict emotion—he has helped me in every little detail of dress or costume; he has gotten his own locations; he has been more than a director: he has been a counsellor and a friend."

And lest the reader may be benighted about Porter: he has been called the "man who does everything." He is accredited with being general manager of The Famous Players, but he is also their most persistently active director; he is his own cameraman, and he even develops and prints his own pictures! When he has nothing else to do he writes plays and in-



But by the great Boston Bean Pot, she can cook, and she can act beautifully at the wash tub—she can go through the whole domestic curriculum"



vents new devices in photography. He is an Edison of screen drama.

"My particular pride," continues Miss Frederick, "is my mother. She is my personal manager; she makes all my appointments and attends to all my little affairs; and she is my business manager. She makes my contracts—made my contract with The Famous Players, in fact!"

We recalled her theatrical days.

I told her that I had first seen her, on a November evening in 1908, at the Criterion (now Vitagraph) theatre, as a very wonderful French woman in Gillette's production of "Samson." In as restrained language as possible, I told her of the glamour of her "Potiphar's Wife," in "Joseph and His Brethern," and of the ultra-humanity of her "Innocent"—the big scene of which consisted of a glowing fireplace to the West, an audience to the East,

and a glowing girl in a nightie of diaphanous pink in the middle distance.

Pauline Frederick, you know, is really saying something when she says that the speaking stage is by her forsworn. Here is no half-baked fledgling who failed to arrive, nor one whose greatness is history. Here is a young woman who plunged directly, and in a moment, from the loftiest peak of stardom to the great ocean of active photography. She went from "Innocent" and many months at the Eltinge theatre to "The Eternal City."

"Did you ever"—she laughed—"see me in musical comedy?"

"No."

"Well, I'm not laughing because I was bad—I admit that I was good!—but because of the many, many experiences I had.

"I made my first appearance on the stage at the Knickerbocker theatre, with 'The Rogers Brothers in Harvard,' September 1, 1902. My rise was perhaps too rapid for my head, for soon afterward I found myself rehearsing a small part at the New Amsterdam; and, as a director, in came Mr. Erlanger.



The stage manager had told me how to play my part, and notwithstanding Mr. Erlanger's explicit instructions, I followed my first idea. He ordered me, with characteristic abruptness, to change. Angrily, I made my own interpretation even more marked. Then I think he swore at me—he does at almost everyone, even his friends!—and I 'sassed' him.

"'Young lady,' he said, with a certain ominous calmness, 'you get out of this theatre—now! And I want you to understand that you can't have another part on Broadway!' It was the Emperor of the stage, speaking.

"I don't remember just what I said. But my remarks had the desperation of the done. I challenged him by all the stage gods to make good his threat. The others looked at me with the pity that may be in the eyes of spectators at an execution.

"A few years later after 'Samson,' I had charge of a booth at an Actors' Fund Fair. Along came Mr. Erlanger. I hadn't seen him since the Battle of the New Amsterdam.

"Something that I shall describe, probably with gross inaccuracy, as Mandarin trousers both feminized and glorified."

"Hello, girlie!" He had the most cheerful sweetness in the world. "Well, I see you came right back and horned in, after all!" Not an incident, nor a particular, ever escapes his mind. I was dreadfully embarrassed. I grew scarlet. He turned to go. "I knew that's just what you'd do!" he exclaimed, shaking a finger at me. And then I laughed, too."

Miss Frederick early made the transfer from musical shows to the legitimate. Among the plays in which she has appeared are "The Little Gray Lady," "When Knights Were Bold," "Twenty Days in the Shade," "Toddlers," "The Dollar Mark," "Samson," "The Fourth Estate," and "Joseph and His Brethren."

She was born in Boston, August 12, 1884.

And it is the strong, sincere, resourceful New England strain which is uppermost in her real self. It is the New England girl who grabs your hand so masterfully; hers is a New England voice. She doesn't speak Bostonese, but her syllables have that old, unmistakable Puritan drive.

And as New England has produced music-drama prima-donna like Lillian Norton, who became Mme. Nordica, and after that a breathing replica of every complex character in the modern repertoire, so it has produced in Pauline Frederick a keen, poised, alert woman whose intelligence and resource have enabled her to portray in breathing verity every sort of seductress, adventuress and charmer that she

is not—besides giving being to a whole lot of perfect real ladies.

The blessed photoplay business which in one year gave her the Park avenue flat, and most of what is therein, promises to bestow right early that blessed feeling which is every working girl's right, viz.: surety that one will glide in one's own motor whether the shredded wheat factories keep on turning out shrapnel or not.

The big and very real kitchen in Flat Frederick is not only for the use of the servants. Do you think that this New England mother let Polly get great without learning *all* the details of housekeeping? Not on your Emerson Essays! She may be a Naughty Shadow, she may smoke cigarettes in bed, but by the great Boston Bean Pot she can cook, she can act beautifully at the wash-tub, she can iron like Sans Gene, she can set table, she can wash dishes—she can go through the whole domestic curriculum without putting too much starch in her collars or too much soda into the biscuits. And, often, she does it!

Married? Once. But, as the Russians said about holding Warsaw, it didn't prove expedient. So the marriage was evacuated in orderly fashion and with honor, and now Polly is a bachelor lady.

"Zaza" is soon to be released, with Miss Frederick in the Carter role. When conditions permit she is going to Egypt, with a Famous Players company, for the filming of "Bella Donna."

Motorized Movies

WHERE once the actors trudged on foot

And weary reached the stage,
They now dash past and travel fast,
For autos are the rage.

The movie star and her motor car
Are very often seen;
Wherever films are being made
There's lots of gasoline.

The stage mechanics loll around
On fine upholstered seats—
No longer do they sweat and toil
With faces red as beets!
The march of progress shows itself:
How speedily Time runs.
They shift the scenes from their machines,
The lucky sons-of-guns!

The boss's car has ninety horse;

The leading man's has fifty;
The camera man's has yellow paint,
And the janitor's is nifty.
The president has eight machines
And takes his choice each day.
The extra men have limousines,
In which to count their pay.

So autos cart the actors off
And bring them back again.
They rush them to the sunshine,
If at home it starts to rain.
The auto does most everything
That's thrown upon the screen—
The thing that makes the movies move
Is really gasoline!

—LEEPSON BOWNES.

"Super the Great"

SOMETHING ABOUT COL. T. WALN-MORGAN DRAPER, THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS EXTRA MAN, AND HIS DIVINE CHIN HALO

By Jan Muenchener

THERE was little pay and no glory in being an extra man, until Col. T. Waln-Morgan Draper reflected honor on the trade. He is the Mt. Everest of the supernumeraries. Of course the public is liable to spill over sentimentally, and proclaim some young thing clad in a Rob Roy collar, and an expression of deep self sympathy a great actor. All right. The public pays. But suppose a foreigner—a Martian for instance—totally unaccustomed to our method of measuring a man's worth by the diameter of his calfish eyes, the rapidity with which he bites his nether lip, or the way his hair waves, were to step into a moving picture theatre, exhibiting Col. T. Waln-Morgan Draper, the extra man, and any one of a number of popular heroes who come readily to mind. Whom would he pick as the most important man in the picture? You may answer that yourself.

Col. Draper is undoubtedly one of the most striking men in pictures. He is in demand at many studios for parts calling for a distinguished appearance. And he lends those parts a true dignity. So often they are merely ridiculous. As a diplomat, the audience knows that here is a man who isn't trading Australia to a foreign power under the impression that it is situated in the interior of Kamchatka. Likewise as a jurist, as soldier, as financier, surgeon or savant, he preserves the eternal fitness of things. He always registers. He is to the manor born.

Colonel Draper was born in New York city sixty years ago. He is a retired army officer, is six feet and one inch tall, and as straight as a hickory sapling. He has traveled extensively on every sea and continent, and speaks five languages fluently. He first entered moving pictures October 25, 1914, at the Pathe studio in "The Perils of Pau-



line." There are many parts which he has handled exceedingly well, that of Judge Eidlitz, in "The Curious Conduct of Judge Ledgard," having called forth particularly favorable criticism.

He has been in many productions of the Vitagraph, Famous Players, Fox Film Company, Kalem Company, World Film Manufacturing Company, Solax, Lincoln Players, Dryeda, Universal, and Charles K. Harris. He is now with the New York Motion Picture Corporation.

Colonel Draper has thousands of followers, of the quieter sort, among picture patrons. To those observant of refined detail the impersonations of this extra man are a source of keen delight. He gives a new zest to the wooden parts of old.

George E. Downey, controller of the treasury.



IT was a hot afternoon in the House of Representatives at Washington. The cotton legislation filibuster of last summer was on. Less than two score of the 435 members were in attendance and they paid little heed as a Southern orator pictured the woe that had overtaken his people because the European war precluded the shipment of the cotton crop.

"Mr. Speaker, I regret to note the absence of a quorum," said Congressman Frank W. Mondell, a Wyoming Republican, who delights to pester the Democratic majority.

Speaker Champ Clark went through the formality of counting the little band of the faithful who were present. The Sergeant-at-arms was given the customary order to summon absentees.

"I suggest he might find some of these recalcitrant members at the ball park," said "Jim" Mann, the Republican floor leader.

"Yes, and he might look into some of

these 'movie' shows," commented the picturesque "Jedge" Adamson, of Georgia, who said, off the record, that he was getting blamed tired of so many roll calls.

The Sergeant-at-arms found absentees both at the ball yard and the "movies," which brings one around to the fact that the average statesman is a moving picture "fan."

There's scarcely a worth-while public official in Washington who doesn't like the "movies." Cabinet officers, staid jurists, senators and congressmen like the drama of the films. Before his period of mourning the President himself was a devotee, and moving picture productions were staged not infrequently within the White House.

If the President attended a vaudeville with a motion picture finish he remained for that finish and he has posed a number of times for the "movie" man.

That President Wilson would like to be able to pay his nickel or dime and take in the average moving picture show, along with the kids and the proletariat, was intimated in a remarkable address he delivered sometime ago before the National Press Club. In this

Photos by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

Playing At the

By Theo

Associate justice McReynolds of the United States Supreme Court and former attorney-general.



Hookey Movies

dore Tiller

address the President spoke of the human side of the Presidency—or the human side of Woodrow Wilson. After he had told of the restraint of constant surveillance by Secret Service men, of his inability to mingle in the

James Hamilton Lewis, U. S. Senator from Illinois.

crowds without being noticed, Mr. Wilson said:

"It would be a great pleasure if unobserved and unattended I could be knocked around as I have been accustomed to being knocked around all my life; if I could resort to any delightful quarter, to any place in Washington that I choose.

"I have sometimes thought of going to some costumers—some theatrical costumers—and buying an assortment of beards, rouge, coloring and all the known means of disguising myself—if it were not against the law. You see, I have a scruple as President against breaking the law, but if I could disguise myself and not get caught, I would go out, be a free American citizen once more and have a jolly time."

The next day a cartoonist friend of the Chief Executive published a cartoon of Mr. Wilson, standing in front of a moving picture theatre entrance and reaching for a nickel as he saw the "ad" of a thrilling detective story as the headliner. The cartoon caption read:

"Some of the things the President would like to do."

Other officials, however, are not tied down by custom and Secret Service guards. They come and go as they please and are regular "movie fans." The roster of government officials in Washington carries the names of men whose faces are familiar to the ticket-takers at many a moving picture house.

There's the Secretary of Labor, William B. Wilson, for instance. When he lived at Sixteenth and T streets he would walk five blocks almost any night to see a good moving picture and he generally brought along Mrs. Wilson and the little Wilsons.

"He came three times in one week," said the ticket-taker, laconically. "He's a bug about the movies. Likes anything from the comedies to the multiple reel affairs."

The Secretary has now moved to another neighborhood, but as soon as the furniture



*John Burke.
Treasurer
of the
United States.*



was in place he located the nearest motion picture theatre.

The real "moving picture fan" of public life, however, is Congressman William Schley Howard, of Georgia. He has been known to seek a moving picture emporium six nights per week and when the House has a night session, requiring the attendance of Howard, he gets fearfully sore because it takes him away from the films.

Congressman Scott Ferris, of Oklahoma, chairman of the House Public Lands committee, is another devotee of the films and Congressman Tom Bell, of Georgia, is "right pert" in his attendance.

Grouping other distinguished "fans" of the House of Representatives one finds the names of Decker, of Missouri, Lloyd, of Missouri, Aiken, of South Carolina, Barkley, of Kentucky, Hill, of Illinois, Garrett, of Tennessee, Carlin, of Virginia (the co-author of the latest anti-trust legislation); Glass, of Virginia (co-author of the currency law); Mann, of Illinois (the astute minority leader); "Vic" Murdock, who left public life last March; Padgett, chairman of the Naval Affairs committee; Fitzgerald, chairman of the powerful Appropriations committee (he has to pay the way for about seven little Fitzes), and Madden, of Illinois, one of the wealthiest men in Congress.

The Senate, too,

Senator "Bill" Stone, of Missouri, at top, and former Senator Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio.



is filled with moving picture "fans," and it is by no means practical here to name one-half of the national legislators who go whenever they get a chance. Practically the entire membership of the Senate saw the original production in Washington of "The Birth of a Nation," the invitations being issued by Senator Lee S. Overman, of North Carolina, the home state of Thomas Dixon.

The most ardent "movie fans" in the Senate are Senators La Follette, Bankhead, Stone, Reed, Ashurst, Sheppard, Hughes, and James Hamilton Lewis, of pink whiskers fame.

Senator La Follette, according to the doorman, likes features and will sit through a three hour performance if the play is good.

Former Senator Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio, now in the limelight as a Republican presidential candidate, saw his first moving picture show on his recent tour of South and Central America.

The Senator had caught a glimpse of an occasional film rounding out a regular theatrical performance, but his first visit to a motion picture place was made in Buenos Ayres. Mr. Burton, a man of extreme dignity and sedentary habits, was greatly amused to observe a reel depicting the antics of a lot of trained animals let loose by a circus.

"Joe" Tumulty, secretary to President Wilson, hies away



Secretary of Commerce, W. C. Redfield.

man, as his photograph denotes. He never gets excited about the theatres. He simply attends a film show and enjoys it the same as he would enjoy the process of saving Uncle Sam one thousand dollars.

Roy Cabell, former commissioner of Internal Revenue, has followed the motion picture industry from its infancy and is as enthusiastic about its possibilities today as he was a decade ago.

Secretary Josephus Daniels is a "movie fan." He believes in motion pictures to such an extent that they are shown not infrequently on battleships. Mr. Daniels says the "movies" are one of the greatest educators of all time, and he practices what he preaches by slipping away to see them whenever official duties permit.

Associate Justice McReynolds, of the United States Supreme Court, posed for the moving picture



Senator R. M. La Follette, of Wisconsin.

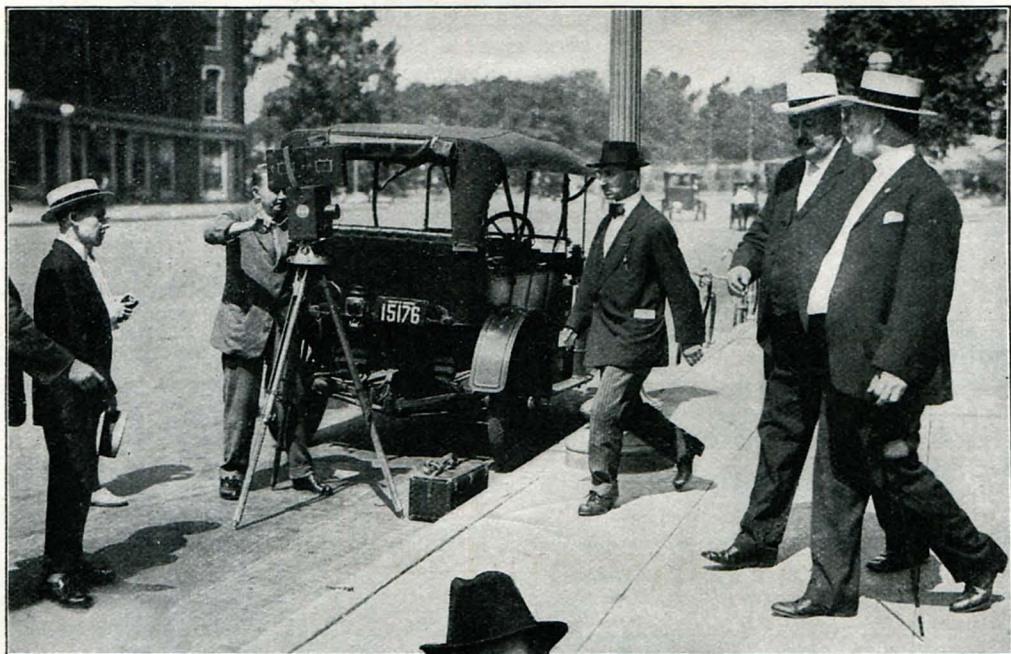
to the "movie" every few nights. He dotes on Charlie Chaplin and is partial to any comedy reel. Like Fitzgerald, of New York, he is a man of considerable family and the ticket man generally gets about five pieces of pasteboard when the Tumultys pass through the turnstiles.

John Burke, treasurer of the United States, whose name adorns the currency of the United States, is a "movie fan" of the near-Cabinet set. Another is Robert W. Woolley, director of the mint.

George E. Downey, the official watchdog of the Treasury who passes upon the validity of all accounts presented to the government for payment, had rather go to a "movie" than dole out an appropriation of one million dollars or veto a padded expense account—albeit he is pretty good at vetoing padded expense bills. Mr. Downey is a quiet, studious, methodical



Secretary of Labor, William C. Wilson



Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylv-

ania "acting" for the news camera.

operator as he left the office of Attorney General. His successor, Attorney General Gregory, was a movie actor with him—and both of them like a rattling good picture. So does Chief Justice Edward D. White, who is perhaps more fond of the drama, spoken and reel, than any other member of the highest tribunal.

Chief Justice J. Harry Covington, of the District of Columbia Supreme Court, who was co-author while in Congress of the Federal Trade Commission Act, belongs to the coterie of judicial "movie fans."

Judge Covington can deal with caveats, writs of certiorari, injunctions, subpoenas duces tecum and habeas corpus proceedings all day—and then forget all about it when he enters the darkened interior of a motion picture house.

Secretary Redfield was not regarded as a possibility among moving picture "bugs," but inquiry develops that he is another Cabinet enthusiast. The Secretary, with his bristling reddish whiskers, cold blue eyes and solemn countenance, wouldn't be

picked out as a habitue of the "movie" places, but it appears that he is quite partial to them.

On the other hand, Postmaster General Burleson seldom attends. Secretary McAdoo goes occasionally; Secretary Lane likes to see a movie if it has an educational value, and Secretary Lansing, being a whole-souled American, is not averse to an hour with the films, but is so busy writing notes to Germany and other nations that he really has little time for any theatre.

The predilection of public men in Washington to seek the alluring haunts of the motion picture theatres was aptly expressed by the ticket-taker at a downtown establishment, to-wit:

"Do we have any distinguished visitors? Well, I guess yes. Let me tell you:

"I work in one of the departments by day. I see all these Senators and Congressmen around there hunting jobs for constituents in the afternoon and then at night they're here at the movies with these same



J.P. Tumulty,
Secretary to
President Wilson

constituents. They don't get the jobs, but they like the movies so well they go back home and vote for the fellow anyway. Seriously, though, there's nobody in Washington too good to go to the movies, and I've seen everybody from Cabinet members to government janitors click through these turnstiles."

Even Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, standpat Republican, who is generally derided by the Democrats and a certain Bull Mooser (whose initials are T. R.) as being little short of a horned

human being—but who is withal a pretty good fellow and an able man—wasn't averse to going upon the moving picture film himself. He utilized the "movies" in his campaign and his majority was so big it took days to count it.

There's a good place to end this story. Any industry which can engage the talents and time of men so widely different in temperament as Penrose, La Follette, Roosevelt, Wilson, Champ Clark, Bryan and Redfield, has arrived with a whoop and is good enough for the ordinary mortal.

Fashions and the Screen

LILLIAN HOWARD, in November Photoplay Magazine, will offer you the best story on *Fashions and the Screen* that has ever been written for any periodical.

❑ Miss Howard will show you, by words and by a remarkable series of specially posed photographs of America's leading stars in their fall and winter gowns, that the photoplay has actually taken the place of the stage as a purveyor of modes to the women of the nation.

❑ She will prove to you, conclusively, that Fifth Avenue's foibles are swept to every corner of America—on the flying celluloids—while the innovations are still glitteringly new in the metropolis.

❑ The Editors of Photoplay Magazine dare assert that no periodical next month will carry an article of such absorbing interest to feminine readers.

ON SALE OCTOBER FIRST

THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

By Gordon Bruce

BEING THE STORY OF A HOUSE OF MYSTERY
AND THE CAIRN OF THE PSEUDO DEAD

Illustrations from the Selig Film

PLEASE remember, Mr. Bailey, that you are only my father's hired man, and in his absence you will take your orders from me."

"And you will please remember, Mr. Arnold Armstrong, that I take no orders, either from your father or his golf-playing son that are not in accordance with my ideas of how the banking business should be conducted."

The altercation between Jack Bailey, cashier of the Armstrong Trust Company, and the son of its absent president, in a room at the Greenwood Club, had reached its climax, and the two young men spoke in loud and angry tones. Sampson Jarvis, who had been reading his paper at the other end of the room, looked up and saw them standing close to each other, fists clenched and faces flushed.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," he interposed quietly.

"That doesn't include Bailey," Armstrong sneered.

"You young puppy," Bailey retorted, and his muscles grew tense, while Armstrong, anticipating a blow, dodged back and picked up a golf stick.

"What's the matter, Jack?" came a voice from the doorway, and the three turned and saw Halsey Innes, in

motor garb, just entering the club.

"Nothing much. Just a difference of opinion over business matters," he said, and turned his back on Arnold.

"Well, come on. Sis is waiting in the car. We're on our way to Sunnyside, and Aunt Ray said to bring you along. We can put you up for the night, and I'll drive you to town in the morning."

From a violent quarrel with Arnold Armstrong, to a ride with his fiancée, Gertrude Innes, was a welcome change, and Bailey hurried away for his coat and hat.

"How does your aunt like Sunnyside?" Arnold asked Halsey.

"Why, that's right—it's your father's place, isn't it? Oh, it's picturesque and comfortable, but rather old-fashioned. Seems odd to be without electricity, and that sort of thing."

"Yes—we couldn't stand it," Arnold replied superciliously, but Halsey ignored the implied affront.

"Queer arrangement, that circular staircase," he remarked. "It's so steep it's a wonder someone hasn't broken his neck on it."

Arnold darted a sudden, inquiring look at him, and then turned away with a forced yawn as if bored by the subject. Just then



Then slowly and cautiously, silent and trembling, they went to the circular staircase and descended, Gertrude pointing the gun into the gloom.

Photoplay adapted from the novel by Mary Roberts Rinehart; special arrangement Bobbs-Merrill Company, publishers.



"Auntie—you shall not call Jack Bailey a coward! He is the man I love, and he will prove his innocence yet."

Bailey called, "All right, Hal," and the friends departed.

"Be nice to him, Gertrude," Halsey said to his sister, as they came up to the machine. "Jack's been having a row with Arnold Armstrong, and you'll have to smooth down his ruffled feathers." From the silence in the tonneau as he drove the purring car homeward, he gathered that his orders were being carried out. But Gertrude could see that something was worrying her usually cheerful sweetheart, and that the pressure of his hand upon hers seemed mechanical and perfunctory, but being a wise young woman she asked no questions.

Sunnyside was more than old-fashioned; it was almost neglected. The Armstrongs had not kept up the grounds, and the driveway from the lodge to the house wound through a veritable tangle of shrubbery run wild, and trees whose branches, untrimmed, swung so low as to brush the automobile. The house itself was one of those rambling affairs of half a century ago, decorated with ginger-bread cornices, railings, and cupolas. One feature attracted the attention immediately upon entering—a steep, circular staircase, rising

out of the center of the square reception hall, and going straight up through the three stories. The idea of the builder apparently had been to save space, as it took no more room than an elevator.

Dinner and Aunt Ray were waiting for the young people. Miss Ray Innes, spinster despite many amorous sieges of her vigorous self and her ample fortune, had adopted the children of her dead brother when they were bereft of both parents in childhood, and seemed to find in their affection all the family life her independent nature needed. She was as strong in body as she was in mind, with a certain masculine force of character, the result of being both father and mother to two extremely lively young persons. Her contagious good humor soon dispelled whatever worries had infected Bailey, and the evening sped rapidly, so that it was nearly midnight before any of them realized it. Aunt Ray occupied a large front room on the second floor, with a door near the spiral stair, and Gertrude one directly opposite. Jack and Halsey had apartments at the rear.

In the middle of the night Halsey awakened with a feeling that some one was moving around in the house. Hastily slipping

on a few of his outer garments he went to Jack's room, and found it empty. He hurried down the back stairs, and began groping his way toward the entrance hall. He heard the front door open softly and someone enter cautiously. Then quicker and less cautious steps followed, and without warning there was the crack of a revolver, the sound of a body falling, a moan, the slam of the front door and flying footsteps, the scratching of a match, Jack's voice, exclaiming "Good God," and the front door opening and slamming again. Halsey, stumbling over furniture, rushed to the door and hurried out in pursuit.

Aunt Ray and Gertrude, awakened by the noise, screamed and ran into the hall upstairs.

"Auntie, Auntie, what is it? Who is shot?" Gertrude cried.

"Halsey — Jack," the older woman called, but there was no reply. She hurriedly lighted a candle, while Gertrude got a revolver from her room. They went to

the rooms at the rear, and discovered the absence of the young men. Then, slowly and cautiously, silent and trembling, they went to the circular staircase and descended, Gertrude pointing the gun into the gloom.

"Who is it? Speak or I'll fire," she called, but there was no reply, and the two women advanced toward the door. Simultaneously their feet encountered a body, and shrieking they fled up the stairs.

"The phone is in my room," Aunt Ray gasped. "We'll call up the club." Liddy, an old servant of Aunt Ray's, was huddled on the floor in the upper hall. Mrs. Watson, the housekeeper, and Tom, the negro butler, former employees of the Armstrongs, were nowhere to be seen. Aunt Ray succeeded in reaching Jarvis, who was staying at the club, and he said he would come at once with help. Shivering with fear the women awaited his arrival, asking themselves over and over again: "Whose dead body is that in the hall below, and where



The three women, their nerves tingling with excitement, waited below. . . . Aunt Ray . . . braced herself to be ready for anything.

are Halsey and Jack?" At last they heard an automobile stop in front of the house, and went to the staircase. Jarvis, accompanied by several of the club servants, entered the house, flooding the hall with light from several pocket flash lamps. Jarvis bent over the body, and turned the face to the light.

"Arnold Armstrong," he exclaimed, "murdered in his father's house!"

"Thank God it isn't Halsey or Jack," murmured Aunt Ray.

"Where are Mr. Innes and Mr. Bailey?" Jarvis asked.

"I don't know. They are not in their rooms," said Aunt Ray.

"That's strange," Jarvis mused. "Bailey and young Armstrong had a violent quarrel this evening."

"You don't mean—" Gertrude began.

"I mean nothing. The police will have to work it out," said Jarvis. "I will stay with you until they come."

While they were talking the housekeeper, white and staring, appeared in the doorway of the drawing room. She explained that she started down stairs upon hearing the shot, fell headlong, hurt her arm badly, and had been sitting, paralyzed with fear, in the dark, unable even to call for help. Wondering what it all meant, Gertrude and Aunt Ray sat up the remainder of the night, speculating on the cause of the disappearance of the young men.

With the morning came the formal police investigation, in charge of Detective Jamieson, who immediately organized a search for the missing Bailey. He declined to accuse the cashier openly, but insisted there were certain matters he must explain. But to search for a man, a clue to begin upon is necessary, and there was not the slightest trace of Jack's movements. Toward noon Halsey returned, coming to the house by way of the stables, exhausted, dusty, unshaven. Where he had been, why he had gone, and whether or not he knew where Bailey was, he refused to say, even to his sister and aunt, much less to the detective.

"Are you aware that your refusal may place you under suspicion?" the detective asked.

"Suspect all you like!" answered Halsey abruptly.

Then came the newspapers with a flood of revelations. Young Armstrong dead, the cashier of the trust company missing,

and the president absent in the West accompanied by a private physician, Dr. Walker, in search of rest and health, the bank examiners decided there should be an investigation. Experts were called to open the safes, and it was announced that negotiable securities amounting to a million and a quarter dollars were missing. Dr. Walker telegraphed that the elder Armstrong, prostrated by the news of his son's death, was unable to travel. The only man who might be able to explain, Jack Bailey, was missing, so the authorities considered themselves justified in issuing a warrant for his arrest on a charge of embezzlement.

Aunt Ray, whose faith in Bailey up to this time, had been firm, began to weaken, and around the library table, discussing the situation with Halsey and Gertrude that evening, she ticked off the points against him, and hammered them home with the question, "Why did he run away? Why didn't he stay and face the music? I have no use for a coward."

"Auntie—you shan't call Jack Bailey a coward. He is the man I love, and he will prove his innocence yet."

Halsey patted her shoulder approvingly, and added: "Yes, and there is one thing we are forgetting. There has been no explanation for Armstrong's presence in this house. Find that out, and we may get a clue to the rest."

There was little sleep for any of them that night, and after midnight, Aunt Ray, wide awake, heard light footfalls almost directly over her head. She thought it must be nerves and imagination, at first, as the third floor was unoccupied, and almost unfurnished, the rooms being used principally for storage purposes. She sat up and listened again, and was sure she was right. She went out into the hall, making no noise, and crept to the circular staircase. The sound was plainly audible now. The solution flashed into her mind—Jack was hiding in her own house.

"Jack Bailey, is that you?" she called softly.

The result was disconcerting. A heavy blanket dropped down upon her, a door slammed, and then—silence. Aunt Ray was not frightened. She had braced herself to be ready for anything. So she stood guard at the stairway, and called for Halsey, Gertrude and Liddy. There was no other escape, as the back stairs did not

reach to the third floor, and to drop to the ground would have meant serious injury. Halsey came with a lighted candle, as did also his sister and the servant, and Aunt Ray told him of the incident; and of her belief that it was Jack Bailey.

"I can tell you this much, it isn't Jack," he said, "but I'll soon find out who it is," and with his revolver ready he ascended the spiral steps, while the three women, their nerves tingling with excitement, waited below. Halsey went through all the rooms, looked behind packing cases and trunks, and found no one. He retraced his steps carefully, not neglecting any spot which might shelter the intruder, but with no success. Moreover, all the windows were closed and fastened on the inside.

"Auntie, you've had a dream," he said, as he came back.

"Did I dream this too?" she asked, holding out the blanket.

While they were puzzling over the incident next morning a telegram was brought to the house. It was from Dr. Walker, and read:

"Mr. Armstrong dead. Returning with body. His last request house must be vacated at once as I have bought it and will reimburse you."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," Aunt Ray declared. "I have a five years lease, and propose to fix up the grounds. By the way, Halsey, I want you to get a gardener for me right away."

"A gardener! Good idea. I don't like the idea of being the only man around, with all these queer doings. I'll go to town for one right now," and he was off.

"Great heavens!" Aunt Ray exclaimed. "Halsey must be losing his nerve. Did you ever see a man move so fast?" and almost before she had finished speaking they heard the roar of the automobile down the driveway. He was back in a few hours, bringing with him a neatly dressed young man whom he introduced as Alex Smith. Alex did not look like a gardener, and Aunt Ray had a prejudice against mustaches, but Halsey assured her that the man's credentials were all that could be desired, and so he was engaged. While the household was thus increased, it lost one of its other members, for the injury to Mrs. Watson's arm developed blood poisoning, and she had to be removed to a hospital. Detective Jamieson was still making the house his head-

quarters, but was baffled by several problems: Where was Bailey? Why did Arnold Armstrong come to the house the night he was killed? Why had his father sold the place and why did Dr. Walker insist that it should be vacated immediately, when it was so advantageously leased? What was the source of the mysterious blanket and whose the footsteps Aunt Ray had heard?

Several days passed without incident, except that Aunt Ray continued to hear muffled sounds on the third floor, for which none of them could account. Then Dr. Walker arrived with Mr. Armstrong's body, which was immediately given a private burial in the cemetery near by, after which the doctor called to repeat his request that the house be vacated. He produced a deed to the property and a curt note from Mr. Armstrong, asking that the lease be canceled. Aunt Ray as curtly refused.

"Madam, you will be sorry," Dr. Walker said. "I warn you to leave Sunnyside before anything occurs which you will regret all your life. Mr. Armstrong had good reasons for his request."

"I am willing to take full responsibility," the determined woman answered, "and I am not going to budge until certain matters are explained to my satisfaction."

Dr. Walker began to bluster, but was interrupted by Halsey, who had been listening in the adjoining room, and ordered him out of the house.

"Remember, I have warned you," the doctor shouted as he departed.

The more complicated the situation became, the more determined Aunt Ray became to solve it. The new gardener also provided her with food for speculation. She began to encounter him in all sorts of unexpected places. One day she found him on the mysterious third floor, and, upon being questioned, he explained that he was looking for tools. When she expressed to Halsey her doubts as to Alex's reliability, he laughed at her, and said she was growing suspicious of everyone, and would be suspecting himself soon. Aunt Ray shook her head, and dropped the subject.

Then she received a message from the hospital, saying that Mrs. Watson was dying, and wanted to see her. She hurried to the bedside of the housekeeper.

"Miss Innes," whispered the woman, who could barely speak, "I know I'm going to die, and I must get this load off my mind.



He was back in a few hours bringing with him a neatly dressed young man, whom he introduced as Alex Smith.

It was I shot young Mr. Armstrong. Old Tom was sick in his room at the lodge, and I had been nursing him. On my way back, Mr. Arnold stepped out from the trees, and told me he must get into the house. I told him I wouldn't let him in. He argued with me, and then struck me over the arm with a golf stick, took the key away from me and ran to the house. I hurried after him. I always carried a revolver when I went out at night, because I am afraid of tramps. When I reached the door he had just got inside, and I followed him. I fired, only intending to scare him out, and then tell you it was a burglar. Before God, I never intended to kill him. Then I ran out, and slipped in by the back door. Please don't tell anyone you don't have to, for I'm going to die, but I'm not afraid to face my Maker, now I've told the truth." With this, the sick woman dropped back, limp, upon her pillow.

"Have you any idea what he wanted?" Aunt Ray asked.

But Mrs. Watson's strength had gone with her supreme effort in confessing, and in a few minutes she breathed her last. Armed with this revelation, Aunt Ray returned home, but after all it solved only the least of the puzzling questions. She called

a council of war, and with Halsey and Gertrude discussed the situation, as they sat beside the staircase, outside her room.

"Well, I've decided what to do," she said at last, with even more than her customary firmness. "There's some mystery up these stairs. Arnold Armstrong was headed for them when he was shot, and up on that floor all the strange sounds have been going on. Tonight we will take turns watching to see that no one escapes, and tomorrow we will go over it inch by inch, move all the things that could hide a man or a trapdoor, and get at the bottom of the thing if we have to tear out the partitions. I'll pay Dr. Walker for his old house if I have to, but no blamed ghost is going to get the better of me."

The first part of the night passed quietly, and at midnight Halsey and Alex took up their position at the landing on the second floor. The two men had become quite intimate, for employer and employe, on such short acquaintance, and were conversing in confidential whispers when a scream was heard coming from the servants' quarters at the rear of the house, and Liddy rushed into the hall.

"Mr. Halsey, Mr. Smith," she called, "the stables are on fire."



The man hurried back and entered. Aunt Ray shouted at him: "Drop that! I've got you at last."

Aunt Ray and Gertrude hurried into the hall.

"Watch the staircase," Halsey shouted. "Come, Alex," and the men ran for the stables.

The lines tightened around Aunt Ray's mouth, and she gripped her revolver. Gertrude was no less brave. The Innes blood and Innes courage steeled her nerves. Then above the noise of the fire they heard footsteps on the floor above, with no attempt at concealment. Someone had rushed to the back of the house, from which point the stables could be seen.

Swiftly Aunt Ray mounted the stairs, handing Gertrude her gun, and motioning for her to stay at her post and keep silent. When she reached the top, the brave spinster nearly dropped with astonishment. Beside the top step there was an opening in the wall where a sliding door had been pushed back. Inside was a bare, unplastered room with solid brick walls, a bare kitchen table, a safe, and, on the table, a small grip. At the other end of the hall stood a portly man, looking out at the fire, and buttoning a heavy overcoat. As he turned, Aunt Ray retreated into the secret room. The man hurried back and entered.

Just as he reached for the grip, Aunt Ray shouted at him:

"Drop that! I've got you at last."

The man tried to dart out of the door, but the stalwart woman flung him back as if he had been a child. He turned and faced her, cowering, the table between them, and the light from the flickering candle revealed his features plainly:

"Armstrong! And no ghost!" the unwavering woman exclaimed. "Gertrude," she called, "I've got him. Never mind the stables. Call Halsey."

Just then another voice was heard from the first floor. It was Dr. Walker's.

"Armstrong—hurry," he called. "It's the last chance."

"It isn't even that," and Detective Jamieson stepped out of the drawing room, and in a few seconds had overpowered the conspirator.

In the little room at the top of the staircase, Armstrong, haggard from his confinement, and the picture of terror, kept backing away from his captor. He was fat and pudgy, and seemed anxious to avoid another struggle with the powerful spinster. He crowded himself into a corner, made a sudden movement, and a second door slid

open. Turning, he leaped for the stairs, stumbled and fell headlong, rolling over and over, clear to the bottom of the two flights. Aunt Ray ran down, and found Halsey and the gardener, who had been summoned by Gertrude, bending over the banker's inert form. His neck had been broken by the fall. They all turned from the gruesome sight, into the drawing room.

"The game is up, Mr. Doctor Walker," said the detective. "You may as well confess. It will go much easier with you."

The prisoner considered a moment, and then spoke, in a surly voice.

"Well, Armstrong's affairs were getting in bad shape. He decided to loot his own bank, and go into hiding here, until I could send a fake body back from the West, where he was supposed to have gone. Bailey caused all the trouble by insisting upon Arnold producing the bank's securities, and Arnold was coming to get instructions from his father when he was killed. I bought the body of a pauper, pretending it was for a medical school, and hurried back. Mr. Armstrong and I had a code of signals arranged, and it was his constant watch for me that made it necessary

for him to leave his hiding place. That was how you came to hear him, for he had enough supplies stored in that room to last him a month or more. He signaled me that the place was being watched so closely he could not escape, and suggested burning the stables, to get everyone out of the house. That's the whole story. You will find the securities intact in a grip in the secret room at the top of the circular staircase."

"But how did you get the deed and the note ordering me to leave?" Aunt Ray asked.

"I had them before I went away. Armstrong's first idea was that his greatest safety lay in the fact that you were occupying the house, but later we decided it was better to have some excuse to try to get you to leave, if necessary."

"Well, then, what has happened to Jack Bailey?"

"Oh, nothing much," came a voice from a dimly lighted corner, and the bewildered Aunt Ray looked around and saw her niece in the arms of the gardener.

"Take off the mustache, Jack," Halsey called out cheerily, and his sister said, "Yes—it tickles."

A Study in Expression



Watching the Slap-Stick Comedy Film

The Kick-In Prophets

LEGEND OF THE *FRERES* DE MILLE, WHO BUILT
A DAYLIGHT REALITY OUT OF A DREAM

By K. Owen

THE true prophet is not he who speaks and then sits back with folded arms and waits for the gods to make good for him; but he who spills his little prophecy, then strips off his coat and makes it come true: the "kick-in prophet," as it were.

When Cecil B. De Mille quit New York some eighteen months ago for Los Angeles to convert a Hollywood garage into a motion picture studio, he was thoroughly equipped with ignorance (according to himself) and zeal; ignorance as to the rules and regulations laid down for the construction of picture plays and zeal to pro-

duce actual drama for the screen.

When, a year later, William Churchill De Mille, his brother and erstwhile collaborator, followed his trail to the setting sun to become chief of the scenario department of the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company of the quondam garage, drama's recognition of the screen was complete. For more than a generation the name of De Mille had been closely linked with that of Belasco, both synonymous with high altitudes of dramatic art. Consequently when the first De Mille turned to the screen there was marked the beginning of a new epoch in film annals.

Cecil De Mille, in a Seville of his own making, swaps some "Carmen" talk with Geraldine Farrar.



Sons of a famous playwright of another generation, Henry C. De Mille, the brothers have virtually grown up in an atmosphere of drama. Their father, one of the earliest associates of David Belasco, with whom he wrote "The Charity Ball," "The Wife," "Lord Chumley," and other noted plays.

Before he was thirty, William De Mille had won a place in the ranks of successful playwrights with "Strongheart," "Classmates," "The Warrens of Virginia," and "The Woman." To the credit of Cecil De Mille, among other successes, are "The Return of Peter Grimm," "The Royal Mounted" and with his brother, "The Genius" and "After Five." Let it be recorded here that William C. has just entered his thirty-eighth year and Cecil B. is several years younger.

It is not essential to the story but of more than passing interest that "C. B." calls the elder De Mille "son," without any show of resentment by the latter. There is nothing paternally patronizing in the way he does it, and I am sure that it is not because technically, as director-general, he is boss. It is barely probable that the real reason is that William has retained more of a semblance of cranial adornment than "C. B." As an object for reclamation work, however, neither has much on the other.

"How did we get the big idea?" repeated the elder De Mille as he tapped the bowl of his briar pipe and shoved aside the script upon which he was working in his den—way off

in the most secluded corner of the lot.

"Well, it came gradually but insistently. We of the legitimate stage saw our audiences dwindling—the magnet of the 'movies' attracting from the footlights the millions of stage patrons.

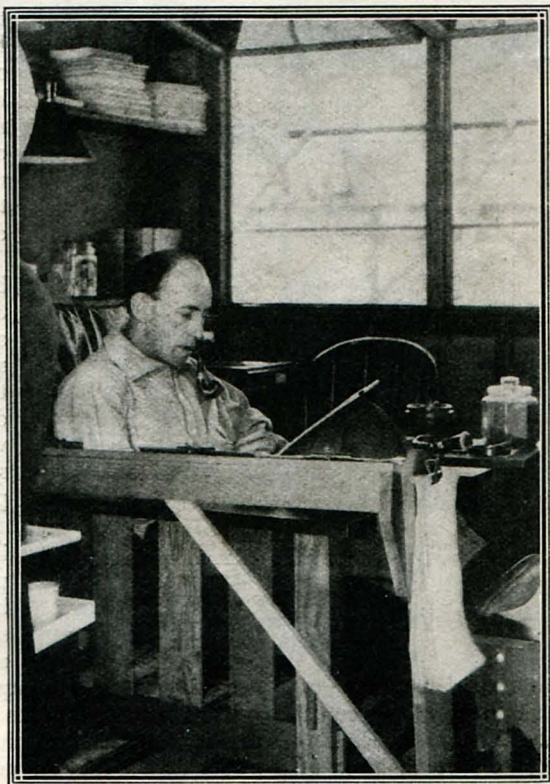
"First it was the natural impulse of self preservation—then the growing conviction that here was an opportunity for great things. The photodrama was to succeed the cheap moving picture. My brother, 'C. B.,' came out and did the pioneering. The big idea worked from the very start but it is only a promise of the bigger idea to come."

In the interests of the story's sequence, we will leave William C. for the nonce and jump to "C. B." as he—at the start rather unwillingly—"sat for" his part of the interview on the big glass stage. He had just completed the last scene of "Carmen" and the lovely Geraldine Farrar had gone to her dressing room to put aside for the last time her guise as a Spanish senorita.

"They gave me the laugh when I tried to interest them in photodrama," began the younger De Mille. "They" referred to an unnamed group of motion picture magnates.

"'Nothing doing on that legitimate stuff,' they told me. 'The stage is one thing and moving pictures another,' and they laughed in unison at the insistence of my suggestions."

Right here I want to record the impression that "they" had garnered "C. B.'s" goat. It is dangerous to get the goat of a man who thinks and twice as dan-



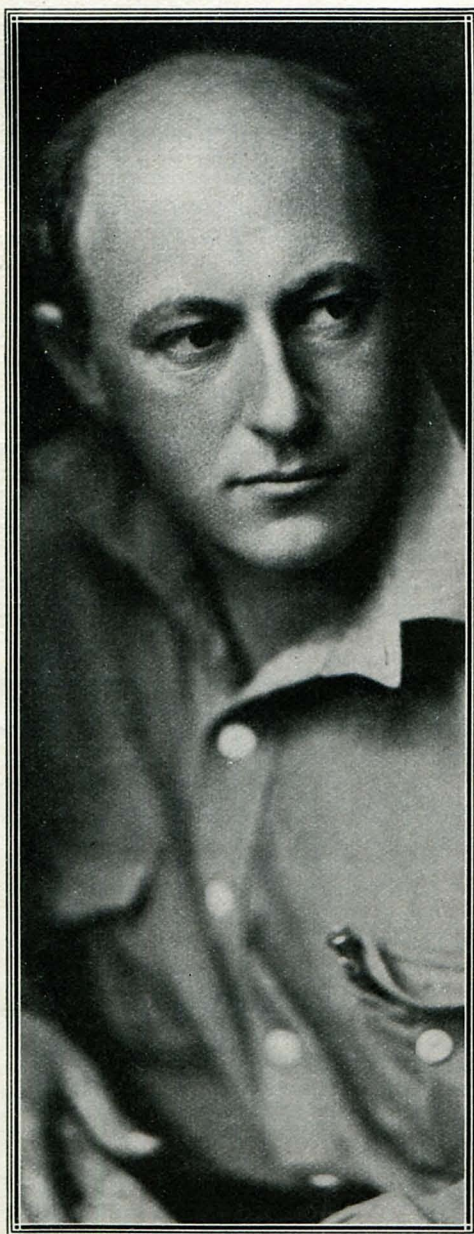
William De Mille—"son" to his younger brother—getting a photoplay ready for the council chamber.

gerous when it is the goat of two men who co-ordinate in their thinking. There is a whole lot about the drama of which I am densely ignorant but I claim to be an expert on goats and goat-getting. As "C. B." rehearsed that initial scene with eyes that sparkled alternately with chagrin and triumph, I could see with half an eye that "they," back in dear old N'Yawk, had on that occasion copped the younger De Mille goat, rope, tin cans and all.

There were several "retakes" of that original scene with other principals scoffing, before the big De Mille idea found placement.

"It was over the cigars at luncheon one day in the hotel Knickerbocker," continued Cecil B. "with Jesse Lasky and Sam Goldfish, his brother-in-law, that the idea became a concrete thing. They were willing to take a chance on the theory that the public which would stand for the 'moving picture' would pay for real drama.

"Our success has been due largely to ignorance. If we had been versed in the 'movie' technique of two years ago, I do not believe we could have succeeded. When I came to Los Angeles I knew nothing of the making of films, but I had the big idea. I had seen picture plays that were almost dramas. One touch could have made them dramas,



Cecil De Mille is the true prophet who spilled his prophecy, then stripped off his coat and made it come true.

but instead of that touch, there was a kick in the face, and it was farce.

"The first Lasky picture which I produced was 'The Squawman' with Dustin Farnum in the title role. No one but the cameraman had ever had any picture experience, of those who worked on that play in the garage studio.

"Ignorance is a wonderful thing when properly applied."

The younger De Mille told me much about his first plays for the screen, how he strove to add the touch of art that was lacking in the plays of other producers; how he worked out new effects in filmcraft in the face of warnings that certain things "can't be done."

"Most things can be done," he continued, "and when anyone told me that such and such a thing could not be done, I got someone who could do it. I still follow that same principle.

"In using genuine sets instead of painted scenery; in having our people speak their lines just as on the stage, a

necessity to correct expression, we believe, we are actuated by the desire to give the public the best in pictures. Fidelity to minor details may in most instances go over the heads of the average audience, but the cumulative effect will be there. General excellence and realism are appreciated even

though the technical procedure may not be understood.

"As for realism, it is the most insistent demand of the public. The dramatic license of the stage will not be tolerated.

The public will not allow us dramatic license. When a man stabs another with a bayonet, the audience wants to see the bayonet stick the victim, not pass six inches away. They must almost see the blood follow it.

"As an art photodrama has advanced wonderfully but the surface has only been scratched."

The elder De Mille likewise believes that the transition period has only begun and that the methods of the "motion picture"

must be entirely discarded; that the scenario writer with a "drama"-an-hour capacity must give way to the trained dramatist. So he has surrounded himself by a corps of playwrights who, like himself, knew nothing of screen play writing or construction before their engagement by the Lasky company.

Among them are Miss Marion Fairfax, wife of Tully Marshall and author of "The Builders," "The Talker," and other plays; Miss Margaret Turnbull, noted dramatist and novelist, and her brother, Hector Turnbull, playwright and former dramatic critic of the New York Tribune.

The scenarios turned out by this corps are complete, even more so than those prepared for the legitimate stage. Every gesture and every glance, every step taken in the course of

the action is prescribed. Nothing is left to the director! He may suggest changes but he cannot make any without first obtaining the consent of the "inner council."

"My brother and I work in absolute harmony," said Wil-

liam De Mille in discussing their methods of operation. "Our work dove-tails, an almost perfect co-ordination of the writing and producing ends of the business. The most interesting feature of our work is the 'council of war' after the completion of a play, when we pick it to pieces, discover its faults, plan to avert a repetition of mistakes and otherwise improve the next play.

"While our experiment has succeeded

and we have had our meed of praise for our dramas, we realize that the art is in its infancy. We try to make each play better than its predecessor. Certain ideals we closely follow. The Lasky pictures must be clean, containing nothing immoral or suggestive and must be told in clear dramatic manner.

"Solon said that speech was the image of action. In our plays the action must portray everything that can be conveyed by speech."

The Lasky studio has an atmosphere pretty much its own. It is a much sought atmosphere by actors and actresses, because it is created by a uniformly courteous treatment of performers, a dearth of noise and that element designated as

"rough stuff." You may be sure professional people appreciate this treatment.

Photodrama of the Future

I BELIEVE that we have reached the crossroads. On one hand stretches the road to the literature of the past capable of adaptation to the screen; on the other hand the road to the plays and novels of the future, again only the adaptable being considered.

The past has been thoroughly covered in the last two years. The future will supply a very small percentage of the material required.

There remains then only the broad straight road of the original photodrama, the screen play written for the camera by the expert dramatist with the same care, the same craft, the same dramatic instinct as the play of the stage. In this medium alone will the photodramatic art reach the heights to which it is destined and to which the intelligent public is urging it.

WILLIAM C. DE MILLE.

PHOTODRAMATIC direction has reached the point where the word art is no longer met with shrieks of laughter. The director of the future must be a man of understanding, of human nature and art; a combination of man who can convey power, beauty and drama as a sculptor or painter might portray it, except that his handiwork must live and breathe and feel.

CECIL B. DE MILLE.



Starting a Picture Show

REAL INSIDE INFORMATION
AND ADVICE, WITH FACTS
AND FIGURES, FROM A
SUCCESSFUL EXHIBITOR

By Neil G. Caward

MORE money. Magic indeed is the effect of those two words on the average man.

Scarcely a human being but will give you his instant attention if he thinks the conversation will result in his learning how to obtain a larger income, without a corresponding increase in labor.

Knowing this to be the case, investment brokers, real estate sharks and unscrupulous theater managers, saddled down with a house which they have discovered to be unprofitable, fill the newspapers and magazines with wonderful tales of the profits to be made in the motion picture business and particularly in the exhibition end.

Pick up the morning newspaper in any of our large cities and you'll find columns of advertising matter, under the classification of "Business Chances," devoted to glowing descriptions of theaters that are for sale because the proprietor is "in ill health" or "has to leave the city." All of these theaters, according to the advertisement, are big money makers, ideally located, and the man who takes advantage of the opportunity offered is sure to become a millionaire within a few months.

John Jones, or somebody else, who has read the magazine articles about how Carl Laemmle is today worth a billion dollars or so, and yesterday had only a collar button, or how William N. Selig started life

in an humble way and today owns a studio and menagerie at Los Angeles valued at more than a million, instantly is impressed by the wonderful opportunity, decides to draw that thousand dollars from the savings bank and risk it all in the Palaza theater, located on the corner of Umpteenth Ave. and Broadway.

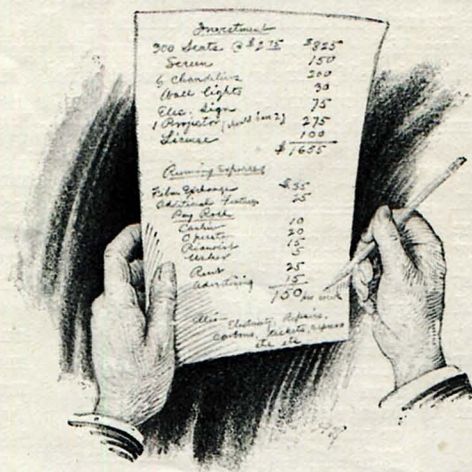
Within a month or six weeks Jones discovers that his expenditures are about twice as great as his receipts, that the Palaza, instead of being the "gold mine" described in the advertisement, is a "lemon" that will bankrupt him within a few weeks, unless he is fortunate enough to unload it on somebody as inexperienced and unsophisticated

as he was on the day that he decided to make a million in the movies.

With the idea of getting some first hand information about a real theater and learning in detail something about the average operating expenses of an average house the writer determined to look up his old friend "Bob" Shields, once known the country over as the owner and manager of the Shields Stock Company, but

now retired to a quiet home in an Illinois town of some five thousand inhabitants, where he had quickly endeared himself to the natives by establishing and operating the Metropolitan theater, a house of twelve hundred seats devoted to the celluloid drama.

Bob was found leaning comfortably back in the easy chair in his box office, en-



joying a good perfecto and the latest news of the movie industry in the columns of his favorite trade journal. After a brief discussion of old times the writer sought to get a rise out of his showman friend by declaring that he had just learned at the hotel that Bill Hicks, until last week proprietor of the town's largest meat market, had sold out and was going to lease the empty store down on the corner of Elm and Main streets and convert it into a movie house.

As anticipated, the news surprised Bob, but after a puff or two at his perfecto he laughed and said, "Well, well, so we've got some competition at last, have we? I knew it had to come, sooner or later. Running the only movie in town was too soft to continue indefinitely. Wonder how much Hicks has got to lose?"

"Then you already figure him as a loser?" I inquired.

"Seems likely, since he don't know anything about the picture game, but I'm dead sure he'll have to spend a bundle of money if he's going to make any kind of a noise against the Metropolitan. However, I shan't worry much until Mr. Hicks gets his show to going, and perhaps not even then, if he's starting on a shoestring, as I more than half suspect."

"I was told at the hotel that he realized about twelve hundred on his meat market," I volunteered.

"Yes, and I suppose he thinks that'll give him a flying start," laughed Shields. "My boy, I've seen a lot of them try it in the past but there isn't one in ten that succeeds, unless he has capital behind him, so that he's fortified against slumps in business, rainy nights and cut-throat competition."

"Then you don't believe twelve hundred will enable Hicks to start?"

"I doubt if he can even open on twelve hundred," rasped Shields. "Here, I'll show you," went on the manager of the Metropolitan as he dragged a sheet of scratch paper over onto the slide of his desk and reached in his pocket for a lead pencil.

"To begin with he'll have to get some seats, won't he? To have them look like anything at all, he'll have to pay about two-seventy-five apiece for them, and from

the size of the store you say he's going to make into a movie house, he'll crowd in about three hundred at the outside. Three hundred times two-seventy-five is eight hundred and twenty-five dollars," figured Shields aloud.

"That twelve hundred is going fast," I commented.

"Huh," snorted Shields, "we haven't got started yet. Take this house of mine. Its even thousand seats cost me three dollars apiece and I got them at a discount. Well, Hicks will get a screen of the customary size for about one hundred and fifty

dollars and then he'll need about six of these big chandeliers for his indirect lighting system and he can't get them for a cent less than two hundred dollars. Some wall lights with the proper shades will set him back another thirty dollars and a big electric sign in front of his lobby will add another seventy-five dollars."

"All gone," I stated, referring to the twelve hundred.

"I nearly forgot a projector," murmured Shields, "that will cost him two hundred and seventy-five dollars with all the fixings, and he really ought to have two instead of one. Why, here at the Met I've got two of the latest models and the two set me back just nine hundred dollars, but they are worth every cent of it, for the show is continuous and you never hear our patrons talking about poor projection. Why, only last week one of my nightly patrons told me that the pictures here at the Met were as good as they have in Chicago, so I guess we aren't so far behind the times, even if we do live in the country."

"And then will come the license," added Shields as he set down another hundred dollars in his table of figures, "for Hicks will have to pay the city clerk his license before he'll be permitted to open. Let's add it up now and see where Mr. Hicks gets off." Silence pervaded the box office while Shields ran his pencil down the columns and put down a neat little \$1,655 at the bottom as he finished.

"Let's just suppose that he does get nicely started," went on Shields, "because he might have more capital than we suspect. When he opens the show he'll have to pay in advance at least thirty-five dollars

A good theatre manager must be a good business man. For after all a movie theatre is just a business with amusement and seats for sale instead of dry goods or groceries.

per week to the film exchange for rental before they will ship him his first 'show,' and in order to meet the big features we're running here at the Met three nights a week, they will talk him into at least one big feature additional to his regular program, for about—oh, call it twenty-five dollars. That's sixty dollars a week just for film alone. Besides that he'll need a cashier at \$10, an operator at \$20, a pianist at \$15, an usher at \$5, and he'll easily spend \$10 or \$15 for paper and advertising. He'll be mighty lucky if he gets that store for \$100 a month rent, but let's suppose that he can and that'll make \$25 more per week to add to his running expenses. Adding all that up, makes \$150 a week for Mr. Hicks before he can show a nickel's profit, and I forgot to include any 'juice' bills, and expense money for repairs to the projection machine, new carbons, rolls of tickets, express charges on his film shipments or things like that."

"According to your figures he'll have to play almost two full shows a night to break even?" I hazarded.

"At ten cents a head and a nickel for the kids, even though he plays a full house and a half every night in the week, he'll only be taking in about \$180 or \$200 a week, and by the time his bills are all paid

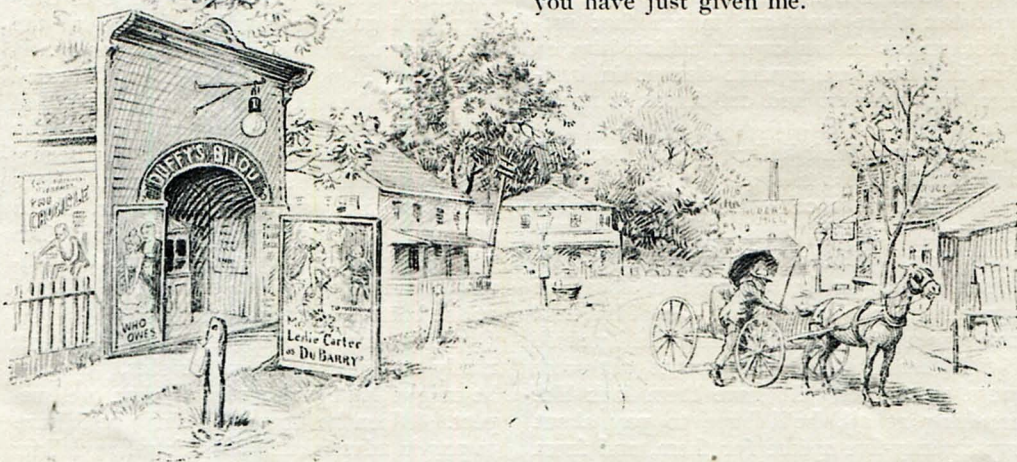
and the interest on his investment deducted he'll starve to death. Many is the night the old Met has shown less than \$30 at the box office, in spite of the fact that it has been the only show in town, and one week, during a rainy spell we had, the whole week showed only \$150. Of course, though, when the business is good we get the money. During Fair week, for instance, and again when the Firemen's Carnival was on, I took in more than \$175 a night and by running matinees on Saturdays, when the farmers are all in town, I crowded the week's receipts up around the thousand dollar mark."

"Yes, but look at your seating capacity," I exclaimed.

"That's the answer," said Shields. "Hicks will probably see the time when he'll really be 'holding 'em out,' because he's only got three hundred seats altogether and there'll be somebody sitting in every one of them. That is one thing the Met don't have to worry about. With our thousand seats we can take care of everybody and there is no waiting line, except weeks like the Fair when everybody in town is trying to get into the house at the same time. It's just that question of having to wait that ruins many a house. The public is a queer animal. They pile into a show like a flock of sheep if they can get in while they're in the mood, but keep them waiting, even a few minutes, and they get peevish and go on about something else and try as you will you can't get them started for your show again."

"Probably Hicks would give up his idea of starting a show if he overheard the talk you have just given me."

Duffy is running a lot of society stuff and the Spring Brook people, typical rustics, don't know what it's about.



"Maybe you're right," agreed Shields. "But that's what puts the motion picture business in the wrong light. A lot of men like this Hicks take it into their heads to start a show. They dope it out for themselves or somebody tells them that they can make a million dollars by starting a picture theater, and even though they don't know a thing about the picture game they hock the family jewels, sell out the only business they know anything about or borrow a few thousand and start in. After dropping their capital and finding they are head over heels in debt in a business that they don't understand they close up the house, disappear, and the consequence is another nut is loose to declare 'the day of the motion picture is over.' If they would only stop and consider things just a little before they started, the papers would be about half as full of ads of theaters for sale, and there would be only about half as many knockers as there are at present."

"I believe you're right."

"Sure I'm right," admitted Shields, "but more than half of them wouldn't believe you if you told them in advance what was going to happen. They think you are trying to keep them out because you don't want them to become as rich as you are, or put a crimp in your business. Every time though that one of these know-it-all chaps starts a house that proves to be a flivver it hurts the whole picture industry. It keeps the honest motion picture exhibitor from making the profits he ought to make and to which he is entitled, and makes the film exchanges about twice the work they ought to have, because they have to keep such close watch on their customers."

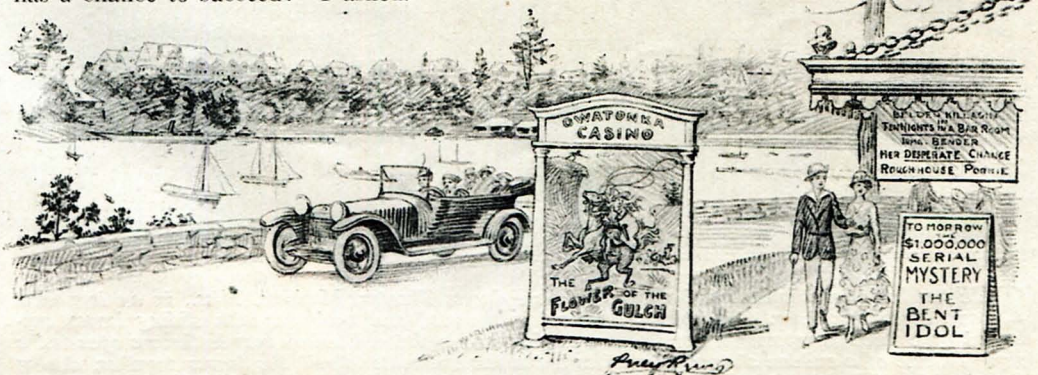
"Frankly then you don't believe Mr. Hicks or anybody else with limited capital has a chance to succeed?" I asked.

"I wouldn't want to go so far as to say that. For, provided a chap really knows something about the film game; provided he knows the kind of patrons he is going to cater to; provided he has enough money to finance his show and expects to spend the most of it in establishing himself, he might be successful. I wouldn't want to discourage anybody from taking a whirl at the pictures, just so long as he understands from the beginning what he is going against. That's the main difficulty. Lots of them believe all they have to do is to rent a film, open the front door and begin to take in the money. A good theater manager, one who is successful in a big way, has got to be first of all a good business man, for, after all, the show game is just a business, with amusements and seats for sale instead of dry goods and groceries."

"I never thought of it in that way."

"No, and there are a lot more to whom it never occurred," answered Shields. "Once your business is established, you have your films and your theater equipped, the next thing is to get your customers. Every merchant has to advertise, but about three exhibitors out of every four will laugh at you if you mention advertising to

Smith at the swell summer resort is running blood and thunder stuff, for plutocrats who are dying to see Ethel Clayton, and Clara Young.



them. The fellow who hangs out a three sheet in front of his house and expects to be mobbed by the people trying to get in is going to die in the poorhouse. But look at us here in the Met. Take the nights when we have something special on and the days when we have a full page ad in the Daily Bugle. Why little Jessie, out here in the box office, is busier than a one eyed dog in a sausage factory, handing out the pasteboards, making change and wearing a smile for them all—"

"Yes, but you give the public such good films—" I countered.

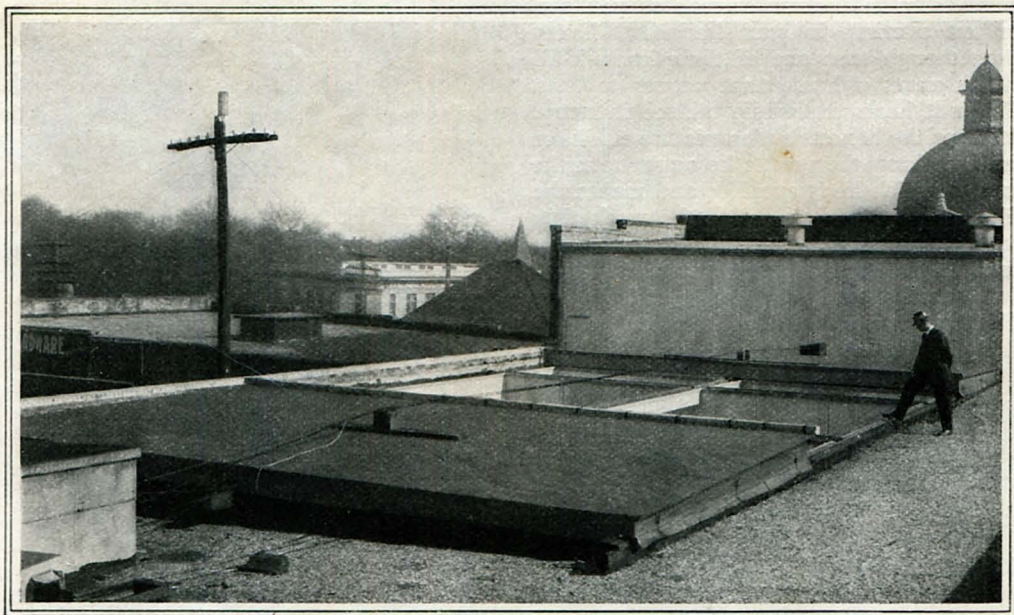
"Yes, because we give them what they want. There's a whole lot to that you can be sure. Take Duffy, over in Spring Brook, for instance. He is running a lot of so-called features, but it is all society stuff and the people over at Spring Brook, which is a typical rural community, don't know what it is all about. If he would give them Charley Chaplin and a rip roaring old melodrama once in awhile he would be holding them out every night. Smith, over

at Owatonka, the swell summer resort, is just as big a boob. He's running blood and thunder serials, cowboy and Indian stuff, and trying to coax a lot of plutocrats into his house who are dying to see Ethel Clayton and Clara Young. You have got to study your patrons and find out what they want to see. That is the secret of success and the exhibitors that are doing it are the ones who are taking their money to the bank by the wagonload."

"There is a lot to being a manager, isn't there?" I asked, as a capper to the cross-examination.

"Well there is a lot more than just unlocking the front door and counting up the house," admitted Shields. "But I don't want you or anybody else to think that just because I have scoffed at Hicks and his chances of success that a real smart showman, with plenty of capital, can't succeed, because he can. There are people still unborn who will make a million in the movies, but take it from me it will be because they know the game before they start."

The Sky's the Roof Here



THE problem of ventilation has been met in the Princess Theater, Meridan, Miss., in an ingenious and effective manner. An opening was cut in the roof, and equipped with sliding leaves, controlled by a three-horsepower motor. Thus, on fair nights the auditorium may be thrown open to the sky. In case of a sudden shower it requires but a few moments to roll the leaves together, closing the opening. The accompanying picture illustrates the operation of the device, which has been patented.

THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY

By Edith Huntington Mason

HOW MASKED BEAUTY STORMS AND TAKES
A YOUNG LORD'S HEART AND FORTUNE

Illustrated from the Lasky Film

JACK CHURCHILL was the sort of fellow who passes for a gentleman among stable boys, and for a stable boy among gentlemen. It was his gift for cards, which made him welcome in London's most exclusive clubs, unless perhaps it was the fact that he was brother to Mme. Helen de Semiano, the most popular actress at the Gaiety.

"How-de-do Belsize?" he said airily, as a tall, well-built young Englishman entered the reading room of the Excelsior Club,—where he sat waiting.

The other shook hands, courteously, and led the way to the grill room, managing in typically British fashion to fill the duties of host without so much as uttering a word.

"I have some news for you, Churchill," he said at length, when they had ordered dinner, "I'm goin' to be in a position to repay you every shilling I owe you, before very long."

Churchill's laugh was almost a sneer. He had heard that promise, always made in the future tense, so often.

"Inherited money, or something?" he inquired.

"Yes," his lordship replied politely, "an uncle of mine in America, died and left me something like five hundred thousand pounds."

The gambler's jaw dropped, and, somewhat to Belsize's astonishment he looked thoroughly dismayed. The young peer could not know that the picture this announcement called up in his guest's mind, was Churchill's interview with Mme. de Semiano at the theatre not an hour earlier.

"What's the use of a title without a shilling to support it on?" Churchill heard himself saying to the actress. "You'd better stop wasting your time on Belsize, he isn't big enough game."

And his sister's answer came back to him, as he stared at Belsize

with sickening significance.

"Don't worry, Jackie, I'm just amusing myself. I know as well as you do that it must be a title *and* a fortune for little me!"

His perturbation was increased by his host's next words.

"Of course you are, ah-aware, Churchill, of my devotion to your sister. That's one thing I wanted to speak to you about. I haven't had money enough to ask her to marry me before, but"—his ingenuous, young face brightened, "I'm going to ask her tonight!"

It spoke well for the gambler's self control that under stress of emotion, he did not leap from his chair. Great Heavens, this was a mess! Here was Belsize planning to ask Helen

What if Belsize should find that instead of a homely country girl, his wife was beautiful and cultured!



him, and Helen ignorant of the information in her brother's possession,—determined to refuse him! Churchill felt he would give a year of his life for one word with her in private.

But that, unfortunately, proved very hard to obtain. Nothing must do for Belsize but that his future brother-in-law, should accompany him to the theatre to see Helen act, and afterward go with him to Helen's apartment, when he intended to put the great question.

"If she sees you're for me," said the simple-minded young peer, "she'll be more likely to accept me!"

In vain Jack pleaded excuses,—his host was firm, and he was perforce obliged to let him carry out his program.

He managed to scribble a note to Helen during the performance but the fear that Belsize would suspect something, prevented him from sending it behind the scenes. The evening passed in torture for him. At last, when the show was finished, in desperation he invited his distinguished patrons to have a drink by way of celebrating his good fortune.

It was while Belsize was explaining the ingredients of a new high ball, that Churchill found the opportunity to slip the note into the hand of an attendant.

He must have accompanied the scrap of paper with sufficient inducement,—for Mme. de Semiano received it, not ten minutes later. She had just time to don a welcoming smile and a gorgeous negligee which performed to a nicety the duty of showing off her many charms,—when her brother and the earl arrived.

They say there is nothing in the world like being loved for yourself alone, and young Belsize, his fine Anglo-Saxon face aglow, looked down with pride at the handsome woman by his side as they stood by the rail of the great steamer which was leaving the dock at South Hampton. Mme. de Semiano had been so surprised, when he told her of his newly inherited wealth the moment she had promised him her hand, and she had been so prettily hesitant about accepting the responsibility of sharing so much money,—he had been anxious to marry her at once.

But her brother's advice had prevailed. Churchill thought it better to interview first, the lawyer in New York who had charge of Belsize's affairs. However, he had permitted Helen, chaperoned by himself and the old tiring woman at the theatre, who was serving her as maid,—to accompany her fiancé that they might be married as soon as possible.

Jack's caution proved justifiable. When the party arrived at the Long Island country place where the lawyer, Stephen Silverton, was living, they found an unpleasant surprise awaiting them. Belsize's uncle, it appeared, had cherished all his life a prejudice against the stage, and in making his will, had included a clause to the effect that his nephew might inherit the money

"You're a wonder with the brush, Pa," said the girl happily.



only on condition that he did not marry an actress.

Great was the consternation in the Churchill camp! Helen indeed, was quite unable to control her chagrin. Belsize had led her across the ocean on a wild-goose chase, she declared, he had known of the condition of the will all the time,—she was going to return to London and marry Sandy McClane, her stage manager, who had loved her all his life!

This outburst should have warned the peer as to the temper of his betrothed, but his feeling for her had always held a hint of fear,—so instead of taking offense, he bent his energies to the task of reassuring her.

"Don't take on so," he implored, "Don't be vexed with me! The lawyer will arrange it for us, some how, won't you, Mr. Silverton?"

Mr. Silverton rather thought he could. But they must leave him to think it out. Would Mme. de Semiano like to see the garden? If they returned in half an hour he would have a plan to get around the will. That was his specialty, getting around wills. He laughed a fat, hearty laugh.

The actress, heavy browed and sullen threw herself into a hammock, when they reached the garden.

"I'm going to stay here," she said, "you may do as you please!"

Lord Belsize did as he pleased. Mme. de Semiano was very handsome, and of course he was in love with her, but when she was in that mood! . . . He strolled away down the path and looked about with appreciation at the wildness of the old lawyer's garden, and the un-English look of the clematis growing everywhere, the untrimmed lilac bushes, the tangle of passion flowers on the gate.

A vision crossed his path, a vision in pink gingham with a rose-colored parasol and a laugh in the corner of her wide blue eye. She was so little, so enticing, so dainty, that before he knew it, a traitorous sigh of satisfaction escaped the lover of Helen de Semiano. The man who did not respond to that smile was a cad. But where had she vanished to? Must be underground passages in that garden! Why had he been so slow!

"But you know my name is not Silverton," she said.



A voice from a distant hammock hobbled his passion for exploration, and he returned very slowly, much occupied with the discovery that there was more than one woman in the world.

The lawyer had called them into the house, Helen informed him. How large and heavy she was after all, he thought.

It was undoubtedly true that Stephen Silverton had his own fish to fry when he suggested to his clients, his plan for enabling Belsize to marry the woman of his choice. Belsize must first go through a marriage ceremony with a woman not of the theatrical profession, Silverton said,—some one who would consent for a cash sum, to be deserted immediately after the ceremony and subsequently divorced.

He was a kindly man, was Silverton, and a well intentioned one. His greatest weakness, as he admitted himself, was gambling on the stock exchange. To say that he was worried by the failure of his most recent venture, which unfortunately had involved his daughter Kitty's inheritance from her grandmother, was to underestimate his feelings. He had meant, of course, only to double her money, and this good intention had made it seem justifiable to risk it, without his daughter's knowledge. But the result had been none the less fatal.



A cry stayed them in the act, and Helen de Semiano laid a fierce hand on the young man's arm.

Why wasn't this tangle about the young Englishman and his uncle's will the very chance Mr. Silverton had been looking for, to recoup the lost fortune? If he could persuade Katherine to act the part of the pseudo wife, he knew he could shake Belsize down for a good round sum, and Katherine's money could be restored and nobody be the wiser.

Belsize and Churchill took to the plan at once, but Helen had a stipulation to make. The woman engaged to play the part of the wife must have absolutely no claims to beauty. Belsize was temporarily won back to his old allegiance to the actress, by this pretty display of jealousy and with much laughter and many kisses, agreed to her suggestion.

The matter of finding the girl was left to Silverton, and it was arranged that on the following afternoon, the whole party meet again for the purpose of carrying through the wedding ceremony.

Silverton found, that after all he had no trouble in persuading Kitty to oblige him in the matter. What she would not have done if she had known a money considera-

tion was involved, she did for the sake of the young Englishman, of whom, she told her father, she had caught a glimpse in the garden.

She had also, she said, seen the lady in the hammock. "And I know," declared Kitty, with a look of wisdom that sat absurdly on her innocent young face, "I know that creature is marrying the poor boy for his money! But perhaps we can save him, Pa. In the six months' time that must pass before he can get a divorce from me, he will have a chance to wake up!"

It was a gorgeous summer day. Upstairs in Kitty Silverton's room, all was excitement. Mr. Silverton in his shirt sleeves was holding his daughter by her pretty chin, and with an anxious squint on his cherubic face, was endeavoring with a brushful of sepia, to paint out, one of the girl's milk white teeth!

"It won't do to let them recognize you," he said, "and then of course that harpy downstairs," he indicated with a dripping brush, the living room below, "stipulated that the woman engaged, must be homely. And say—" he whirled Kitty toward the

mirror delightedly, "don't you think even she ought to be satisfied?"

They burst into laughter at sight of the hunched figure in the glass, with its plain black frock, its fluffy hair screwed back from the forehead in stiff pigtails, the blackened tooth, and skillfully swallowed complexion.

"You're a wonder with the brush, Pa!" declared the young lady happily.

The ceremony was quickly over and no hint of the deception practiced upon them having leaked out, Belsize and his party motored away from the house quite content. The bride had been ugly enough even to satisfy Helen de Semiano.

If distance lends enchantment, how often is it true that close inspection breeds disillusionment. Mme. de Semiano, during the six months wait necessary to obtaining the divorce for desertion, went to visit some relatives just outside of New York, and it was there her fiancé was obliged to visit her. It was not many weeks, however, before his aristocratic blood revolted at the familiarities of his future wife's relatives. Their use of his first name, shortened to "Reggie," became intolerable, and the fact that American democracy prompts American citizens to address even royalty, without ceremony, did not at all ameliorate his disgust.

The climax came when he accidentally overheard his future wife, discussing in her bedroom, with her maid, the relative advantages of marrying himself or Sandy McClane—the stage manager at the Gaiety.

"Sandy has more sense in his little finger than that long legged Belsize has in his whole carcass," he distinctly heard Helen say, "but of course his lordship has the coin!" A laugh followed.

Thoroughly disillusioned, the young peer resolved to be rid of the whole situation, and to consult Lawyer Silverton as to the possibility of getting out of his bargain without a breach of promise suit.

In the meantime, Helen's brother, Jack Churchill, had made a discovery. With his usual talent for such business, he had wormed his way into the Long Island set, which included Kitty Silverton and her father. Attractive and personable enough, he had been taken up by a crowd of fast young married people who were fond of playing Bridge for high stakes. That he should meet Kitty Silverton, here and there,

was natural, but did not serve to enlighten him as to the fact that this popular and radiant young personage was the same girl who had gone through the marriage ceremony with his sister's fiancé.

That shock was reserved for an evening at the hotel when the Saturday night costume dance was given. He was dancing with a young matron of sociable disposition and fast reputation, when a girl entered the room, dressed in a short black frock, with her hair in two stiff pigtails, and one front tooth blackened out.

"That's Belsize's wife, poor devil," he said to himself, at sight of her, but was thunderstruck to be informed by his partner that it was Kitty Silverton, the prettiest girl in that neighborhood.

The secret was out! Full of foreboding, Churchill got himself to a telegraph office, and sent his sister a come-at-once summons. What if Belsize should discover that his wife, instead of being a homely country slattern, was a beautiful and cultured girl? He felt the need of feminine diplomacy.

It was just a coincidence that the same train which took Helen to Long Island to visit her brother, took Belsize to Long Island to see Lawyer Silverton, but it was an annoying one to the young peer. He couldn't imagine what her errand was, and feared it might be in some way connected with himself. He shuddered at the thought that he might not be able to free himself from his bargain. The two passed the journey in elaborate efforts to avoid being seen by one another—although humorously enough, each had observed the other at its outset.

As a draught of water to the thirsty soul was Belsize's encounter with the lawyer's daughter, in the garden of Long Island villa. It was there he had met her first, he remembered, and realized suddenly, that her image as she had appeared that day had been with him subconsciously ever since. How fitting that his second view of her should also be with a garden for a background! One always connected her with flowers!

"Good afternoon, Miss Silverton," he said; "is your father at home?"

Kitty looked the young Englishman over, a cool second, before she answered, and then finding him as much to her liking as she had found him the first time she

saw him, replied with a mischievous smile: "I think he is!" Then a devil of imprudence seized upon her. "But of course you know my name is not Miss Silverton," she said.

Belsize was confused. Had he jumped to conclusions? The lawyer had said something about a daughter—

His step fell in naturally beside her little, white-shod feet. "What is your name, then?" he asked.

Ah, what allure, what winning, resistless charm there was in the girl's voice as she answered:

"If you really want to know," she said, "it is Lady Kitty Belsize!"

It generally took a bomb to startle the Englishman out of his composure!

"Lady Kitty Belsize?" he repeated. "Good God, you're never my wife?"

"Yes," she laughed. "But fear not! You must love pretty Kitty, her heart is so warm, and if you don't hurt her she'll do you no harm!"

Then she placed the tip of a finger on one milk white front tooth, and with her other hand swept free two braids of fluffy golden hair, and pulled them tightly back from her forehead.

In an instant the young man had a vision of the woman with whom he had gone through the marriage ceremony in the house behind him—not many weeks ago. He saw that that homely creature, and this radiant one before him, miraculously enough, were one and the same being, and

the conviction filled him with such joy that there was no room for curiosity as to the reason for the deception practiced upon him.

"You wonderful, wonderful child!" he stammered, and then, suddenly himself again, threw his arms about her.

"A man may kiss his wife, I suppose," he said.

A cry stayed them in the act. An alien presence unrelated to gardens, and sweet-hearting and kisses, stepped from behind a lilac bush, and Helen de Semiano laid a fierce hand upon the young man's arm.

Her visit with her brother had been illuminating as to what she had to fear in Belsize's wife, and had sent her post haste to the Silverton cottage, where instinct told her Belsize had gone direct from the train.

"What do you mean?" she cried shrilly, "what do you mean, Belsize; have you forgotten that you have a fiancée?"

Belsize bowed to the angry woman, as if she had been a queen.

"No, madam," he said, "I have not forgotten, but I must also remember that, thanks to you, I have a wife! Allow me to present Lady Kitty Belsize!"

An angry scatter of pebbles on the path was the only reply the discomfited actress made. Standing in the lilac filled garden, watched over lovingly by the passion flower at the gate, man and wife took from each other the first kiss of their long delayed honeymoon.

The Record Kiss

CHRONICLERS of achievements d'amour will please get out their tabulating pencils; Lorraine Huling, a young cluster of Thanouser fascination, has busted the long-distance kiss record. And she has yet a year to go before she will be 'teenless.

She was playing a scene opposite Boyd Marshall. It was Mr. Marshall's delightful duty to gather Miss Huling in and imprint a regular right swing of a kiss upon her petaled mouth.

He did.

And before the kiss broke, the film broke. Marshall heard the short strip of cellu-

loid rattling through the camera, and he gave Director Platt a barely imperceptible sign.

"Hold it!" cried Platt, comprehending.

Lawrence Williams, cameraman, did his share to promote happiness by changing magazines as slowly as he knew how, and thus it came about that Mr. Marshall, while still in the flesh, spent exactly six minutes in heaven—a privilege allegedly not accorded mortals since the days of the apostles.

So, who dares say that there are no miracles in the picture game?



Charlie Chaplin luxuriating on the cushions, with Edna Purviance, his new leading lady at the wheel.

Charlie Chaplin's Story

THE FUNNY MAN AS A SERIOUS, SYSTEMATIC DIRECTOR,
ALIVE TO THE GRAVE MECHANICS OF COMICS

By Harry C. Carr

Illustrations by E. W. Gale, Jr.

CONCLUSION

YOU often hear wise moving picture fans tell how Charlie Chaplin produces a picture by just dashing out anything that comes into his head. Yes indeed! Chaplin dashes through a scenario just about the way a watchmaker dashes through the work of repairing a repeater. All these uproariously funny Chaplin farces have been made slowly and painfully.

Chaplin never works from a regularly "written out" scenario. He gets a general idea, then slowly patches it together after getting the actors in front of the camera. Most of the scenarios are his own stuff. He says he thinks of them as he walks along the street, or in cafes, or any old where. Most of the time, Chaplin seems abstracted and as far away as in a dream. This is because he is usually manufacturing some moving picture story.

He says he got one of the best hunches he ever had while eating lunch. It struck him so suddenly that he almost went out without paying the check.

The scenario for "His Trysting Place" came from an old comic song that Chaplin's father sang in vaudeville years ago.

Once he has possession of the hunch, Chaplin begins directing the piece. His methods in this are as eccentric as are all his other ways.

Chaplin plants himself in a chair just out of range of the camera. As he always acts in the piece he is directing, he always wears his stage costume. He pulls the dinky little derby down over his eyes, spraddles his big shoes out in front of him and the actors begin.

Chaplin lets them do their comedy just as they please as long as they please him—which is about five seconds, usually. He sits and watches them with an expression which seems to say, "Good Lord, and these guys are getting money for doing this!" Then when he can't stand it any longer he jumps up and shows them how to do it.

He very rarely tells them what to do; he shows them. The result is that every part in every Charlie Chaplin piece is acted



During the waits Chaplin fools around and pulls some of his funniest comedy. While producing "His Prehistoric Past" he broke up business at the nearby Ince Ranch with an imitation of a circus snake charmer.

by Charlie Chaplin himself. As he goes along, he makes almost innumerable changes and corrections. As he practically writes his scenarios after the acting has begun, it is intensely nervous work. It is as hard to get a chance to see him at work as it is to get into a lodge meeting.

But to show you the instinctive kindness of the man, the other day two little street boys were found peeking in under the fence. One of the supers was going to drive them a way but Charlie called them in. There happened to be a lull in the proceedings, so he pretended to direct them in a comedy. To their delight, he put them through a little impromptu scenario. And it was noted that he was just as careful in directing their stuff as his own. The general public, he refused to admit to the studio, thereby differing from some directors, who seem happiest when a crowd is looking on.

A very important and rather arduous part of picture work is selecting the "locations." In most companies this is the job of the assistant directors. Chaplin, however, does all his own searching for loca-

tions. However, it must be said that most of his locations are simple and easy to find.

In moving picture work, a great deal of time is wasted while the camera men are fixing the light shields, and other necessary contrivances. During this time, the actors are left to their own devices. Chaplin fools around during these periods and unconsciously pulls some of his funniest comedy. While he was still with Keystone, they

went down to the Ince ranch to produce that prehistoric film in which a great snake pulled "Ambrose" up a cliff. They had a whole basket of snakes down on the beach. While they were waiting to begin, Chaplin started to juggling with the snakes in imitation of a circus snake charmer. It was so funny that it nearly broke up the business of the numerous Ince companies for the day.

Chaplin, like many of the big directors, is a great waster of film. He never leaves a situation until he is thoroughly satisfied with it and he is hard to satisfy. He is very much given to re-takes, which is the most expensive habit in the movies.

It is plain to the



He could no more be serious than a faun.

careful observer that Chaplin is working toward something entirely new in pictures. In a general way, his idea is that comedy should be more subtle and have more real story, although the horse-play antics he indulges in make that idea hardly credible.

He made the greatest advance in this direction in "The Tramp." In this, there was not only a real story, but a touch of real pathos which gave Chaplin a chance for the greatest "finish" that has ever been shown in any movie comedy. I think every one who saw it will agree with me on that point.

Chaplin's idea is that one of the old style rough comedies gives absolutely no chance for real effects. When the paperhanger has spilled paste down the back of the dude and somebody has been pushed off into the lake, the comedy has been exhausted. Plays like "The Tramp" open up all kinds of chances for contrasts,—lights and shade. He does many things now because he believes "the public wants them so"—and for no other reason.

Chaplin also believes that scenarios will be longer. He is a great admirer of "The Birth of a Nation." He saw that play nearly every week during its long run in Los Angeles. His idea is that comedies will also come to the point where one funny film provides a whole evening's entertainment. "Tillie's Punctured Romance" he believes an example of this tendency.

He has two reasons for wanting to put on longer plays. One is that it will give more time in which to carefully work out his effects. The greatest reason is that he can produce the same financial returns without appearing so often.

Chaplin is of the opinion that it is taking an awful chance with his popularity to be shown in a new comedy every week or so. We see Maude Adams at long intervals—once a year, perhaps, and we are eager to see her. But would we be so keen if we

could see her in four or five different plays the same night in the same town?

As Chaplin says, this is a terrific test of popularity.

In the meantime, however, his popularity continues to increase to a veritable craze. When Charlie Chaplin goes to a summer resort near Los Angeles, it is like the triumphant visit of a king.

It is an open secret that Chaplin doesn't expect to be in the pictures long.

"I want to make all the money I can," he says. "Then, in a few years, I am going to quit. I will pass along and let some other fellow have the center of the stage. I have made a bigger hit than I ever thought possible in my wildest dreams. And I am much obliged to everyone for laughing. For the public is the entertainer's court of last appeal."

That Charlie Chaplin is a born actor, entertainer, clown and buffoon, not only while posing before the camera, but from the time he rises in the morning till he goes to sleep at night—generally late at night—is the sum of the opinions of his colleagues at Niles, with whom he worked for months. Some of these actors and actresses, as is the way with stage folk, do not speak very highly of Chaplin's "art," yet all of them recognize that there is some sort of mad genius in the little chap who has made the whole country laugh at his antics. As for Chaplin himself he stoutly contends that it takes as much conscientious preparation for a comedy as for the so-called higher art.



The midnight concerts at Niles will live long in the memories of those who heard them.

Now for a few instances to prove the above verdict of his colleagues:

Five or six months ago, the Essanay company decided that Chaplin ought to have a madcap partner of the opposite sex to hurl through his dizzy series of utterly illogical exploits. Chaplin and his managers had the whole field of musical comedy, comic opera, comic drama, and burlesque. The golden megaphone of the Essanay company could summon anyone of a thousand or two of sprightly young women with lots of stage experience, praised and petted in public—and funny!

"Let's just put an ad in the paper," suggested Chaplin, scratching his curly poll. "Let's get some new blood in the game."

The following morning there was a small personal advertisement in one of the San Francisco papers, offering a position in the "movies" to a young girl without previous stage experience. During the next week or two, Chaplin looked over more than a thousand fair applicants. The cat was out of the bag.

The stage struck young women of San Francisco knew that Chaplin was looking for a girl to play against him, and the competition became hysterical.

Chaplin, unaided, selected one, Miss Edna Purviance, who did not know even the alphabet of the stage business.

She has made good. She has appeared in a number of reels with Chaplin, offering an excellent foil for him. There were some heartaches at Niles, but the work of the new film actress convinced both actors and Chaplin's employes that he knew something about the show business which they

had never suspected in one so guileless.

"How the Dickens did he manage to do it?" asked one of the veteran comedians at Niles. "That job of picking a new woman is one of the tricks of the trade which ancient and honorable managers have spent scores of years in mastering."

The selection of Miss Purviance might, of course, be explained as a lucky accident, a lottery chance. But then there is Dick

Turpin whom Chaplin selected for important parts in his reels. Turpin is almost as funny as Chaplin himself and divided honors with him in several film comedies. Here was another instance of Chaplin's astuteness. His ability to pick winners was further shown recently in the selection of Bud Jamieson, with whom the comedian recently became acquainted in San Francisco. Jamieson is big, fat, genial, jolly, and an excellent musician, but he had never been on the stage till Chaplin and his associates invited him to Niles, not for the purpose of entering the "movies," but just to amuse the player



Chaplin's thrift is excelled by none and equalled only by that well known coin preserver, Harry Lauder,

folk out there! A sort of court-jester to the jester-royal.

"This guy is good," remarked Chaplin to the boss of the Niles film ranch. "He's handed me a bunch of laughs. I'll bet he can make other people laugh."

Bud Jamieson was pulled from his piano and given small roles in the Chaplin comedies. He made an instant hit, and he is doing well at present.

At Niles they say that Chaplin's thrift in money matters is excelled by none, and equalled only by that well known Scotch coin preserver, Harry Lauder.

"Chaplin has got some of the oldest money in California," said one of his colleagues at Niles. "He never had a bank account till he joined the Essanay, and in a few years he'll be selling at a premium the coin he received as his first week's salary. He didn't know how to make out a bank account till a few months ago, and he didn't know how to draw a check. One of the boys offered to show him how to make out a check. Chaplin watched him a few moments, and then shut his eyes tight, and turned away.

"I don't want to learn. I don't want to learn."

"But he is learning how to write a check," said another movie actor. "I saw him write a check once."

"You did?" yelled a chorus of doubting actors and actresses.

"I did. It was on April 21, or was it March 21? Well, anyhow, it was on the twenty-first of some month. I remember because Chaplin wrote the date 21th!"

Most of the film actors at Niles live in cottages. Chaplin occupied a cottage with one of the actors, and at first bade fair to become a popular member of the colony, but that was before he brought his "Tabby" to Niles. One day he returned from San Francisco in great glee carrying under his arm a battered violin case. The same night he began to make night life in Niles hideous with the mournful strains which he tortured out of an ancient and disreputable violin. The film folk promptly likened Chaplin's playing to the wailing of an old tabby-cat on a back fence at midnight, mourning over a misspent life. The musically inclined actors aver that Chaplin has assassinated more tunes on his violin than a score of German street bands. There was some talk of dipping the film star and his "Tabby" into the bay, but nothing came of it. The plotters evidently remembered

that Tabbies have nine lives. The actors recovered their sense of humor, and when the wailing, discordant notes of Chaplin's fiddle broke the rustic evening stillness,

they joined in a lugubrious chorus, each voice a semitone out of tune.

Chaplin's habits are mostly those of a bat. Those who know him best say he would never go to bed if he could have his own way about it. He is by nature "a sun dodger," according to his companions. He has never been known to yawn after sunset, but none of the other characteristics of a night hawk are his. He does not drink. In fact, his dissipation

is confined to turning day into night and smoking. But sleep or no sleep, Charlie Chaplin has never been known to show the lack of slumber the next day. When the Australian Boys' Club which has been visiting the Exposition and the Pacific coast and Canada came to Niles, Chaplin presented himself unannounced. He was immediately recognized by one of the lads who had seen him in pictures in the Antipodes.

"There is Charlie Chaplin!" shouted the boy, and Chaplin found himself surrounded by the youngsters. The comedian went through all his favorite poses, relieved the bandmaster of his baton, and led the band, going through his whole repertoire of antics. It was an awful concert, for the boys could not play their instruments and laugh at Chaplin at the same time. The boys gave him three Kangaroo cheers when the concert was finished, and Chaplin returned the compliment by presenting each of the lads with his autographed photograph.

The Hotel Oakland was made the scene of one of Chaplin's comedies. Out of a side entrance staggered Chaplin one sunny morning in a terribly disheveled condition, chased by another actor. Evidently, there had been an annihilating fight in the pre-



He knows how to pick winners.

ceding scene. Both men were supposed to be filled to the tonsils with some compound of rum. They ran and tumbled and rolled around a corner, out of the camera's range, and into its range stepped other actors and actresses, supposed to be in the same party, and when they had finished their turn, the camera man stopped turning the crank, waiting for Chaplin and his companion to return. The company and the camera man waited in vain. Finally one of the actors noticed a number of people running from all directions toward Fourteenth street where Chaplin and his partner had disappeared. He walked toward the corner of Fourteenth street just in time to see a patrol wagon dash up to a large crowd of people. A minute or so later three or four fat policemen struggled from the center of the jam toward the patrol wagon dragging Chaplin and his companion. The pair had tumbled into the arms of a conscientious officer who thought Chaplin and his friends were intoxicated. Explanations availed nothing.

"You do your explaining to the judge," was the policeman's only reply, and it took the combined efforts of the whole movie company

to release Chaplin and his fellow actor.

Chaplin's first appearance in Oakland caused nearly a riot. With several movie actors, he was about to enter a restaurant when he was recognized, and the cry of "Here's Charlie Chaplin!" summoned every rubber neck in the vicinity. Chaplin escaped into the restaurant, and the crowd followed. Chaplin did not want to disappoint his admirers, so he took a ketchup bottle and emptied it into the pocket of a waiter. Somebody grabbed the waiter's strong right arm just before the bottle descended on Charlie's head. The restaurant was in an uproar. When the table was laid and the order served, Chaplin disposed of his frugal meal just

as he sometimes does in the film comedies. It was not refined fun, but the crowd laughed because it had seen a living demonstration of the comedy king.

Mention has been made of the fact that Chaplin talks to himself when he is alone. As a matter of fact he talks to himself whether alone or in a crowd when he is not talking to someone else. The moment he ceases talking with anyone else, Charlie takes up the conversation with Mr. Chaplin.



The End



A civil engineering problem comes up during the filming of Lubin's "Tillie's Tomato Surprise." They've got to get Marie Dressler over that fence somehow!

"CLOSE - UPS"

by The Editor

*Blue-Sky
Picture
"Manu-
facturers"*

AN enterprising Indianapolis gentleman started a hundred-thousand-dollar motion picture corporation with an actual paid up capital of eleven cents; his eleven cents.

This is not a Keystone scenario, but a sober news-item.

You can't pick up a tradepaper dealing in photoplay news without encountering some flamboyant start to an early finish. Some are more modest than others. The gentleman with eleven cents, for instance, was quite within the bounds of decorum; he only wanted a hundred thousand. Those who have gone into the art and industry with tremendous thoroughness—those, say, who have acquired an idle shed and a second-hand camera—feel justified in talking of millions.

Withal there is never a time when the right man can't find unsuspected diamonds, dig virgin gold or make interesting new pictures. But it is becoming increasingly harder to do any of these things. It takes ingenuity. It takes sticktoitiveness. And in the picture case it takes positive genius.

In the whole realm of constructive art there is nothing more pitiful or absurd than the advance imaginings of these blue-sky Ince-killers. Knowing nothing of the subtle craft of marketing, less than nothing of dramatic art, these infants of easy-money die, as they deserve, at birth.



*An
Artistic
Civil
War*

ALL arts and sciences have risen to recognition through a fog of persecution, in which ignorance and envious selfishness have played equal roles.

The art of active photography, the most significant and potent recorder of human emotions among the discoveries of modern times, is merely repeating history. Not many months ago, active photography had to struggle for its very existence in an endeavor to win the recognition of the people it served. Now that the people have acclaimed it, its fellow arts, and chiefly that of the theatre, have black-marked and banned it, and are actually conspiring, if not for its destruction, for its dwarfing, for the paralysing of its efficiency. Although this is all as it ought not to be, it is only a sort of family history.

The genius was ever regarded a toad by his relatives. No good can come out of Nazareth. And so the theatre, which should put a protecting arm around its younger and wholly kindly sister, spits upon photoplay, and instead of extending the helping hand is endeavoring, with ridiculous clumsiness, to wield the crushing foot.

The theatre managers, in their merry war upon the movies, are doing the movies a world of indirect good. In the place of every illustrious stage-actor

scared away from the lens there will spring a player wholly of the screen—greater, younger, more adaptable—a new star in the as-yet vacant midnight blue.

The movies are now beginning, with a humor as deliberate as the theatre's was unintentional, to retaliate. William Fox signed a very distinguished actor a few weeks ago with the express proviso that he should not belittle his screen value by footlight appearances during his term of lens service. It is said that Marcus Loew has just warned screen players whose pictures are shown over his entire circuit that they must not disport in person before their audiences, on pain of film-rejections.

There is no real reason for this horse-play on either side. There is need of regulation, of course; there is need for co-operation, and getting together, for the mutual spirit is the spirit of the Twentieth Century.

Let us see what each side has to offer: the theatre can give to the screen some very great artists, who, once "camera-broke," could probably immortalize their best efforts in a way that they cannot now hope to do; the screen, on the other hand, could bring to the stage the most astounding measures of personal publicity ever known, the value of a pictorial contact upon which the sun never sets, the very real worship of thousands beyond the regular theatre-goer's cold pale.

Not all of the theatre men and the picture men are going to spend the rest of their existences bucking and gee-hawing. Some day two will approach the fence, from their respective sides, pass the time of day—and then all the others will wish that they had been first at the barrier.



*One Big Dis-
appointment;
One Little
Surprise*

ONE, "The Second in Command," a sore disappointment. Here that most virile of leading men, Francis X. Bushman, made his bow under a new management. What an opportunity, and how little came of it! Theatre-goers will recall the strong, human old play. Supported, too, by a delightfully warm and girlish girl, Marguerite

Snow, Mr. Bushman gave his beholders little of that restrained power, that iron reserve manifest—for instance—in "The Strange Case of Richard Neal." Was it Mr. Bushman's fault? I say not! The same Bushman of old, woefully misdirected. Why this gallery villainy, this lip-biting plotting, this nougat sentimentality? Why this modern warfare consisting of sabre-waving *on top* of an entrenchment? Flatulent, shoddy and windy, the scenic captions and speeches in "The Second in Command" are positively absurd. Alas that such things must be, and that splendid actors must sometimes count as naught!

The other picture: "Betty's Dream Sweetheart," with Robert Leonard and Ella Hall. Leonard is a young Californian, than whom no man in all of picturedom has worked harder, or more constantly in the past few years. He has perhaps made as many bad pictures as any director who has kept at it, encumbered with poor stories and the necessities of time. But he has arrived. The idyllic nature of this simple little story is ever uppermost. It is absolutely atmospheric. It is logical, and like most real-life stories, it has no "ending." It just ceases. I'm not going to describe this picture. See it, and I believe you'll agree. It is a relief to see Universal pictures of this standard.

*Now
Come the
"Movie
Manners"*

JUST as the stage is a fashion-maker, in metropolitan centers, so the manners of the screen, in daily and nightly lessons in every hamlet, are beginning to make their impress.

In some ways this may be regarded with alarm. On the whole, it's just a matter which should cause our directors to take counsel. They have a big juvenile responsibility

ahead of them, and they should be careful.

Every boy imitates Charlie Chaplin. Your tom-boy girl — anywhere — is sure that she's a Mabel Normand, or a Victoria Forde, or a Fay Tincher. Even Mr. Droppington's brand of *kultur* has its devotees, and it is presumed that to some Ham and Bud are patterns of deportment.

But the danger doesn't lie in contortional comedy. Spare us the pollywog "society" actor, with his sky-scraper handshake, his eyebrow emotions, his shoulder despairs and his wiggle-walks. He is really Youngamerica's misleading man.

The manners of really well-bred people? Certainly! See the pictures of the DeMilles, study the personal directions of Tom or Ralph Ince, notice the entire naturalness of Mr. Griffith's folk. There are others. I haven't space for a directory.



*The
Imitator,
Smallest
of Pests*

THAN the imitator there is no duller pest littering the screen.

There are scores of imitators of Chaplin; some of them are bold enough to contend that they invented his stuff.

There are imitators of Walthall, and imitators of the Gishes. There are imitators of Mabel Normand — lots of 'em. Chester Conklin is acquiring his imitators. There are imitative Earle Williamses and pictorial parrots of Ethel Clayton and Viola Dana and Flo LaBadie.

Mary Pickford and Mae Marsh have, so far, defied the imitator.



*Sunday
Movies;
the Public's
Right*

NINETEEN hundred years ago a very Great One proclaimed that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath; yet the narrer feller has been busy through all these ages, proclaiming that the conduct of a rock accumulating moss was the only decent manner of Sabbath existence. From time to time he finds a hearing, and gets in his muffling effect. Now, in several places, he is blatting about Sunday movies.

No district suffers more from quack legislation than the great State of New York; the chin-beards at Albany have more than once tramped all over Broadway in their milk-spattered boots. It is unlikely that anything so ridiculous as a shut-off on Sunday movies will ever carry in the Empire State, but that agitation, contrariwise, may sweep the thing to success in other localities.

To shut off from the masses of the people, on Sunday, so simple, inexpensive, instructive and relaxing a recreation as motion pictures would be to revert to the black days of Cotton Mather, in which a man, absent from home for three years, was put in the stocks for kissing his wife when he returned on the Sabbath; that Sabbath which men, not God, had made a mocking blasphemy.

J. J.

Muffs of the Movie Minister

By Rev. Fred Alban Weil

Pastor of the Unitarian Chapel, Bellingham, Washington

WHY is it in the movies,
When the ministers appear,
They always are, to put it mild,
A trifle out of gear—
Not only in their make-up,
In simper, bow and stride,
But also since they never ask
A license for the bride?

DID you ever
See
A movie
Where
The knot
Was tied
When
The groom
Flashed
A license
Before
He got the
bride?
You did
NOT.



WHY is it in the movies,
When the ministers are through
Their lightning marriage services,
There's just one thing to do—
They follow down the steps
And slowly mount again,
But first register emotion
As if they had a ten?

DID you ever
See
A movie
Where
The knot
Was tied
When
The minister
Didn't
Have
A fee
Which he tried
to hide?
You did
NOT.



WHY is it in the movies,
When the ministers are seen,
They get behind the couples
And use them for a screen—
With palm-down, up-lifted hand
And eye rolled to the sky,
As the couples, placed well forward,
Look the camera in the eye?

DID you ever
See
A movie
Where
The knot
Was tied
With
The minister
In front
And
Not
Behind the
bride?
You did
NOT.



WHY is it in the movies,
When the ministers depart,
After presumably affixing
Two hearts on Cupid's dart—
I can't possibly imagine
The director ever met
A real minister or wedding
Or would know one on a bet!

DID you ever
See
A movie
Where
The knot
Was tied
When
The janitor
Didn't
Take
The part
Or else the
camera lied?
You did
NOT.



Investing in the Movies

THE THIRD OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY A RECOGNIZED
AUTHORITY ON THE FINANCIAL END OF A GREAT INDUSTRY

By Paul H. Davis

HUNDREDS of requests have been received by the editors of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE from persons who contemplate investment in moving picture companies and who seek advice on the subject. In many cases investigation showed that these people were being solicited to invest money in concerns that, in the face of existing conditions, did not have one chance in a hundred to succeed. In his first article (in the August number) Mr. Davis gave a clear statement of the fundamentals of picture manufacture and sale, and sounded a warning against the wildcatter. The second article explained the sensitive, mercurial character of moving picture stocks, and indicated the safest manner in which to make selections from the market.

IN the first article of this series I sounded a warning against the fly-by-night concerns that are springing up in the movie industry. Last month I pointed out that practically all motion picture stocks are business risks—not sure things. Now I want to tell the man who feels he can afford to buy motion picture stocks how to get in the game.

Most of us form our ideas of the stock business from information concerning the securities dealt in by the New York Stock Exchange—the so-called Listed Stocks. Unlisted Securities, the group to which practically all motion picture stocks belong, are handled in an entirely different way, and it may be well for you to get a line on the way the Unlisted Stocks are manipulated.

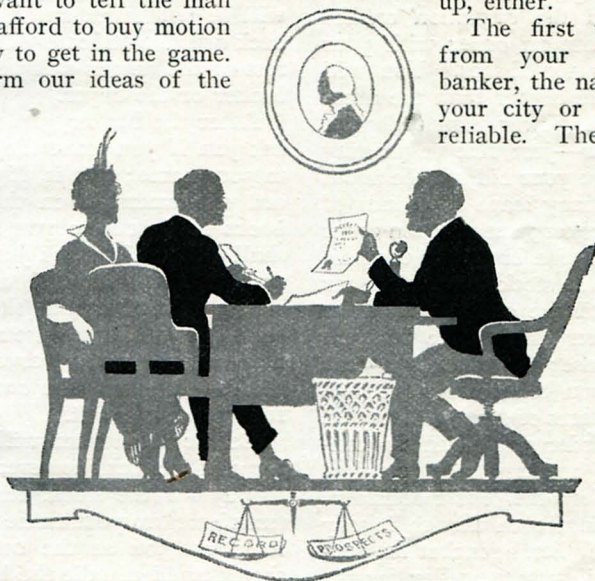
If you have decided to buy a motion picture stock, and have selected a security that interests you, there are two ways to spend your money. You may find some one who owns a share of the movie venture you have in mind, and purchase the shares direct from him. This is practicable, however, in only a few instances, because it would be rather hard for you to find a

stockholder who cared to sell the exact amount of stock that you wished to buy at the price that you would pay. The practical way is to make the purchase through a banker or broker, who will handle the transaction for you, and won't hold you up, either.

The first thing is to learn from your friends, or your banker, the name of a broker in your city or elsewhere, who is reliable. The company whose stock you are interested in may refer you to some broker, if you write for such information. If there is no broker in your city you can write to any one of the reputable firms in the larger cities who will be very glad to handle your business.

When you meet your broker your first question will be,

"What is the market on such and such a film stock?" The broker may quote you a nominal market—for instance, 80 bid, 85 asked. This nominal quotation does not necessarily mean that stock is for sale at 85 and that 80 will be paid for stock, but shows, in a general way, the prices at which transactions may be made. Be sure that the broker quotes you the price in dollars per share, as some stocks are



When the stock is received it will be endorsed in blank, and the signature will be witnessed.

quoted per cent, which is often confusing.

In this particular case we may assume that several buyers might pay \$80 a share for the stock, and that there were stockholders who might sell at \$85 a share, hence, 80 bid—85 asked. So, if the broker quotes a nominal market don't consider it as more than a guide to what you will pay for your shares. While it is as accurate as can be ascertained, it is not a firm or actual market.

The word firm, in this connection, is a technical one of the brokerage business and means that the broker will actually buy or sell at the prices quoted. If a broker tells you that the market is 80 bid, 85 asked firm, that means that he has orders to buy stock at 80 and orders to sell stock at 85. When a broker quotes a firm market be sure to find out the size of the market—the exact number of shares for sale at the asked price—and the number of shares wanted at the bid price.

Having obtained the quotation on the stock, you will place an order with your broker to buy, say ten shares. You will probably bid a little higher than the other bidders, and a little lower than the price asked by the seller—just like in trading horses. In this case your bid will be about \$82 a share. You may leave two kinds of orders with your broker; one an open order—which means that the broker is commissioned to purchase the stock for you at your price any time until the order is filled or you notify the broker that you do not care to make the purchase; the other is a time limit order. If you tell your broker to purchase you ten shares of stock at 82, good for the day this order automatically cancels at the close of business that same day. Either of these orders the broker considers as absolutely binding, even though it may not be in writing. When he makes the purchase for you he will pay the seller for the stock.

After you have left your order this is what the broker does. He will communi-

cate with the various people, who have told him or written him that they might be interested in selling some of the stock you have in mind, and will submit your bid to them. He will also communicate with brokers in other parts of the country to see if they have stock for sale. Should he find that the market has suddenly had a rise—that there is no stock for sale at your price, he will endeavor to get an offering of stock.

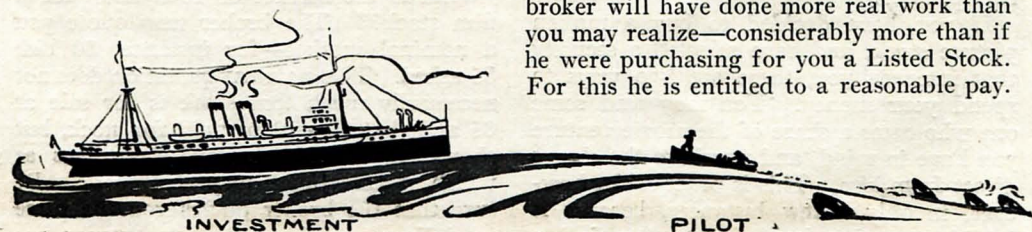
When the broker finds the shares to fill your order he will confirm the purchase of the stock to the seller and also confirm the sale of the stock to you. This makes a binding transaction to which the seller, the buyer and the broker are all parties.

It usually takes a day or two before the broker receives the stock from the seller. When the stock is received it will be endorsed in blank; that is, it will be signed on the back just as a check is endorsed, in exactly the same way that the certificate is made out on the face, and the signature will be witnessed, and nothing else on the back of the certificate will be filled in. The rest of the details will be cared for by the broker or the buyer.

After the broker gets this stock he will ask you if you want the stock transferred to your name; that is, if you want the record of ownership on the film company's books made out to you at once, or if he shall deliver the stock just as he receives it and let you take care of this. It is, of course, desirable that the stock be transferred at once, otherwise any dividends that may be paid will go to the stockholder of record—the man who owned the stock before you bought it.

Before the broker will make the transfer of the stock, however, he will ask you to pay for the stock, for as soon as it is transferred to your name the film company looks on you as the owner—and if you should suddenly die the broker would have to wait until your estate was wound up before he could get his money.

In making the purchase of your stock the broker will have done more real work than you may realize—considerably more than if he were purchasing for you a Listed Stock. For this he is entitled to a reasonable pay.



A great many brokers handle this business on a commission basis, the usual charge being \$1 a share. It is the endeavor to make the charge commensurate with the amount of work. In some instances where the stock is active the commission will be less than this; when the shares are inactive the commission may be a little higher. The most satisfactory way for you to either buy or sell motion picture stocks is to have a definite understanding with your broker as to the amount of remuneration he is to receive for handling your business.

A great many people, however, think that they will make their purchase cheaper if they give their broker a net price; that is, do not deal with any kind of a commission understanding, but just state the price they will pay. In this case the broker has the liberty to buy the stock as cheaply as he can and sell it to you at the price you give him. Many brokers make it a general principle to make no more on a net order than on a commission order, but in the long run it will probably be better for you to deal with an understanding of the pay the broker will receive.

In the Unlisted Stocks there is no set rule as to who pays the commission. The commission is usually paid by the man for whom the broker is working and it will usually be to your advantage to have the pay come from you, for then the broker is your agent and is bound to do the best he can for you.

A striking example of how this works out came to my attention not a great while ago. There were two men each wishing to purchase stock in a motion picture company whose shares were inactive. Neither would leave an order with the broker. A customer of this broker had twenty-five shares of this stock, which he unexpectedly decided to sell. He asked the broker to execute for him a commission order at \$175 a share. The broker was bound to get this man the best price possible and was paid for that particular service. In this instance, the broker really acted as an auctioneer, giving first one of the men who wanted to buy the stock a chance to bid for it and then the other. The result was

the stock was sold at \$200 a share, the seller receiving \$25 a share more than he had expected and the buyer paying probably \$25 more than he would have had to pay had he given an order.

A great many people make the mistake of trying to deal through several brokers at one time. Last winter a man, well up in the motion picture business, but not so well versed in finance, decided to buy 200 shares of a well-known motion picture stock. The market at this time was 62 bid, 66 asked. In his effort to purchase the stock cheap he did what the brokers call "shopping," that is, he communicated with five or six brokers in different parts of the country, telling them that he wished to buy about two hundred shares. The result was that it appeared that over a thousand shares were wanted instead of only two hundred. This unusual demand for stock, and the resulting activity on the part of the brokers in getting in touch with different stockholders, pushed the market from around 65 to a point where sales were actually made above 75. Had this buyer selected one reliable broker and dealt through him alone he doubtless would have got the stock at 65 a share.

When you pay your broker for stock it will greatly assist him if you make the payment in a certified check. For instance, if you are located in Kansas and make a purchase from a broker in Chicago, buy from your bank a cashier's check on a Chicago bank. This will save the broker delay and avoid exchange payments.

This will give you a general idea of how to go about making a purchase of stock in any one of the established motion picture companies that you may have in mind. If you should be interested in any of the new companies that are being promoted, it would be well for you to handle the purchase in the same way that you would handle the purchase of an established company. By so doing you will have the assistance of your broker in analyzing the stock, which will prove invaluable.



Bill Farnum

A VISIT TO THE
WORK-SHOP
OF A GENTLE
FIGHTING MAN

By
John Ten Eyck



BILL FARNUM is the most unneutral chunk of masculinity I ever met. He may be an actor, but when God made him He moulded the actor from the cast of which fighting men are made. Bill has the disposition of an angel, but let me say right here that there are many living today—right lusty varlets with their fists, too—who will absolutely guarantee the truth of this statement.

Not that he is a pug with a metaphorical chip on his shoulder. Not on your life; real fighters aren't that way. *Mister* Farnum is an American gentleman, as his fathers were before him.

For years before he played in studios he was a famous stage favorite, often appeared with his brother Dustin—as in "Arizona," when the all-star revival was made in New York two seasons ago—and incidentally acquired fame as a yachtsman and as a hunter. Speaking of his stage prowess, who could have been a greater Ben-Hur?

Since applying his art to the screen, he has appeared in a number of photoplays of unusual length, the first of a long Farnum series which has been promised under Fox management.

His screen successes to date have been "The Nigger," from Edward Sheldon's play; "A Gilded Fool," clever screen adaptation of Nat Goodwin's old-time triumph; "The Plunderer," and "Samson," the last a shadowed replica of the Henri Bernstein play in which William Gillette starred at New York's Criterion theatre in 1908.

Farnum has a town house on Riverside Drive, New York, and a country place at Sag Harbor, where he spends much more of his time. Here he and Mrs. Farnum, and their little daughter, Olive Ann, are to



"Well, I have had plenty of fights," confessed Bill, modestly, and exhibited the proof that both of his wrists had been broken.

be found every summer. There is another Olive Ann: the fastest sloop-rigged cat-coat on the north shore of Long Island. And there is a tall white flagpole from which flies an American flag from sunrise to sunset every day that the house is occupied.

Farnum has the reputation of being a hard man to interview. He won't talk about himself, and he's hard to find in any event.

But on the assignment I went forth. After much scarlet tape, interviews, conversation and telephonitis, I found myself in the subway; then upon a Hudson ferry at 128th street, and, presently, in a big yellow car speeding along the top of the Palisades, en route to the Willat studio at Fort Lee. Here, I had been informed, Bill Farnum was sweating under the July sun, with "Bing" Thompson in command.

I entered a stone gate in the tall brick wall which apparently surrounds both the Fox and the World Film studios. Finding no one on guard save a genial old scamp in overalls, whom I bribed into friendliness with a cigarette, I marched undisputed into

the studio. That was as far as I got.

Thompson, with his coat off and hat on, was yelling instructions to a short, rather bewildered man with the best set of "actor's whiskers" which have ever risen above my horizon.

Thompson, turning, saw me.

"What the — are *you* doing here?" he yelled.

"I'm just hanging around waiting for Mr. Farnum—by appointment!" I added that as a life-saver.

"Well, you can't see him now. He's busy. I'm busy. We're all busy. Go away. Come back in an hour."

After fifty minutes of angry consideration over a couple of steins, at the Fort Lee Hotel, I ventured to return.

Farnum was there. So was Thompson.

"Hello," I said, somewhat scared.

"Hello yourself," said Thompson, still short, but not nasty. "Sorry to have sent you away, but I can't work with anyone watching me. — if I know why."

"Artistic temperament?" I suggested, in a wave of maudlin bromidism.

"Not at all. Plain crankiness. I'm go-

ing to start up again pretty soon, and when I do, I'll have to ask you to look around the place awhile."

But before Thompson began again, he and Bill Farnum decided to negotiate a pork-chop apiece. I had been introduced. Farnum was coatless and collarless. I sat down with them, at Thompson's rough but kindly invitation.

At close quarters, Farnum's very familiar features undergo an unexpected change. He has a mouth straight as a steel rail; a neck like that good old animal of the simile, the Bashan bull; and a rocky, square chin that gives him an appearance of indomitable force and unscrupulous determination.

But all these Bessemer features melt in a smile which is absolutely an extract of Italian sunshine. It's irresistible.

The Lord knows what we talked about at first. I think it was whether I ought to have only one plate of ice-cream, or whether I should have two. I got the second, anyway.

"Mr. Farnum," said I, "tell me about the fight between you and Tom Santschi in 'The Spoilers.' Was that the real scrap everybody says it was?"

He laughed.

"I guess people thought Tom and I were foolish to fight as we did," he replied. "For years I had noticed the ridiculous thing that the average stage fight is. I had become disgusted with the 'precipice wrangling' type of thing which the average Thespian fancies looks like an encounter at arms. I had come to the conclusion that a fight was one of those things that just naturally can't be faked. When the time came to take the big fight scene in 'The Spoilers,' I confided this conviction to Tom, and he agreed with me. We decided to have a real fight.

"And believe me, it was. Tom Santschi is six feet tall more or less, and as hard as a rock and in perfect condition. There was a lot of that fight cut out of the picture."

"What was left in was enough," I suggested.

"It's a funny thing," went on Farnum reminiscently; "but I seem to have a reputation for fighting all over the country. Not longer than a few days ago, I received a letter on very brilliant stationery from some 'promoter' in which he begged me to 'let him manage me,' telling me that between us we could make 'an awful pile of money!' I've had any number of such offers."

He grinned handsomely.

"Well," said I, "you can't make people believe that you are not a real fighter by exhibiting that smile of yours. Most real fighters are very pleasant people—until they fight. Your mean little shrimp is never a real fighter. He may be a bomb thrower, or an expert with a leather bag full of bird-shot in dark alleys; but he's not what one would call a fighting man."

"Well, I *have* had plenty of fights," confessed Bill modestly, and exhibited the fact that both of his wrists had been broken. Whereupon I, in my usual egotistical manner, showed my battle-scarred left wrist and explained how I got it, together with a smashed knuckle on my index finger, by knocking a gentleman from Texas down a flight of cellar steps.

We then went into a long discussion of fighting in general, and agreed that wounds received in the heat of conflict did not pain until after one had cooled down. To prove this, Bill told of his grandfather's experience in the Seven Days' battle during the Civil War prior to the Battle of the Wilderness. His grandfather was riding across an open space, when suddenly his horse fell from under him, and he felt what he thought was the sting of a bee. When he had extricated himself from the stirrups and tried to stand up,



William Farnum, as he appeared in "The Littlest Rebel."

however, he found that a fragment of shell had gone through one of his legs, shattering the bone to pieces, then had passed completely through his horse's body, and coming out on the other side had shattered his other leg also.

In fact, shameful as it is to confess it, we three—a dramatic star, a director and a writer—sat around that table for an hour eating ice cream and drinking (terrible dictu!) beer and talking of absolutely nothing but fights and fighting men.

"Of course, realism in these things in pictures as well as the stage is the great thing," I suggested, hoping to hook Thompson.

He sprang at the bait.

"The whole art of the theatre and the studio," he snapped, "is just simply this and nothing more—To do real things in an unreal way and make unreal things appear real. Think it over."

If you figure out just what the indomitable Frederick meant, you have the art and science of stage-craft in a nutshell.

"Realism," went on Thompson, "can be very easily pushed too far. In fact, it can become a ridiculous and criminal affair. 'Did you ever hear, Bill,' he said, addressing Farnum, 'of that director in Los Angeles who framed up the police against his mob?'"

"No," said Farnum. "What happened?"

"Well, a certain director in California wanted a mob scene showing the police raiding the aroused citizenry, beating them up and driving them to cover. In order to achieve this, he went to a number of Los

Angeles police officers, who in those days were allowed to take part in pictures when off duty, and offered each of them a five dollar bill to work in the particular scene he had in mind. When they had agreed to report at the time he indicated, he asked:

"What would you do if you ordered a mob in the street to disperse and they wouldn't do it?"

"In joyful accord the cops burst forth:

"We'd beat 'em up!"

"Well," said the director, "that's what I want you to do tomorrow."

"And they did. They clubbed those poor supers almost to death."

Thompson began to show signs of wanting to go to work again, which, of course, meant my departure.

"Mr. Farnum," I said, "I've got to leave before your brutal director harries me forth."

We shook hands.

"I'm mighty glad to have seen you," he said. "We've had a great little talk."

I'm sorry this Simon Legreeful director insists on breaking up the party. We'll have another pow-wow after some one murders him, say. I wish you could come down to my place at Sag Harbor some time. I'll take you out in that sail boat you admired so much, and show you the wonderful garden Mrs. Farnum has. You know, my birthday is on the Fourth of July, and she has a wonderful patch of flowers in that garden that blossom into red, white and blue flowers every year, not on the third of July, nor on the fifth; but on the morning of the Fourth. For several years now, I've waited to see her flowers trick her; but they obey her as absolutely—well, as I do!"



Mr. Farnum enjoys farming. He is here shown barbering some of his wheaten acres at Sag Harbor.

The Players from Ocean to Ocean



Miriam Nesbitt

the first woman to direct an Edison picture, but the company has expressed its faith in her ability by giving her free hand in the production.

HENRY WALTHALL, who took the part of the Little Colonel in "The Birth of a Nation," spoke from the stage at the Illinois theatre in Chicago, in connection with a benefit exhibition of the photodrama (given by the Chicago Tribune) for the sufferers of the Eastland catastrophe. Walthall, who never before had consented to appear personally at an exhibition of any of his pictures, declared that, when all Chicago was making such heroic efforts in behalf of the living Eastland victims, the least he could do was to lay aside this rule and lend his presence to the performance.

CHARLES EYTON, general manager of the Oliver Morosco Photoplays Company, has an old maidish penchant for neatness about the studios. Recently he found a litter of ash barrels, tin cans, waste paper, dishevelled cabbages and bottles about the rear entrance. He ordered a janitorial charge on the offense, and it was soon cleared away. Presently Director Frank Lloyd was running around the studio wildly looking for his "alley." From Mr. Lloyd's incoherencies it was apparent that he considered it a beautiful alley, and all he wanted was the heart's blood of the person who had made away with it. He had had the invalid vegetables, barrels and ancient tinware specially arranged for a set, in Maclyn Arbuckle's picture, "The Reform Candidate," and Mr. Eyton's white wings had brushed the landscape away.

ANOTHER of Broadway's darlings has deserted, and once more the notorious m.p.'s are named as co-respondent. The lights in the Lulu Glaser bill boards will be dark in the future, for that rollicking lady has signed with the Universal, and the scenario department is now busy on a production in which she will make her first appearance. There can't be much doubt as to how she will "go," in the minds of those who saw her in "Lola from Berlin," "The Madcap Princess" or "The Prima Donna."

EX-SECRETARY OF STATE WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN and Mrs. Bryan were among the recent visitors to Universal City, where they were the guests of President Laemmle. Cowboys and cavalymen met Mr. Bryan's party on their arrival at the city, and fired the national cabinet salute with revolvers. During the day Mr. and Mrs. Bryan watched the filming of a number of scenes, for one of which the ex-secretary turned the camera crank.

THE first consignment of the Willard-Johnson fight pictures went down on the Lusitania. Duplicates were immediately shipped, and hundreds of celebrities of the sporting world, including Jack Johnson himself, were present at the first unspooling at the Shaftesbury Pavilion. Judging from the attendance during the long run of the pictured fight, there are still a great many unenlisted Britishers who love a battle passionately, provided the other fellow is doing the fighting.

CLEO MADISON, who had been ill with pneumonia for some weeks has returned to work at Universal City. She has asked PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to express her thanks to the thousands of solicitous friends who have inquired concerning her health.

DONALD BRIAN, who was the original Prince Donilo, in "The Merry Widow," has joined the Lasky players at the Hollywood studios for the production of Harold McGrath's picture play, "The Voice in the Fog." Upon the completion of this picture he will return however to the legitimate, for his second season as star with Julia Sanderson in "The Girl from Utah."



Vernon Castle

"HIS fighting blood aroused," according to an excited New York journalist, Vernon Castle, the other half of the famous Castle House dancing firm, has decided to join the aviation corps of the British army. While this rampant phenomena of wakefulness among the corpuscles of the Castle haemaglobin, will perhaps not set many patellæ in Berlin to knocking, it may give us a new, sad song and dance entitled: "I Didnt Raise My Bo-hoy to Fall Out of An Aeroplane!" Some months ago Castle bought a Curtiss aeroplane and has made numerous flights over Long Island. He now considers himself expert enough, according to the journalist, to be of service to England in the upper regions of war.

And What They Are Doing Today

ONE of the latest recruits from the legitimate stage to the photodrama is Robert B. Mantell, the distinguished Shakespearean actor, whose last public appearance was in a repertoire of classical plays in New York. He and his wife, Genevieve Hamper, have signed with the Fox Film Corporation, and will produce modern pictures. The contract under which Mr. Mantell will appear, is one of the first in retaliation for the theatrical managers' rule against stage stars appearing in pictures, and in turn forbids Mr. Mantell's appearance on the legitimate stage during the current season of his picture performances.

THOMAS DIXON, author of "The Clansman," from which "The Birth of a Nation" was taken, recently wrote Judge Cooper, of Chicago, thanking him and expressing his admiration for the decision by which a narrow, prejudicial censorship was defeated in its effort to prevent the exhibition of the Griffith masterpiece. Mr. Dixon's letter follows:

My Dear Judge Cooper:

I am sending you by today's express a special autographed set of my novels as an expression of my personal appreciation of the great service you have rendered the authors of America, in your decision of our rights in "The Birth of a Nation." You have rendered the people of America an even greater service. The menace of censorship by pot house politicians is a growing threat against the foundations of a free republic. Thank God we still have a free judiciary to defend the principles of justice. With gratitude and admiration.

Sincerely, THOMAS DIXON.

THE film epidemic which is ravaging the boards, has taken one of the American stage's fairest as a late victim. Reine Davies, who won favor as leading lady in "Love Among the Lions," "Mme. Sherry" and "The Girl Rangers," has been engaged by the George W. Lederer Filmotion Corporation. Her first work is in "Sunday."

KEYSTONE MABEL Normand, recently worked in three pictures under three directors in a single day. Miss Normand left Mack Sennett's company, in which she was working with Raymond Hitchcock, long enough to play a part with another director at the old studios. She was called upon then by still another director to help with some re-take scenes, and as soon as these were finished she hurried back to Sennett's company, and completed the day in a two reel feature.



Mabel Normand



Maurice Costello

MAURICE COSTELLO, Vitagraph Star, and his director, Van Dyke Brooke, were looking over Mr. Costello's recently acquired place at Bayside, Long Island, one dark day, when they came across the new gardener, Pat Mahoney, who was very much interested in a lake that apparently had no outlet.

"Sure an' where did th' lake come from?" he asked of Mr. Costello.

"Why that's one of the Lakes of Killarney I had sent over during my trip around the world," answered the Vitagraph star, with a wink at Mr. Brooke. Excusing himself, Mr. Costello left to help one of his children who was having trouble with a lively pony, when Pat approached Mr. Brooke.

"Whisht, Mr. Brooke, an' don't I know th' Lakes of Killarney are green and ain't this one black? But don't tell Mr. Costello, as I wouldn't hurt his feelin's for the wurrold."

AS organizer, manager, director and star of a moving picture company, Anna Cleveland, who is well known on the speaking stage, has taken an unique position among women of the films. Headquarters of the new company is at Waterville, N. Y. Miss Cleveland declared that only feature films would be produced. As the head of her own stock company on the stage, Miss Cleveland acquired considerable managerial ability, and is not at all timid about entering the gruelling struggle with the producers of male persuasion.

VICTORIA FORDE, long of the Nestor company, has been signed by the Selig Polyscope company, and will play opposite Tom Mix at the new studios in Las Vegas, N. M.

THERE is one moving picture star of whose fabulous salary the publicity agent spins no golden yarns. Missing Link Chang is the actor in question. Three squares and a bottle of beer at bedtime are M. L. Chang's per diem wage. No, Chang is not a Chinese coolie. He is the hero of a Selig Polyscope August release, "The Orang Outang." Chang was brought over from Calcutta, India, several months ago. The foreign jungle star enjoyed work before the camera, it is reported.

ARTHUR ROW, who played the part of Pitt Crawley in "Vanity Fair," with Mrs. Fiske in her stage presentation, has been secured to take that role in her screen version, which the Edison company is working upon.



Constance Talmadge

NEPOTISM is increasing in moving pictures. By and by, unless you are a Moore, a Marsh or a Pickford, there will be little chance to get your handsome face into the movies. Constance Talmadge, the sixteen-year-old sister of the charming Norma (and all there in the charming line herself), is one of the later additions to the St. Vitus family album. The National Film corporation, which recently secured the services of Norma, has now signed Constance and the sisters are working together at Los Angeles. Constance Talmadge made a decided hit as the ingenue lead in "Uncle Bill Broadway."

SYD CHAPLIN received a painful injury recently when he was struck in one eye with a ball from a piece of fire works with which he was experimenting. Immediate medical attention saved the sight of the eye but it will be two weeks before he will be able to resume work. His director, Charles Avery, was injured also, not long ago, and will be confined to the hospital until October at least. Charles Parrott has taken the direction of Mr. Chaplin.

NEVA GERBER, the little Beauty-Mutual leading lady, received a poem through the mail recently from an admirer that leaves her rather undecided. Perhaps you can suggest what emotion one should experience on reading it. Here it is:

"Neva Gerber, Neva Gerber, your eyes like diamonds shine.

Neva Gerber, Neva Gerber, please, oh, please, be mine.

I don't know if you're married,

But hear my heart's love-plaint.

Charming Neva, I'll ne'er leave you—

Tell me that you ain't!"

FREDERIC DEBELLEVILLE has been released from his contract with "The Garden of Allah," to take the part of J. Rufus Wallingford, the great capitalizer of human hope and faith, in the Lubin picturization of George Randolph Chester's humorous and ingenious stories of "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford."

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, whose first appearance on the screen in Sir Gilbert Parker's, "The Right of Way," was a tremendous success, has been secured for another picture to be made by the B. A. Rolfe company.

A PICTURE unique in filmdom is that of "Sarah Bernhardt at Home," recently released in the United States and Canada. As the title suggests, the two reel picture shows the great French actress in her home life. It was taken at Belle Isle, Brittany, two months before the amputation of her leg. If one looks for the pathos of departed grandeur in this picture, he will be disappointed. For the immortal spirit of Sarah inhabits its aged worldly shell, as graciously, as blithely, as youthfully gay, as when she played for a world that was half a century younger, and almost as mad about her as it is today.

Madame Bernhardt is shown leaving ship-board at Belle Isle, after which she is seen as hostess in her villa, making the rounds of her lands, visiting the peasantry on her possessions and attending to the routine that occupies her waking hours at home.

THE pictured version of "Carmen," in which Geraldine Farrar is starred, will be released during the early part of October.

S. D. DOYLE of New London, Conn., sent the following to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE:

John Bunny's brother, George E. Bunny of Ocean Beach, near New London, Conn., is to enter the moving picture field as a comedian. Late in July he signed a contract with a new film company of Providence, R. I., and will be used as principal comedian in a series of films. Mr. Bunny is an old-time actor, but has been out of the game for many years.

BILLIE BURKE has been secured by the New York Motion Picture Corporation for an engagement of five weeks. Because of the large salary which the company is said to be paying for the pink-haired star, an insurance policy against rain has been secured from Lloyds of London, to be operative during Miss Burke's engagement. This is the second time that Lloyds has issued insurance against rain in the United States. The other occasion was July 4, 1910, when such a policy protected the promoters of the Jeffries-Johnson fight.



Clara Kimball Young

CLARA KIMBALL Young, star of the World Film corporation, and her husband, James Young, recently entertained Mr. Young's parents, State Senator Young of Maryland, and Mrs. Young at New York. Senator and Mrs. Young were keen for visiting all the pictures in New York, and against the mild protests of the younger Youngs, the senator grimly insisted that as long as he was in New York he was "going to make a moving picture jag of it."

ARNOLD DALY has just completed a contract with the Pathe company for a series of pictures which he will produce himself, to be known as the "Arnold Daly Series." Mr. Daly will picturize the Ashton Kirk novels, by John C. McIntyre. Ashley Miller will have direct charge of the staging of the series. Mr. Daly has assembled an excellent company for his productions.

FROM Frederick Palmer, publicity manager of the Keystone company, comes an announcement, the equal of which in solemn dignity and chastity of expression has seldom found its way to these offices. Here it is: Charlie Murray made a trip to San Francisco over the Fourth of July and received three offers to enter musical comedy while in the Northern city. He prefers to remain a lens squirrel in the creeping pastels, however. "As long as the trembling tin-types want me I am going to stay with them," avers Mr. Murray.

"BLOOM CENTER" has gone to join Pompeii, Nineveh and Tyre in the land of departed municipalities. Its earthly harassments are over. "Bloom Center" has been burned, as frivolously as it was created. The Selig Polyscope Company needed a complete rural village for the filming of the "Chronicles of Bloom Center" series, and so the town was built. Having served its purpose it was given to the torch for the last of the series. Hic Jacet Bloom Center's ashes!

MIRIAM COOPER, who has been ill for some time, recently returned to the Hollywood studios, in better health than she has enjoyed for some time. She still continues taking long auto rides into the picturesque mountain country, as the physician ordered.

BESSIE BARRISCALE, who could rest her fame on her remarkable performance in "The Cup of Life," has been cast by Director Tom Ince as a fallen woman, in "The Painted Soul," which he says will eclipse even the former masterpiece.

HELEN HOLMES, "the railroad girl," who romps with box-cars, passenger coaches and eight driver engines for moving pictures, was recently made an honorary member of one of the western railroad organizations, and was presented with a union card. Miss Holmes says she is prouder of that card than any other single possession.



Helen Holmes



Raymond Hitchcock

agitation of the gateman, "and tell the ring-master that I won't be ready until tomorrow." And leading all the little Foys by the hand, he went out.

EDDIE FOY arrived at the Keystone studios, leading all the little Foys by the hand, and announced that he was ready to take off his coat and go to work. Just then Raymond Hitchcock came through doing a rough piece of jostling around on the back of a bucking horse.

"Give me my card back," demanded Foy in

MIKE DONLIN, who used to amble up to the plate at the Polo grounds and draw the Reach spheroid down into left field so fast it looked like a chalk line, is to be featured in a five part photoplay, entitled, "Right off the Bat." The scenario, which is by Albert S. Levine, closely follows the life of Donlin, since he was a small-town boy until he achieves fame as a Giant. An excellent cast supports Mike.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, the popular legitimate stage star, who recently closed in the Broadway production, "The Show Shop," has been engaged by D. W. Griffith to appear in several feature photoplays, and is now at work at the Griffith studio in Southern California.

THE comedy attraction which is always ready to oblige at benefits, birthday parties, and early morning serenades, is the notorious quartette composed of Charlie Murray, Fred Mace, Roscoe Arbuckle and Bob Albright. There seems to be no law in Los Angeles of a sufficiently comprehensive nature to cover the case either.

DAVID HORSLEY has cancelled the contract whereby in the past he has released MinA films through the General Film Program, and hereafter will clear his entire output through the Mutual Film Corporation. His contract calls for the release of a single-reel comedy each Friday, a two-reel animal picture each Saturday, and a Mutual Masterpicture of four reels every five weeks.

EDWIN STEVENS, who has recently joined the Universal forces, is one of the best known character actors in America. His characterization of Dickens' book people stands forth as the best of any American actor.



Francelia Billington

proaches the fireplace, where Miss Billington sits, yawns luxuriously and lies down, furnishing a very artistic touch to the home-likeness of the scene. Asked how she had trained his tabbiness to do this, Miss Billington laughed. 'I didn't train him,' she said. 'I just put him in the ice-box for five minutes before the scene was taken and when he was released he made for the fire.'

J. WARREN KERRIGAN, who recently successfully underwent a serious operation, has been discharged from the hospital, and has returned to Kamp Kerrigan at Lake Tahoe, where he is working at a studio built especially for him and his company. The pictures on which he is working are a series of romantic mountain dramas and are entitled "The Gods of the Mountain," "Payment Received," and "A Night in the Pines." Jacques Jaccard is directing.

J. JOHN W. BURTON, who for the last ten years has been under the management of Oliver Morosco, on the stage, celebrated his fortieth professional anniversary, recently, by acting for the first time before the camera, for the Morosco Photoplay Company.

IT WAS the original intention of Harry Myers in the direction of "His Double," in which Wilton Lackaye is starred, to make the battle scenes in Quebec, where the company had gone for French atmosphere. It was found, though, that because the pick of the city's men were away at the front, not enough supers for a big battle could be secured, and the fight scenes had to be shifted back to New Jersey.

H. HEADED by Peggy Burke, the Thanhouser studio's female baseball team opposed a male aggregation at the exhibitors' field day at Brighton Beach. Miss Burke dished up the curves and smoke, while Eleanor Brown, Janet Henry, Violet Hite, Ethyle Benham, Winifred Lane, Jean Leimberg, Ruth Elder and Lydia Mead gathered up the disastrous results from the outskirts of the ball lot. No score was available.

B. BOB RYLAND, the colored porter of the Vitagraph Theatre, New York City, was very much perturbed last Sunday, over the remissness of "Lord" George Morley, treasurer of the theatre. Bob is proud of the fact that he is known as the best dressed man in his set, and was equally as proud of the sartorial accomplishments of "Lord" Morley, the fashion plate of box office men. It seems that Bob happened to know "Lord" Morley had been out late Saturday night. Bob, himself, had welcomed the rising sun that Sunday morning. The combination of late hours, depleted pocketbook and other things had befogged Bob's eyesight, and when "Lord" Morley arrived at the theatre three hours ahead of time, the picture he presented to the sleepy porter was that of a man who had arisen in his sleep and came to work in his pajamas.

"Ah thought we uns repertashuns had done gone entirely," said Bob, in telling of the incident, "'til Ah 'spects de gem'man an' fines he am dressed in one ob does new six dollah silk pongee suits. Den Ah quietly checks him off de lis' as he caint trabel in mah class wid no sech 'duds' lik' dat."

E. J. LE SAINT, who recently joined the Universal's forces, has begun the production of Peter B. Kyne's photoplay, "The Long Chance," with Frank Keena, late Broadway star, in the principal role.

E. THEL CLAYTON, leading lady for Lubin, and co-creator with Joseph Kaufman of the distinctive domestic photoplay, has gone to Phoenix, Ariz., accompanied by her brother, Donald Clayton, and Edward Earle, to join Romaine Fielding's company for the filming of "The Great Divide."

L. EE KOHLMAR, formerly of the "Potash and Perlmutter" company, has just completed a two-reel comedy, entitled "A Delicatessen Romance," for the Universal. Kohlmar was one of the best known comedians on the American stage.



Fania Marinoff

F. ANIA MARINOFF, young Russian-American actress, widely known for her work in such legitimate productions as "Within the Law," "Consequences," and "Arms and the Man," has been secured by Donald Mackenzie to play opposite Clifton Crawford in "The Galloper," a Pathe feature.

"La Fille Au Devant"

REFERRING, IN PARISIENNE,
TO BEVERLEY, THE BEAUTI-
FUL BAYNE ON THE COVER

By Johnstone Craig

DID you ever stop to think that the world, and most of what's therein, runs on custom? We do things because our forefathers did them, or because we've always done them—not because we have any direct inspiration on each individual occasion.

So it has come to pass that skirted screen stars must, invariably, receive interviews in one of two places: home or studio. Your interviewer's best stock expression is—with breathless typewriter—"So this is the home of—" blank to be filled in according to time, place and gell. The next best stock expression: "I found (time and girl) in her dressing room, surrounded by," etc. The writer does not find his Sheherazade surrounded by andsoforth, understand; the abbreviation is merely a literary code word, indicating that from this point the descriptive artist is free to follow his own fancy, naming any number of things which, as usual were not about the star, and had never been seen in her dressing room.

When PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's managerial *padrone* told me that Beverly Bayne was to adorn the October cover, and that the story of Beverly Bayne must be at least somewhat told, within, I determined that custom should run away from itself; go mad and wandering; bite itself behind the ear. In brief,

"I know of no finer lady in the whole range of interpretative arts than Beverly Bayne."

I would talk to Beverly Bayne neither in the parlor nor behind the camera; I would endeavor to capture the real girl, away from home and off the job.

She rides, but my periscope never caught her on any horizon of Lake Shore Drive. She motors, but I fell down there, too. I only motor when some one pities me, so perhaps that's that particular reason. She plays tennis, and she walks, and she shops, but always the mystic lady eluded me.

Then, just as I was about to surrender to custom and call up the picture-works, I found her. She was tabled on the roof of Chicago's Hotel LaSalle, and, until I came, had been enjoying her dinner.

There was an "Impression" of B. B. in a recent PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE which referred to her as "something one glimpses in a limousine, in a night of cold and rain." Meaning, I suppose, the distinction, but perhaps not the aloofness of The Lady.

I know of no finer Lady in the whole range of the interpretative arts. It is this gentility, refinement and breeding, together with a distinct cordiality, which is the first Bayne thought that her presence conveys.

When I read about A Personage I don't like my mentality cluttered up with a lot of chaotic suggestions by the author, covering a very few facts about The Personage. Let us proceed to facts.

I said to Miss Bayne: "I am going to ask you the question which has occurred to me more times than any other about you: is so euphonious a name as 'Beverly Bayne' real?"

"It is," she answered, sipping a bit of water. (I don't think she did take a drink of water, but it sounds like a real story if your character does something besides chatter. So excuse it, and believe it.)

"It is," she answered, sipping a bit of water. "My full name is Pearl Beverly Bayne; I've omitted the Pearl."

"Because pearls upon a jewel are unnecessary," I answered.

She went on to explain that her mother married a man named Van Name, and that many people, therefore, thought that her real name was Pearl Van Name. And I believe she said that the "Bayne" name was originally "Bain," so that the exact nomenclature of this Essanay star, in toddlerhood, was "Pearl Beverly Bain."

There are few international successes

who are younger, or who have had a simpler career, or one more devoid of change or startling event.

From other sources I gleaned, and may impart the fact that Beverly Bayne is now twenty-one years old.

She was born in Minneapolis.

When her parents came to Chicago the family lived on the South Side, and it was here that Pearl-Beverly heard, one day, that the Essanay company wanted some extra girls. Although that was a very few years ago, it must be remembered that the era of photoplays, as an outgrowth of "moving pictures," is

scarcely old enough to talk.

In her own words: "Near us lived my best girl friend, Grace Taylor. Grace and I, quite unbeknown to our families, decided that we would be extra girls in the pictures. I had never been on a stage, knew no theatrical people, hadn't the slightest idea what a picture studio was like. Neither did Grace. But we both possessed the same adventurous ambition.

"We went out to the Essanay studio on Argyle street, and there we were received very kindly, and, after a wait, we were put to work.

"We were told to return, and presently I got a letter, asking me to call at the office. Grace didn't get any letter, and I remember that our feelings and opinions on the reason for this were very much mixed. I thought that I had been found just plain worthless, as an actress, and was about to



When she was Pearl Beverly Bain; and 104 weeks old.

be dismissed, while—

"I arrived at the office, and Harry McKae Webster said to me, with a little smile: 'How would you like to sign a contract, and stay with us awhile?'"

"Some one might present me New York's Empire theatre, or a Kaiser might propose to me—and I wouldn't receive such a thrill as I got then. I had life's greatest moment, right there!"

"Well, after that, there seems so little to tell. I had the job, and Grace didn't. In my own happiness I'm afraid I forgot to be sorry for Grace."

"My first picture was 'The Loan Shark,' in which I played the leading woman's role. Though small, it was a good part, and since then I have had nothing but leading roles."

Miss Bayne has been with the Essanay company ever since, and one of the most redoubtable teams that has ever played in a Chicago studio was made up of Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman.

When Bushman left the Essanay company, last spring, he broke up a delightful association of years, and left a very sorry little leading lady behind him.

The most efficient part of this association was that it was not a romantic one. Every day the "Answer Man's" mail used to be loaded with forty styles of this query: "Are Beverly Bayne and Francis X.



Bushman married—or engaged?" Of course they are not married; they never were engaged, and never had any thought of being.

It was "Bev" and "Bush," and just a couple of good fellows all around.

"Mr. Bushman was, and is," says Miss Bayne, "one of the best friends of my life. We often laughed at the people who thought us lovers, but in the fact that no romantic sentiment ever sprang up between us lay, I think, the secret of our successful work. We planned together, we discussed every play, we thought alike. Acting with us was a matter of give and take; we were just a couple of partners in a business venture—art that's successful is a business venture, isn't it?—and we devised situations and business for each other, helped each other, in every way that we could."

"In that way, I want to say that Mr. Bushman helped me far, far more, I think, than I helped him. Mr. Bushman became my leading man before I had been so very long in the studio, and so you see I sort of 'grew up' in his plays!"

Asked what her favorite plays were—her own screen plays—Miss Bayne said: "When I am doing it, I think that the particular play in which I'm working is my favorite. In fact, I can't do any piece unless I get up an intense



"Picture-patrons will recall her fine delineation in 'Providence and Mrs. Urmey,' last of the Bayne-Bushmans."

enthusiasm. As I look back over some of my work I recall especially 'Dear Old Girl,' 'Under Royal Patronage,' 'The Masked Wrestler,' 'The Accounting,' 'One Wonderful Night,' 'The Great Silence,' and 'Graustark.'

Picture-patrons, however, will recall her fine delineation in "Providence and Mrs. Urmey," the last of the Bayne-Bushman pictures taken at the Essanay studio.

"I think," said the actress, in a semi-critical moment of introspective review, "that there are just two things which make for success on the screen: fair intelligence, and an unflagging desire to follow competent instruction, and to learn. When I first went into the Essanay studio I listened intently to every word of my director. I tried to do as he told me. As I look back, in the light of what I've learned since, I think some of them told me some very unreal things; yet a girl will learn to discriminate, in time. The right thing will come to her, some day.

"I see too many girls coming to Essanay, nowadays, quite sure that they are better

actresses than Maude Adams! Self confidence is not egotistical vanity; without the first a girl can't succeed; with the second, she probably won't, and it's the besetting sin of most of the girls of today. They've been told that anybody can be a screen actress; that it's 'easy money;' that 'there's nothing to it,' if you will pardon my repetition of the slang. I know a girl must have a fair amount of looks, but the main things are patience, and work."

So, presently, I left her. I recall that departing picture most vividly: a chic little figure in brown, with her doll-like hands that her mother used to call, in babyhood, "bird's claws;" her big, dark, wonderful eyes; all the style that's called Broadway and usually is found in 'Frisco; the tiniest, high-arched feet; the piquantesse of hats—

Twenty-one, and a celebrity.

Most of the college girls are just thinking of beginning.

Thus ends Chapter I, in the Book of Bayne.

The World's Shortest Scenario

(In four reels)

Reel 1He; Reel 2She; Reel 3They; Reel 4It

STAR OF THE NORTH

By Frank Williams

(SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENT.)

Paul Temple, leading man of a New York photoplay producing organization, goes with his company into the Canadian woods to take a drama of the North. While tramping through the forest Temple is lost, and is only restored to his associates by June Magregor, a young girl who is as much at home in these fastnesses as a voyageur. Jack Baillie, a scalawag member of the company, is attracted by the girl and begins a cunning siege of her heart. Temple sees her danger, but, bound to a wife he does not love, feels helpless to interfere. He is further handicapped by his own dawning love for June. At this juncture Temple receives a letter from his wife, who is insanely jealous of his leading woman, one Marguerite French, in which she announces her intention of coming north to break up the imaginary affair of the heart.

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

CHAPTER IV

TEMPLE read the brief, brutal letter from his wife twice, letting each venomous word sink into his brain. Then, silent, hurt, bitterly disappointed, he sat staring straight before him, the single sheet dangling from his fingers.

She would give him no divorce; she suspected him of an infatuation for Marguerite French; was coming here to the camp.

It was a characteristic letter, selfish, jealous, hateful. And it was Gertrude's answer to his plea for freedom, his effort to end the miserable mistake of their marriage and rid himself of a burden that, during these last months, had grown almost intolerable.

He might have expected the refusal, he thought, and the abuse, but this threatened visit— He glanced at the letter again. "I am starting for your camp as soon as I can get ready." The blood slowly mounted to his face and his jaw set. No, she should not do that! He would telegraph her that—

A moment's thought and he realized the futility of that. Long before a message could reach her from this isolated wilderness she would probably be on her way to him, and once she had started protests would only hurry her.

A feeling of utter hopelessness settled over Paul. Always during the five years of their married life it had been the same. She had thwarted or resisted his every hope and ambition.

Five years of it! He recalled as if it had been yesterday their marriage in the Middle West while members of the same road company, and the struggle that had begun upon their return to New York. Temple had wanted a home, but Ger-

trude's preferences, lying in the opposite direction, she had plunged into the gay night life of the metropolis, leaving him to follow or not as he chose.

The next year she had refused to go with him when he left for his season's work on the road, and then when stories commenced to follow him to the one-night stands in the country he knew that the beginning of the end had come. What the exact situation was concerning certain men he never knew and never tried to find out. But gradually as his position grew more and more unendurable, his feelings changed from love to dislike and then to repugnance.

The next year witnessed his first appearance as a film actor and Gertrude's final separation from him. Since then she had remained immovably in New York, living on the liberal allowance he made her, and appearing in several small "legitimate" parts under the stage name of Gertrude Mackay, by which she was known. To further her freedom and amusement she carefully concealed her marriage, and Paul made no effort to reveal that tragic chapter of his life. As a result it was almost unknown.

Yet despite this state of affairs, what Paul had learned of his wife's behavior during the last six months had driven him to action, and in the hope that she wished to marry again, he had suggested that she take up residence in the West and get a divorce. Her letter had been the reply, bewildering, contrary and savage.

Most brutal of all was her attack on Marguerite French. He read the charge again. "Everybody knows that French is crazy about you, and I suppose you want to get rid of me so you can have her."

Poor vain, misguided, spiteful creature! Paul's anger gave way to a sort of pitying contempt. He knew that public and studio gossip linked his name with that of his leading lady—as always when two people worked together for a year. But he also knew that there was no truth in it. He neither loved Miss French, nor she him.

A feeling of rebellion at his fate began to stir in Temple. Was he never to be free of this incubus? Was it to cling to him forever? Five years of it now and no hope of freedom in sight. He couldn't endure much more. He was young, vital, brimming with youth and success, entering upon his best and most productive years, and this thing dragged him down like a millstone about his neck. Was he never to have another chance? Was the best and truest happiness to be denied him?

He had dreamed for years that somewhere, sometime, he should meet the one girl in the world who would embody everything for which his starved being yearned, and to whom he, too, would bring the greatest gift, and sitting in his tent, the murmurous voice of the great forest about him, he wondered if he had found her to-day?

At the thought of June his heavy heart thrilled with momentary gladness. He had only met her, yet some intangible quality of hers had gone straight down to the very center of his soul, soothing and healing him like some balm of her deep forests. Motherliness was hers beneath the fresh girlhood, comradeship, innocence; the undestroyed illusion and the unawakened response to love. After years of the sordid tragedy of Gertrude he yearned for the wind-blown purity of June as a thirsting man longs for water.

Suddenly he was roused from his long absorption by quick footsteps outside the tent, and without as much as by your leave, the flap was thrown back and Jack Baillie shouldered in. Startled by the unexpected entrance, Temple's hand jerked and the letter flew from it almost under Baillie's feet.

The latter stooped at once to pick it up. "More gush from the dippy dames, eh," he said, with a twinge of envy. His own mail was very light. "Let's have a look at it."

He dropped his eyes to the sheet, but on the instant Temple had leaped from

the camp-stool and crushed it in his hand. "Forget that, Jack," he said, sharply, as he took the letter.

"Oho!" cried Baillie, half angrily, "a little touchy on that one, eh? A dark secret in the idol's past! Always thought so, but now I'm sure of it." With a forced laugh he brushed a pile of opened envelopes off one of the trunks and sat down. "But say! that little wildflower you dug up to-day is some pippin, Paul. Pretty! Whew! And innocent! Say, she's got about all there is to learn!"

Paul stared at him with sudden intense dislike. Then he became conscious of how very long it was that he had left June alone.

"By George, I'd forgotten! I must go out and—"

"Never mind," Baillie assured him, cheerfully, "it's too late now. She's gone. I wanted to take her home, but she wouldn't let me, confound it."

"Gone!"

"Yes, fifteen minutes ago. Asked after you, too. But say! Do they grow many of 'em like that around here? I'll have to see more of her—as the fellow said of the girl in the bathing suit."

With bland familiarity he rambled on, while Paul, a slow anger gathering in him, listened, controlling himself with difficulty. Baillie was a new addition to the Graphic forces, having joined the company just before it left New York.

From the first his manner and a certain weakness in his handsome, dark face had repelled Temple, and now as he poured forth his Tenderloin rhapsodies of June, Paul felt that this impression had been well founded.

"It's been slower than mud in this prison," confided Baillie easily, "but now I guess I'll be able to worry along, what?"

Paul looked the other squarely in the eye.

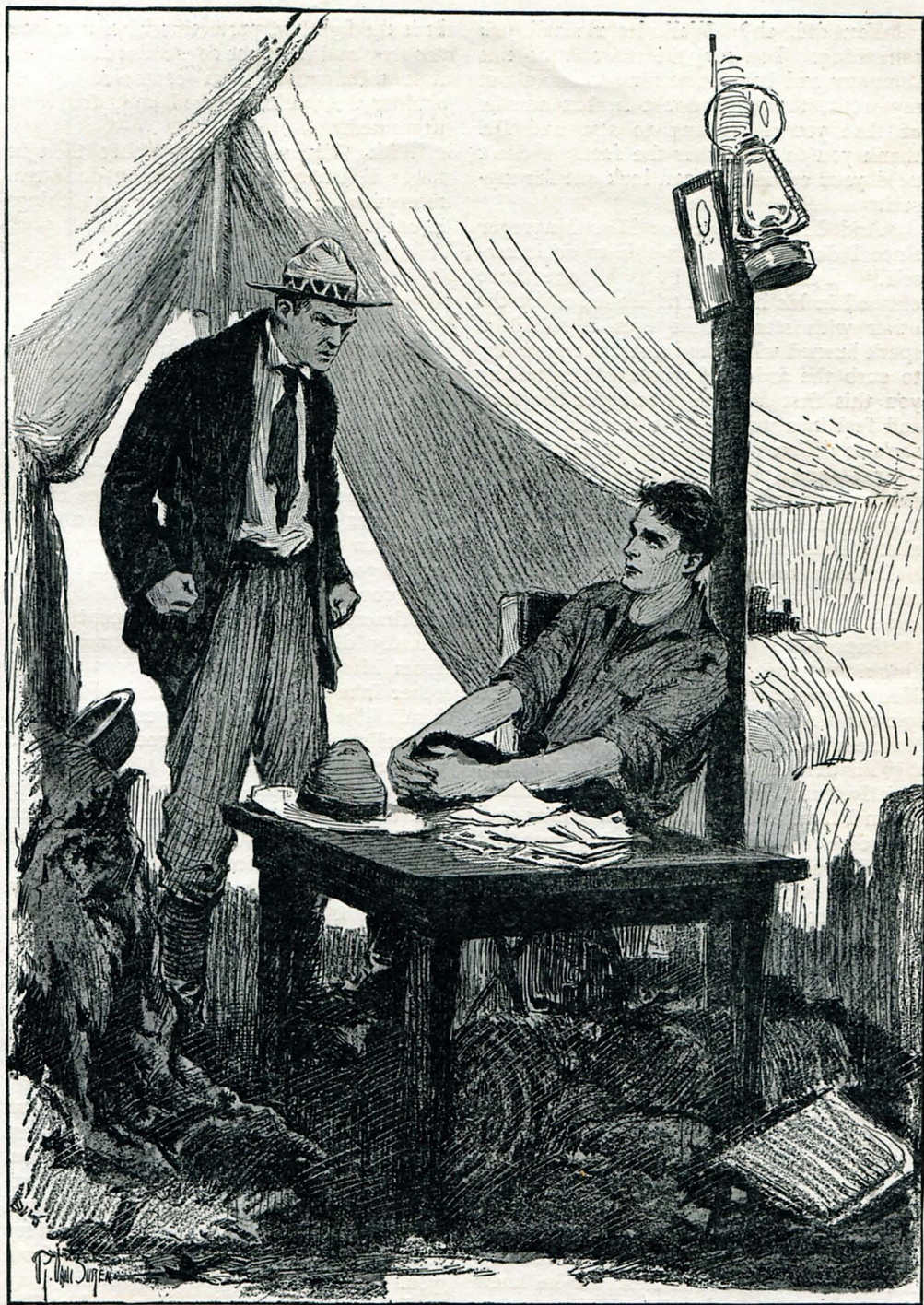
"If I were you," he said coolly, "I'd be a little careful with Miss Magregor."

The younger man's eyes opened with astonishment.

"Well of all the swank! What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. I don't like the way you've been talking for the last ten minutes, and I thought I'd tell you."

Baillie got up from the trunk and glowered down upon the other.



Baillie's face flushed at the cool contempt of the other. "Suppose I give a damn what you think?" he snapped. "You're not that girl's guardian, and you can't dictate to me!"

"You did, eh? Well, let me tell you something. You may be the star of this company and have something to say about my work, though I doubt it, but outside of that you've nothing to say, and I'll thank you to remember the fact. I don't need your advice. I can look out for myself."

"And I'll look out for Miss Magregor since I don't think she's able to do it herself." Temple leaned back, one knee clasped in his hands, and looked up at the other with steady blue eyes in which a spark burned which had a strange tendency to curb the ardor of youth. "I'm telling you this first because I brought her here and feel in a way responsible, and because she's so different from the women that you—or I—are accustomed to. You seem to think that fact is something to take advantage of, and I happen to think the opposite. That's all."

Baillie's face flushed at the cool contempt of the other, and his thin-lipped, cruel mouth set tightly.

"Suppose I give a damn what you think?" he flashed. "You think too much. You're not that girl's guardian and you can't dictate to me. Now you mind your business and I'll mind mine."

"Thanks, I will," Temple told him, quietly, "until your business becomes mine. Then I'll take a hand. And if I ever do," his voice raised slightly, "don't forget that I told you this to-day."

Baillie choked. He shook his fist in Paul's face.

"Don't you interfere with me," he threatened thickly, "or you'll get yours. I give you fair warning. If you butt into what's none of your business I'll break your head. And don't you forget it!"

For a moment, with congested face and flashing eyes, he stood over Paul. Then he stormed out of the tent, swearing incoherently.

When he had gone Temple sat for a little while, his face grave and thoughtful. It was not of the crumpled letter in his hand, nor of the past, he thought now, but of the fact that he had made an enemy. And the fact disturbed him, for he knew that he could have made an enemy at no more inopportune moment in his life.

But behind that fact lay another, even more important, the root cause of that enmity, his swift and eager response to June.

It is the fighting, protecting male that love arouses, and here not five hours after their first meeting, he was championing her against the world, masked and, doubtless, unwanted.

With Gertrude coming (that thought never left him) could he have done two more unwise, not to say dangerous, things in one day, he asked himself.

CHAPTER V

It was several days before Temple saw June again. In that time the Graphics had filmed the delayed water "stuff" on the river near the camp, and done a pursuit by Indians through the nearby forest. It was characteristic of Briscoe that amid all this he found time to dress one of the guides as an English nurse maid and assign him to Paul as a delicate suggestion not to go plunging recklessly again through the province of Ontario.

Almost one entire day was spent by the chunky director in extracting real tears from Marguerite French. No vaseline or other fake evidences of grief would do for him. The Graphic had invested \$200,000 in realism, and realism it would have even at French's expense.

"Set for a close-up, Gene," he directed the cameraman, and Perkins dragged his artillery to within a yard of the leading lady's face, a process she relished since there was neither wrinkle nor blemish on its smooth, fair surface. What fear of the bench is to a baseball player, the fear of the close-up is to a film beauty.

Then with a cap on the back of his head and a cigar in his mouth Briscoe wrestled with the pump handle after this fashion:

"Good God, princess, how sorry you feel for yourself! Think! That white woman has stolen your husband!" (French was still Na-shi-go.) "Every wrong that men commit has been committed against you, and you have no redress. You are an outcast among your own people. Young and beautiful, your life is ruined, and now they are going to take the baby away from you. . . ." Briscoe was walking up and down, excited and much moved. "The child is so patient and gentle. . . . It has only one pitiful little stick with a rag about it for a doll to play with, and at night its little arms steal about your neck

so warm and soft and trusting!" He turned to her, tears in his eyes. "And they're going to take it away from you, the only thing you have, your one last pitiful possession. My God, will they leave you nothing!"

He was directly in front of French now and he suddenly thrust his head forward and looked in her eyes.

"Hell! Dry as a bone!" he snorted and, drawing a handkerchief to wipe his own tears away, prepared to put on more agony.

He succeeded at last, not through tenderness, but by a lengthy disquisition on French's defects as an actress. They were tears of rage he evoked, but they were tears.

"Snatch it!" he told Gene Perkins, wearily, and the precious pearls were ground into the black box to be preserved forever. . . .

Then came a day when it was too dark to "shoot," and Paul dragged Briscoe to Fort McLeod in the interest of the "location."

"Fort, me eye! What do I want with a fort? Scenario doesn't call for it," growled the director, as they walked down to the river.

Paul's answer was unintelligible. His eye was roving among the craft tied to the pier.

"Wonder where that red canoe is," he said. "These others leak. That's the third time this has happened."

"Someone else out probably."

Temple did not answer, but as he took his place his face grew stern. During the recent busy time in camp fortune had favored Baillie in that he had not been needed for the scenes taken, and Paul had noted his almost continuous absence. Since their interview in Temple's tent, the two men had tacitly avoided each other, but neither had receded from his position.

This morning when the crescent of beach before the fort came in view the red canoe was plainly visible drawn up on the sand. Paul's jaw tightened. Baillie had a perfect right to come here of course, but he, Paul, would find out the results of his coming!

When they had climbed the steep path up the bluff and stood on the clearing before the fort, Briscoe stopped short in his tracks, his bright eyes glancing delightedly from one detail to another of the

picturesque scene. He turned briskly.

"Great!" he exclaimed. "It's a find, Paul! Why didn't you drag me down here by the scruff of the neck? We've got to have this. That stockade, those Indians, and dogs. Oh, mommer!"

"But you said a fort wasn't called for in the scenario."

"It isn't, but great guns, man, we'll put one in. Let me see, there's a dozen scenes that call for a trapper's cabin. We'll change 'em to this fort, and I'll work up three or four more to go with 'em. Hullo, there's Baillie. And a girl."

The couple had just emerged from the door and stood on the low veranda unconscious of the visitors. Baillie leaning carelessly against a post, bent towards June, who was looking up at him as if listening intently to what he said.

"Yes, I brought her to the camp the other day, but you didn't wait to see her," said Temple, grimly. "Let's go up."

They advanced, beating off an attack of the savage Indian dogs, and June, turning at the uproar, saw them. Temple thought she gave a start, but the next instant she was coming toward them with her long, undulating stride. Baillie, scowling, followed slowly.

"You said you were coming to see me again, but you didn't," said the girl, frankly, to Temple when the introductions were over.

"This is the first chance I've had to pay my party call," he returned, smiling. "Will you forgive me for not seeing you before you left the camp the other day?" He wondered whether it was imagination that made him think her cheeks were flushed more than he remembered them, and her eyes brighter.

"Of course, . . . but do come up to the house. Father is back, and he's so anxious to meet you." They went forward together, Paul and Baillie nodding to each other perfunctorily.

Briscoe, who, oblivious of the girl after the first moment, had been examining his surroundings, broke in sharply:

"Those Indians want to earn some money?"

June laughed.

"They couldn't use it if they did earn it! Food and guns and traps are their money. Besides, they leave for their hunting grounds to-morrow."

"Humph! Don't let 'em go. How much of their time is a side of bacon and a bag of flour worth?"

She laughed again, the clear, silvery laugh that had seemed to Paul like the tinkle of one of her trout streams.

"I don't know, but I'll ask them. But come up to the house first."

As they reached the veranda there appeared in the open doorway a lean and wiry-looking man of middle height, with grizzled hair and mustache, who examined his visitors with a pair of piercing gray eyes. He was dressed comfortably in shoe-packs, corduroys and faded jacket. He welcomed his guests with the reserve of good breeding, even in offering the generous hospitality of the northland, and spoke with a racy echo of his native Aberdeen.

"'Tis a gr-reat thing you're doin', Mr. Briscoe, the lassie tells me," he said, instantly selecting the fountain head of the group. "Play-actin' I conseeder a work of the devil, but this, she tells me, is some-thin' different. Is there money in it?"

Briscoe, who knew when patience and much talk were as good an investment as whirlwind activity, drifted with lamblike docility towards the chair the other indicated. This man was the possessor of props and scenery that the Graphic Company needed, and Briscoe intended to get them.

Paul, June and Baillie were left together and the situation grew difficult. The relations between the men were strained, and the conversation steadily became more trite and perfunctory. Paul noticed that June seemed conscious of this; or, if not that, he thought, some influence was working in her. Her vivacity was not the ingenuous outpouring of delight and surprise that had so charmed him during their first meeting. It seemed a little forced, and a feeling grew in him that she was extremely conscious of Baillie's presence.

The symptom was as plain as day to Temple. It was the embarrassed unnaturalness of a fifteen-year-old girl experiencing her first romance. Except, he thought, grimly, June, for all her innocence and unsophistication, was a woman grown, with correspondingly deep and intense feelings.

Temple felt instinctively that he was expected to join the two on the veranda, but he sat firm as a rock where he was. This

was the thing he had feared, and he determined to counteract it if he had to stay all night. Underneath his pleasant, whimsical banter a chill, sick feeling grew in him.

At last Baillie, who since the arrival of the others had been morose and sullen, made an excuse for going and disappeared towards the river. Then Temple and the girl as if by common consent drifted to the far edge of the clearing and sat down on a wind-fallen log.

"It's good to see you again," he said, simply. "Somehow you make one forget that there is such an ant-hill as New York, and such things as struggle and hatred and disappointment."

She turned big, wondering eyes upon him.

"Do you think that! Oh, but think of living in New York! It must be wonderful. Is it true that there are buildings taller than that big tree?" She pointed.

"Yes," he said, "you could put two trees as tall on top of that one, and leave enough of the building for a thousand suffocating people to live in."

"Oh-h!" It was the exclamation of a child. "And is Broadway so bright at night that it's just like day?"

He turned to her with a kind of pity. Baillie's track was plain.

"Yes, but it doesn't prevent people shooting each other down when they want to. Why are you curious about all these things? What do you care about New York when you have this glorious, clean, free life to live?" His heart was sick within him. His predecessor had worked with the subtlest poison at his command.

"Freedom!" She said the word musingly, not passionately. "How is this freedom, when I never go anywhere, and never see anyone. There's so much to do, and know, and see, and I've had none of it. Isn't it wasting my life to stay here?"

Her gaze was troubled, and all the dreams and ideals that she had newly awakened in him cried out against that first shadow of discontent.

"No life is wasted that is happy, wherever it is," he replied, earnestly. "A hundred years in New York or anywhere else could never give you the things you have now, the different things that make you seem so wonderful to me." He checked himself. "And as for the other things, the



"Somehow," he said, "you make one forget that there is such an ant-hill as New York, and such things as struggle and hatred and disappointment."

cheap and flashy things, they never bring anybody happiness. Believe me, Miss Magregor, I know."

She gazed straight before her across the clearing, her eyes vague with the awakened longings and dreams of youth. As he studied her profile it seemed as delicately chiselled as a cameo. Her hair was a soft, dark mass, and her skin where her shirt was open at the throat finely textured beneath its tan.

Briscoe and Fleming Magregor had left the porch now and were talking to one of the Indians near the discolored tepee. A damp, cold wind that seemed to presage the early winter roared through the great pines and made Temple shiver despite his mackinaw. But June was oblivious of it. She spoke finally without turning to him.

"I believe you—I can't help it. But that doesn't satisfy me. Because you've known all these wonderful things, you can choose, but I haven't known them. I want to be able to choose, but I never will if I stay here. I'll be like a log that gets in a backwater in the spring; the river goes on rushing by all the time, and the log simply drifts in a circle or gets stranded. I'm stranded here, and life goes by."

Temple was silent for a moment. The flash of uncannily mature logic was unanswerable; it was the logic of youth which has burst its shell and glimpsed for the first time the possibilities that life holds.

"See here!" He made his words light with a laugh. "The day you rescued me you weren't like this. You were proud to live here and utterly happy. New York and you shouldn't be mentioned in the same breath! The blight of it has touched you now, and everything you learn about it will take away something more you can never get back. You have lost something already."

She looked at him now, seriously, stirred by the sincerity of his feeling.

"I've lost something?"

"Yes, without knowing it; as a butterfly loses the down on its wings."

"Oh!" The comparison was of her own woods and she grasped it. She sat for a long time silent, her brows knit, her underlip indrawn by her teeth. Then she seemed to come to some decision and her brow cleared.

"Yes, but think of all I'm gaining," she said, naively. "And now let's not be seri-

ous any longer. . . . Tell me more about New York!"

He knew then he was beaten and studied the ground before him for a little.

"Well," he smiled, at last, "where shall we begin?"

Inside him was a gone, hopeless feeling; a feeling of futility; of beating vainly against a wall. Baillie had scored first, and with weapons more deadly than steel. Not only had he filled June's mind with the pictures most likely to impress it, but he had fired her imagination regarding himself.

Temple could see this as plainly as if she had told him, and he thought grimly that the time when the other's business should become his own was almost at hand. And besides the mingled pity, regret and jealousy that consumed him, every fibre of his being longed for the physical encounter between them that he knew now was inevitable.

CHAPTER VI

Jack Baillie studied the fresh young face of the girl opposite him in the canoe. Floating idly in the still backwater in the lee of a little island, they had been fishing, but now their rods lay disused across the gunwales.

"Won't you believe I love you, June," he asked, softly, a spark kindling in his daring black eyes.

She sat looking down at her hands that were folded in her lap, grave, half troubled, as if she were coping with a new and difficult situation.

"Yes," she hesitated, "I believe you. If you say you love me you must mean it."

"And don't you love me a little in return?" he pleaded. "I don't ask much, only a little."

"Oh, I don't know, Jack. I like you, but—Oh, it's all so strange. Why should you love me when you've known all the beautiful women in New York!" This was not a question, it was amazement.

"Beautiful!" His tone conveyed utter scorn. "Why, little girl, compared with you they're the poultry in an old chorus girls' home. I tell you you're the prettiest thing God ever made! And you're wasting your life here." His voice softened and he leaned forward a little. "I'm crazy about you, dear, and I'm simply going to make you love me."

Something masterful in his voice caused her to lift her eyes and she met his with a little catch of the breath. With his sleek black hair, and handsome, imperious face he seemed to her a hero of romance, compelling and determined. She dropped her gaze again, flushed, flattered, confused.

"I don't think you ought to—talk to me that way. It isn't right, is it?"

"Right! Of course it's right! Isn't it right for a man to tell a woman he loves her? And if it was wrong I'd tell you just the same. Do you suppose I could help it? And now that I've told you I'm not going to let you forget it. When my work is finished here I'm going to take you away with me to New York where you belong. Why you'd be the queen there in a week!"

"Oh, do you really think so?" Her question was eager, and her vivid face alive with the anticipation of wonders.

"Do I think so! I know it! Why, little girl,—” he put his hand out and took hers — “together there's nothing we couldn't get away with in that glory hole!"

Under his touch she sat quite still for a moment. Then, as if with an effort, she withdrew her hand from his. Was it intuitive fear or the race-old virginal recoil?

"Please, you mustn't do that," she said, very low.

A black look of chagrin passed over his face and he glanced at her keenly.

"Oh, won't anything stir you?" he asked, in a hopeless voice. "Are you made of ice? But then I might have known you didn't love me—don't even like me." His voice trailed off tragically.

It was the old familiar flank attack of Byronic desolation and tragic self pity. Her quick sympathy responded with a flash of that mothering contrition that has flattered men for ages.

"Oh, I do, I do like you, better than anyone I've ever known! You must be patient with me, Jack. I never met anyone—like you before." Then her maiden reserve took command again. "And I *do* so want to go to New York! But of course I'd have to talk it all over with father. I don't know how I could leave him."

Baillie's face for a fleeting fraction of a second mirrored an expression that would have puzzled her had she seen it. Then he smiled tenderly, and leaned nearer to her.

"I'm sorry I was cross," he said. "My confounded temperament, I suppose. But

—” his voice dropped to a confidential tone— "let's keep our little plan about New York a secret for a while, shall we? It'll be just between ourselves, eh? Even your father sha'n't know. Will you do it?"

Happy once more in the sun of his good humor, she answered his smile with one equally bright.

"Oh that will be fun. Yes, of course. And now shall we go back?"

When they had landed and climbed up to the fort, a "take" was under way in the clearing. Every day now the Graphics came down to Fort McLeod and shot the scenes that Briscoe's genius had devised. Now the director, with the amused factor to interpret, was instructing the Ojibways whom he had succeeded in hiring, in the "business" for the scene.

Temple saw June and Baillie arrive and his face darkened. During the days since his first talk with her he had felt that he was steadily losing ground. Though he had been with her as often as he could, the consciousness of something forcing its way between them had grown upon him.

He had not been so foolish as to argue or criticize or disparage the influence of Baillie; he had only sought by maintaining his normal gay *camaraderie* with June to offset the attentions of the other. He thought to save her not only from the man but from herself.

So far he did not believe that she really loved Baillie, but rather that her quick, untried fancy had been snared by his superficial charm. That she thought of him as a romantic figure inhabiting a desirable world and moving among great people, was evident; but this was fascination, not love, Temple reasoned. A single step and the hair-line between this and infatuation would be crossed. Could he prevent it?

Paul found his position growing more and more difficult. He dared not take an aggressive part against Baillie, for he had not forgotten the event that drew nearer and nearer each day—his wife's arrival. The event was imminent now. Paul had reckoned carefully and knew that, granting her time to prepare for the trip, she must be on the next boat due down river from the railroad terminus. Successive mails had brought no further word from her, and he took this to mean that she was on the way.

In that knowledge he shaped his conduct.

He fought stubbornly to put from his mind any consideration of June except that of her welfare. All thought of loving her he crushed, but with a sensation of beating into stunned silence the quickest, vividest part of him.

This was possible so long as he believed that June's interest in Baillie was no more than friendly. Then, one afternoon some days later, came a revelation, a crisis, and a change.

Briscoe was in his element. The "Wilderness Idyl" was shaping up well, and the new scenes were adding just that touch of conviction his instinct told him the film had formerly lacked.

The entire company was at Fort McLeod as it had been almost daily of late. The set-up was in the clearing before the fort, and the focus lines included the front of the dwelling, half of the big trading storehouse to the right, the Indian "village," and the inevitable background of pointed and spurred pines.

Gene Perkins had his "still" camera (a regular plate affair for snapping the most exciting scenes) beside his big Powers, and was gauging his shooting distance. His large cap was turned with the visor to the back and he looked like an aviator.

"Nine foot firing line?" he inquired of Briscoe to find out his distance from the principal action.

"Nope, twenty-five." The director ran outside one of the white tape lines a property man had laid down, and dropped his handkerchief.

"Camera pick up anything here?" he asked.

Gene sighted.

"Nope."

"All right." Briscoe turned to three or four men in trapper's costume, and beckoned them. "You fellows make your entrance from here. You come on talking together quiet enough, but when you see Baillie and Tanner come staggering in from the other side of the clearing—they're starving, you know, and there'll be a close-up of that—you get all interest and excitement."

The native Ojibways revised their tribal ideas of war paint when they saw the Graphic feminine contingent. The women were ghastly, their faces covered with a powder, phosphorous yellow in hue. Their eyes and eye-brows were heavily blacked

and their lashes "beaded." That is each lash had been gummed thick by means of a toothpick with hot black wax, and tipped with a tiny drop of the stuff.

It was a process which lent an enlarged and starry look to the eyes, and was necessary for distance "takes." In these masks of yellow and black the women's scarlet mouths looked like fresh razor gashes.

In the midst of Briscoe's liveliest manœuvres, June Magregor appeared in the doorway of the low, solidly-built dwelling and stood watching the preparations. One bare arm rested against the door jamb above her head, and her slim, lithe body fell into lines of easy grace as unstudied as those of some unwatched wild thing. The director, looking up, saw her, and his eyes lighted.

"Perfect type!" he grunted. "Half the atmosphere of the scene." Then, forgetful of half-posed groups, he hurled his chunky body in her direction.

"Morning, Miss Magregor. We're going to shoot a scene with this doorway in it, and I wish you would stay right where you are and hold that pose. Will you?"

"Oh, you want me in a picture?" She was animated at once. "Shall I stay just like this?"

"Yes. Two people supposed to be starving come in from the opposite side of the clearing and I want you to stand here and watch them."

"Why, that very thing happened here winter before last!" she exclaimed, but he did not hear her. He had turned away and was beckoning Elsie Tanner.

"Make Miss Magregor up," he directed. "She'll be in the picture this morning."

Half an hour later, with a last look around, he went to a table just outside the camera lines on which were numerous scripts, weighted down against the breeze with stones. One of these was the type-written scenario, and another a paper ruled in several columns which contained a tabulated summary by number of all the characters, costumes and scenes. Checking briefly by this latter, he verified the layout before him.

"All ready, children!" he bawled. "Now listen. This is the story. Temple has sent his "wife," Tanner, south to a certain lake in care of a trapper (that's Baillie.) The princess Na-shi-go's tribe in revenge for the fact that Temple has de-

serted her and married the white woman, have followed them and stolen their camp outfits and guns. For days they have been without food, and they reach this fort in a starving condition. Got it?"

There was a general assent and he threw the script down.

"All right, then. Places!"

The two score minor people, including the Ojibways, went through actions intended to portray the life of the post in the busy time of early summer. June, made up by this time, was in her station in the doorway.

"Is it all right?" Briscoe asked Fleming Magregor and Temple who stood back of the camera, and were judging the effect.

"Very good," both pronounced, one from the realistic and the other from the technical point of view.

"Thanks. Places again. Now Baillie and Tanner."

The two principals who were out of sight in a thicket to the extreme right, emerged wavering in their tracks and exhibiting what were meant to be signs of starvation. But Briscoe roared:

"Baillie, Baillie, you're asleep! You're dying on your feet! Remember you're *starving* and you've got the biggest belly-ache in the world. And drag Tanner."

The two laughed and returned to their starting place.

"All right. Come ahead."

Temple, who was not in the picture, looked at June. But he did not see in her graceful, un-self-conscious pose only a bit of atmosphere. He saw in it the expression of something as rare and beautiful as the opening of a flower—the fire spirit of the wilderness before man has found and spoiled it.

She was oblivious of him, and stood with her attention fixed on the action of the two principals, who were now crossing the clearing. Baillie who, despite his personal character, was a juvenile actor of exceptional talent, had caught Briscoe's idea and was acting up to his part. Ragged, gaunt-looking, weak, he staggered on half dragging Tanner.

June straightened up and Temple saw her face change unconsciously from curiosity to concern. The dire distress of the two seemed to have actually got over to her.

"By gad," muttered Briscoe to Paul,

"the girl's got imagination. She's acting, she can't help it."

Temple nodded. Meanwhile the minor characters were playing their parts. Indians and trappers registered surprise, then interest, then excitement. They moved towards the starving pair.

Then Temple who was still watching June, saw still another look come into her face, a look of naked anguish and pity that startled him. And suddenly her emotions expressed themselves in action. Totally forgetful of Briscoe's directions, she left her place in the doorway, and with swift strides went towards the central group.

Others had already gathered about the principals, but the girl pushed her way through and went straight to Baillie. So naturally did she do it, and so surely, that in a moment she was in charge, giving directions and dominating the scene. She clung to Baillie, supporting him, and as he leaned on her, simulating weakness, she bent over him with a swift look of compassion and tenderness that to Temple was like the tearing of a veil before sacred things.

"Holy cat! The girl's great!" cried Briscoe, and then bounding forward, shouted, "Whoa! That'll do. Now we'll shoot it. And Miss Magregor, I want you to repeat exactly what you did this time—see?"

At the first sound of the director's voice, June had started with the violence of her wrench back to reality. Now drawing away from Baillie who was grinning at his success, she looked confused and embarrassed.

"Never mind about disobeying orders," Briscoe comforted her. "You got away with it, and I'll forgive you."

At one side Fleming Magregor watched his daughter's *debut* in silence, his pride in her achievement wrestling with his Scotch conscience.

As June went back to her station, Temple turned away from the scene and walked down towards the river. He wanted to be alone. He felt as if his whole being were afire. That look, that moment of tenderness, had revealed to him the existence of the thing he had dreaded above all others—that June was beginning to love Baillie.

That she had betrayed the fact unconsciously was to him the surest proof of its truth; it revealed an inner state of mind

which she probably did not as yet realize herself. Baillie's gradual furtive campaign had swept her unknowing beyond her depth.

And with this realization of June's love for the other, came a second; namely, that, fight and deny as he would, he loved June. Her act had been the tiny flame to set off the train long laid in his heart. His thought, that first day of their meeting, that perhaps she of all the women in the world was to awaken the great love of his life, he knew now to have been a divination.

His long years of waiting had reached their inevitable culmination here, and he was as powerless to stay the sweep of forces within him, as he was to push back the flow of the river along which he walked towards camp.

And what now would be the effect upon his life of these revelations with their concomitant struggles and readjustments?

The first was to effect a swift and complete reversal of his attitude towards Baillie. He shook himself free from the passive course he had felt obliged to maintain, and determined to master not only the man but his influence.

He felt with absolute conviction that June's infatuation for the other (he admitted its existence now) was not love, though she might think it was, and he longed to show her, by the glory of the thing that burned in his heart, the contrast between the two emotions.

But his interest in wresting June from this infatuation for Baillie was not altogether selfish. He was sure of this. He had known Baillie of old. And he knew with absolute certainty that this girl could never find happiness with a man of ideals as far removed from her own as that garish Broadway on which they were fed was from these silent, primal north woods. If she went to New York with Baillie but one fate awaited her, and Temple shuddered as he thought of it.

But here he came face to face with his second and greater problem. He himself was not free. Yet, after long thought, frankly admitting this, he still claimed June.

"Because I made one horrible mistake, must I pay for it all the rest of my life?" he groaned. "Am I never to have happiness?"

His head was bent and his face lined with pain as he walked, fighting this bitterest battle. Then, because love to those natures which ring truest, is a medium for giving, not getting, he pushed the clamorous demands of his own starved nature aside.

To save June! That was the first thing. After that, perhaps, the knotted problem of his own desires. It would require time, that rescue, and it would require more; an ardent courtship which he had not right to pay.

A gust of anger shook him. Right or not, he should pay it. The end justified the means. The hopeless pain such a course might cause him he did not reckon, for, thinking of her, his desired of the world, pain and longing became as naught. Just a little time, he pleaded, just a little time!

The trail debouched into the camp clearing, practically deserted now except for the cooks who were rattling about the big range under the cook tent in the first preparations for dinner. Acrid wood smoke from the stove pipe stung his nostrils.

Paul walked to the edge of the bank that shelved down to the little natural cove where was the camp landing and pier, and looked across the river. The afternoon was drawing down, and the dense green of the pines on the opposite bank looked almost black. The sun and a tingling breeze were in his face.

Then, as he stood, one of two men who were working about an empty barge at the water's edge, suddenly stood erect and shaded his eyes up-river. Then he belowered joyously, "Boat ahoy!" and pointed.

Paul looked, and in the weltering gold of a far bend made out an inch-long black speck which familiarity had taught him was one of the great camp flat boats.

Instantly his whole world crashed about him. In the intense depth of thought and feeling the realization of his love had brought, he had forgotten it. Now the meaning of its approach came home with terrific force.

On that boat was Gertrude. By evening the whole camp would know of his marriage, and, the next day, June. Who would there be then to oppose Baillie? And who to save the girl who could not save herself? What, too, of all his new-sprung hopes and dreams?

(To be continued)

Mollie of the Movies

Her Correspondence: Compiled by
Kenneth McGaffey

Illustrated by Maud Martin Evers

FIFTH REEL

Hollywood, July twelve, 1915.

DEAR Clara Bell,

Of course I have told you the way some of these stars is acting over the success I have been making in the silent dram-a, how they would all go up stage and refuse to go on as long as I was in site. Well I was a permanant member of the Lasky all star stock company for a few minutes and coulda soon been running blanche Sweet a close second when the blow off came. It was this way. Me and Ger-

aldine Farrar, and Mr. De Mille and all of us went down to take the bul fight scenes in Car men, which by the way hasn't got a darn thing to do with cars, but tells all about a lot of Wops, at the Stadium (yes thats the right spelling) before 20,000 of the e-light of Los Angeles when the bul saw me and refused to go on. Wouldn't that fog your film, Even the dumn animal knew he was running up against a artist. When all this happened I hadn't started to act at all. I was just getting my face in shape to register excitement and supprise when the bul crabbed the act. It was a shame to, Clara Bell. Although I was only one of the 20,000 I

knew my work was so distinktive that I would stand out above all the others.

I had it all doped out to do a faint and a comedy fall into the bul ring and hand the bul a hunk of hay in a jaunty manner that would have got me a job for life. Some jealous cat must have told the bul for when he came into the ring he was as mad as all get out.

Clara Bell, I never did see a bul so mad. I wouldn't go near him. He actually acted rough and not like a re-fined animal at all.

I had a hunch that I would be blamed for it so I snuck out of the grandstand and rambled for home. Believe me, Clara Belle, you could of played checkers on my mantila all the way to Hollywood.

Mr. De Mille is a lovely man and has a nice disposition, but they say when he gets mad he would just as soon as not go right down into the ring and run the bul ragged.

Since that time I have not been back. Tomorrow I am going down and see David Work Griffith, the director. I have seen them Gish girls and they don't do a lot of things before the camera that I would and I am going to tell Mr. Griffith about it. I know if he had ever of seen my diploma he would



"'You oughta know better than spoil a perfectly good film by horning in that way,' she says. 'There would be room enough in your mind to stage all the Clansman at once.'"

of given me the part of the Clam in the Clamsman just as well as not.

Well there is a fire sale of beef stew down at one of the cafaterias and I think I will attend.

All for now.

Love,

MOLLIE.

Hollywood july Twenty.

Dear Clara Bell:—

Them that like this battle stuff can have it, but not for me never no more. I just

assaulted the Al-lam-o for David Griffit and I am off conflicts for life. If I was those soldiers in the trenches I would just drop the whole thing and go home. Bul fights is bad enough but battle stuff has it looking like sinful idleness.

Those Mutual-Reliance (correct spelng) studios is a terrible place. Bennie Seedman told me that people had been lost in there for days at a time and they kept dogs there to go out and hunt mising persons. Its all right to start into but once when you get inside unless you carry a map you are gone.

I am offered a engagement, for one day, as a Spanish seenyoureeta for Mr. Chris Cab-annie who is putting on the Al-lam-o. The man said go right back on the stage, but believe me Clara Bell before I found the stage it was time to quit for lunch. You are as apt to end up in a property room as to find the stage you want. They say the thing was built by a Chinamen who went bughouse designing puzles. While I was rambling a round trying to find Cab-Annie and his Al-lam-o I runs right into Mr. Griffit. There he was sit-

ting on the stage with his company a round him telling them about the scrip. Not that I wanted to get Mae Marshes job or anything like that but I horned right in and sat down with the rest of them.

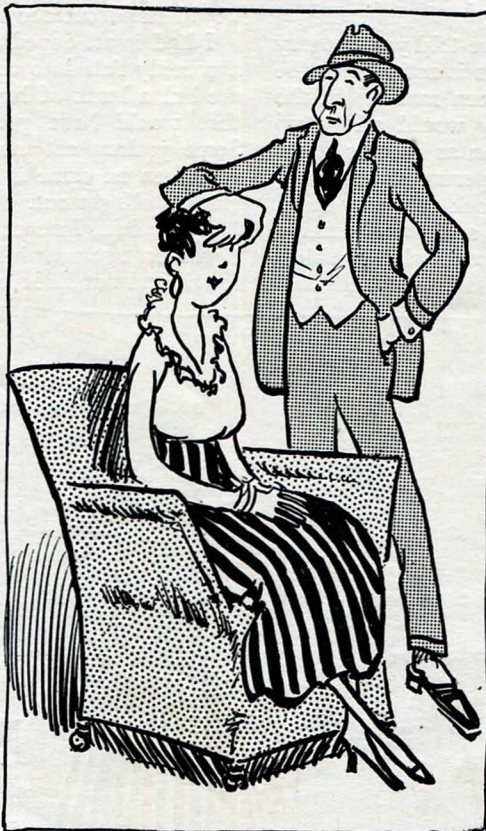
Mr. Griffit caled me over and right there is where the argument started. He pushed back my tresses to take a peek at my four-head and as he turned away he said something. I claim he said "beautiful" while there are others who insist he said "bow-veen." I don't know what the last word

means, but from the actions of some of the cats present I feel that there is a veiled knock in it. Then Mr. Griffit told me I had better run along and not keep Mr. Cab-annie waiting so I stepped right a long, but I know I made an impression for as I left he said "And they kill people like Lew-cresha Bawrgeeah!" I dont know who the lady is but anyway her name is not in Who is Wich in Flimland.

Mr. Cab-annie is a nice little man with a Charley Chaplin mustash. Sam De Grass is in the picture, he is a nice man but he has a mean part. Clara Bell, I could never fall in love with a villan. Wawneeter Hanson is the leading woman. She sem'ed to be all

right, but never acted enough, but would do only wat the director told her. How can those poor nuts know what fire burns in a womans bosom? We were working in interior sets all day with a lot of shoting and things and were just getting ready to go home when Mr. Cab-annie said be back at eight oclock for some night stuff.

What do you think of taking motion pictures at night? This was the attack on



"Mr. Griffit pushed back my tresses to take a peek at my fourhead. . . . I claim he said 'beautiful' but others insist he said 'bowveen.'"

the Al-lam-o over in a vacant lot near the studio.

I was one of the brave defenders inside the building and the mexicans were attacking us from the outside. Everybody was shooting away when I get an idea that would have helped the scene wonderfully so all I did was to open one of the big doors and walk over to where Mr. Cabannie was directing by the camera and asked him in a quiet lady like voice if I couldn't save a child or something. With a prop kid I could have done a dandy close up sliding down a rope or something.

He didnt take it in the helpful spirit I meant at all. You know, dear, some people hate to have suggestions made them. He is one of them. I came darn near going over to Tom Wilson and asking him to come-back long enough to hand the fresh director a haymaker.

Neadless to say I resigned at once. I would not lend my art to any guy who dished up the language he did. No one in Hollywood slept while he was doing the picture and I hope he gets pinched for disturbing the piece.

When I was over taking my makeup off one of the extra girls had the nerve to bawl me out for cutting in on the scene.

"You oughta know better than spoil a couple of miles of perfectly good film by horning in that way," she says. The idear, she said, walking right across the four-

ground when that big battle was going on. You are darned lucky not to have been beaned by a wad from one of the guns. If I had of been the director I would have stuck you head first into one of the canon and a let it rip. If your mind was under diffusers, she says to me, there would be enough room in it to stage all the sceanes of the Clamsman at once.

I wish you could of saw the look I gave her, Clara Bell. All I said was, How your artistic temperment ever got you away from the wash tub is more than I can imagine. With that I sauntered out. When it comes to a call down Clara Bell I am there. None of them have got anything on me. I'll bet if I had of shown her my diploma she would have felt even worse.

These here stars cant make me forsake my art. I got a nice room and a landlady who is not in too much of a hurry and I am eating regularly. I'll make these directors appreciate my talints if I have to start a company of my own. I got to write to the Ten Dollar Mary Pickford for a new diploma. This one is nearly wore out.

Write soon

Love.

MOLLIE.

P. S. One thing I like about the movies is that it keeps you out in the open air. So far that is about the only place I have been.



"I snuck and rambled for home. Believe me, Clara Belle, you could of played checkers on my mantila all the way to Hollywood!"

What They Really Get

A DISCUSSION OF STELLAR SALARIES FROM THE
PRESS-AGENT'S TYPEWRITER TO THE CASHIER'S DESK

By Karl K. Kitchen

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Next to the ages of actresses and the connubial state of matinee idols no matter is of such irritant and piquant perplexity to the fans as the favorite's salary. Genius seems to be measured by the yardstick of weekly dollars in many intelligences, so up and up goes the (pressagentorial) fee, and the most fabulous sums are believed to be paid the creators of that drama which has no third dimension. There are of course great salaries paid to screen players—to a few screen players, but when you hear most of the big salary talk you are safe in using long division. The fact that a few get tremendous sums is in itself proof that the many do not. If they did, where would the money come from? Some of the latest announcements (from the companies themselves) state that Keystone has offered Weber & Fields \$100,000 for the half year beginning in the autumn. Fox, they say, is paying William Farnum \$75,000 a year; Billie Burke \$40,000 for a few months' work; and the Famous Players, to Marguerite Clark, \$50,000.

Karl K. Kitchen, of the New York World, is not a metropolitan but a cosmopolitan newspaper man, who from Petrograd to Paducah is rated as one who is distinctly "in the know."

SOME weeks before Charles Frohman sailed on his last voyage, he walked into the office of his brother, Daniel Frohman, at the moving picture studio of the Famous Players Film Company, on West 26th Street. C. F. had come to chat. Also he had come with a question in his mind.

"Dan," he said, "they are saying that you have an actress here to whom you pay \$1,000 a week right through the year. Is that so?"

"Yes," said brother Dan, "we've got one here to whom we pay \$2,000 a week, right through the year."

C. F. was impatient, yet half credulous.

"Look here, Dan," he said in a moment, "let's not lie to each other. You know I know something about the show business. Such a contract would ruin you."

Brother Dan liked the situation. He could be indulgent and triumphant.

"Well, Charlie," he said and reached into a desk drawer, "these don't lie, do they?" He handed his brother a bunch of vouchers. "You'll notice that the weeks are consecutive," he finished.

C. F. ran rapidly through the cancelled vouchers. They were weekly salary checks to Mary Pickford.

"Well, I'm glad that I'm not in the pic-

ture business," was his only comment.

Some weeks later Daniel Frohman was at his brother's office in the Empire Theater Building. The two men talked half business, half personalities, as was their wont.

"Still paying \$2,000 salaries at your place," bantered C. F.

"Yes, Charlie. Why?"

"No particular reason. I just wanted to know if you were still in the business before I returned the compliment. Do you know how much Maude Adams made for me season before last?"

"No, I never heard."

"Give a guess."

Brother Dan reflected and then ventured that the tour had netted \$75,000 or \$80,000.

"You're way off, way off, Dan," exulted C. F. "My net profit on her tour that season was exactly \$171,000."

"Now Charlie," said Dan, "I know something about the show business myself."

"I'll soon convince you, Dan," said C. F. "Come into this room."

"When we went into the next room," said Daniel Frohman as he recounted the story to the writer; "Charlie got out the books and showed me the weekly receipts, just as they had been entered right through the season. I never saw such figures.

Mary Pickford's salary is unique in the motion picture industry. Her earning capacity and tremendous following can only be compared with that of Maude Adams.

Every week was in the neighborhood of seventeen or eighteen thousand dollars. And there it was in black and white—one hundred and seventy-one thousand dollars."

This little incident was related to the writer by Daniel Frohman and it authenticates the oft printed stories that Miss Mary Pickford receives a weekly salary of \$2,000 fifty-two weeks of the year. But Miss Pickford's salary is unique in the motion picture industry. Her earning capacity and tremendous following can only be compared with that of Maude Adams. For she is indeed the Maude Adams of the film.

Just as the salaries of actors and actresses in the "legitimate" are usually one-half or one-third of the amount stated by their managers or press agents, the salaries of film stars are only a fraction of what the public is told they receive. In fact, when it is announced that a film star receives a certain amount, the safe rule is to divide it by two and then subtract one-third of the quotient if you are anxious to arrive at the real salary of the player. The fault of exaggeration seems to be inherent in everything connected with the amusement business, and it is found in its most flagrant form when actors' salaries are discussed.

What, then, are the real salaries paid to movie actors and actresses?

With the exception of Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and possibly Marguerite Clarke, there is no film star in America who receives more than \$750 a week as salary. Yet dozens of legitimate and vaudeville stars earn that amount in the aggregate. Recognized film favorites like Clara Kimball Young, Florence Lawrence, Blanche Sweet, Norma Phillips, Anita Stewart and Ruth Stonehouse, receive from \$200 to \$500 a week. This is the weekly salary of Clara Kimball Young, who ranks second only to Mary Pickford in popularity. When it comes to male film stars, their salaries are considerably less. From \$100 to \$400 is the weekly salary for leading men like King Baggott, Francis X. Bushman, Arthur Johnson, Maurice Costello and Carlyle Blackwell.

Here are some specifically stated salaries,

per week: J. Warren Kerrigan, \$400; Earle Williams, \$300; Mary Fuller, \$500; Mabel Normand, \$500 and Charlie Chaplin, \$1,200.

"Legitimate" stars who take fliers in the movies—that is, who are engaged for a single picture—make the big salaries in the motion picture business at the present time.

But their salaries are exaggerated in the same way as those of the film stars.

As a general rule "legitimate" stars who go into the movies are not paid by the week, but by the picture. They frequently receive a stipulated sum for the picture—whether it takes four, five six or even seven weeks to make

it. Four or five weeks is the average length of time required to make "a feature film," and during that period the actors engaged for it may be required to give from two to ten hours daily.

The largest sum ever paid a legitimate actor or actress for making a picture was paid to Sarah Bernhardt. She received \$30,000 from the Famous Players Film Co., for about six weeks' work. However, this was done largely for the sake of prestige. In fact, it was the opening wedge for the entrance of legitimate stars into the motion picture business. The moving picture makers knew that if Sarah Bernhardt posed for them no American actor or actress would refuse to do so on the ground that it was beneath their dignity.

Geraldine Farrar is receiving, I should say, a salary nearly, but not quite equal to Mme. Bernhardt's for her summer's work in California.

There are many prominent stars who have not yet acted for the movies, but almost without exception it is because the price they have put on their services has been too high for the film companies. On the other hand, so many legitimate actors have offered their services to the film companies that the latter are able to get well-known players at practically their own figures.

Three famous actresses who received record breaking amounts for single pictures are Ethel Barrymore, Lillian Russell and Mrs. Fiske. Miss Barrymore received

\$12,500; Mrs. Fiske the same amount, and Miss Russell something less than \$10,000 and a percentage of the profits. But \$4,000 or less is the usual honorarium of a star of established reputation for a feature film requiring four, five or six weeks' time. And not a few well-known stars are glad to accept \$3,000 or even \$2,000—if they are hard up.

Some of the film companies engage legitimate actors by the week. The largest weekly salary was paid to Pauline Frederick. She received \$2,000 a week and her expenses in Rome, while the "Eternal City" film was made. As it required nearly four weeks to make the picture, it will be seen that Miss Frederick received a record breaking compensation—quite as much as was paid to Lina Cavalieri for the "Manon Lescaut" film. Cavalieri was promised \$20,000 but received only part of it.

Marie Dressler and May Irwin are two famous comedy women who have received big sums for appearing before the moving picture camera. Miss Dressler received \$10,000 from the Keystone Film Co. for two pictures, and a contract calling for 50 per cent. of the net receipts from the income of the two films. However, the \$10,000 was in the nature of advance to Miss Dressler, as it is to be deducted eventually from her share of the profits. It is not unlikely that Miss Dressler will make \$50,000 from the two films during the coming year, if the contract is carried out. It is now being disputed in the courts. She spent fourteen weeks making the pictures—an unusually long time. Undoubtedly her contract calls for the largest percentage of profits ever given a star by a moving picture company. Within the last few weeks Miss Dressler has won an action against Keystone in which she demanded an accounting of all the receipts of "Tillie's Punctured Romance."

May Irwin received \$7,000 from the Famous Players Film Co. for one picture. In addition she was given a contract calling for a royalty on the number of feet of film put into circulation above a certain figure.

James K. Hackett, who was one of the first of the stage's well known actors to ap-

pear before the camera, turned down a proposition to star with Pearl White in "The New Exploits of Elaine" on account of his intention of appearing in "Othello" and "Macbeth" next season, and his desire to spend the summer in getting ready. He told me he was offered \$10,000 for the series.

Martha Hedman received \$1,500 for a single picture, recently made at the Peerless studios, with some scenes taken at Highland Falls, N. Y.

J. Stuart Blackton told me that John Bunny was never paid more than \$500 a week by the Vitagraph company. And Commodore Blackton ought to know.

Many actresses, less well-known than Miss Irwin, receive so much per day and expenses for making pictures in which they are featured. For instance, Miss Marguerite Leslie was paid \$50 a day for a recent feature film.

There is a tendency among prominent legitimate actors and actresses to demand royalties—based on the number of feet of film put out above a stipulated amount necessary to bring a profit to the film company, or a percentage of the net profits. Such arrangements, of course, greatly increase their earnings—if the pictures are successful. In addition, several legitimate actors and film stars have blocks of stock in the film companies for which they act. Consequently their net earnings exceed the salaries of some other equally competent players. But in nearly every instance the statement of their earnings is exaggerated.

The highest salary ever paid to a foreign dramatic actress to come to America to make a picture was the \$1,000 weekly salary which was paid by William Fox to Betty Nansen, the famous Danish actress. When Miss Nansen arrived in New York, it was announced that

\$2,000 was her weekly salary. Thus it will be seen that she is receiving less than half of the stated amount, for a big commission comes out of her weekly salary. Gaby Deslys received \$15,000 for a single picture from the Famous Players Co., a film which was made in Paris. This is a record amount for a foreign player.

With the exception of Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and possibly Marguerite Clarke, there is no film star in America who receives more than \$750 a week as salary.

Of course many legitimate actors in addition to recognized stars are employed by companies making feature films. These players of more or less prominence—actors and actresses who appear in the support of stars on Broadway—receive from \$10 to \$50 a day. The legitimate actor or actress receives more money than the film player, not because he or she is better qualified for the work, but because their names are supposed to give "class" to a film. Consequently film companies like the Famous Players and the Jesse Lasky Feature Play Company pay higher salaries than the companies which make general films.

As an example of the salaries paid to well-known "top-liners" the \$500 a week to Annette Kellerman while the film called "Neptune's Daughter" was being made is significant. Miss Kellerman was given an interest in the film, which later she disposed of for \$12,000.

Such a well-known actor as George Fawcett received \$2,400 to go to California to make one picture. Jane Cowl, Dustin Farnum, William Courtleigh, John Barrymore, Macklyn Arbuckle, and dozens of other

legitimate players receive less than \$4,000 for each feature film in which they appear. At the present time the tendency is toward cuts in salaries. And for a second picture a legitimate actor or actress receives much less than for a "first appearance."

The really big money that has been made and is being made in the motion picture industry—always aside from Mary Pickford's remarkable salary—is being made by the manufacturers and owners of big blocks of stock in film companies. J. Stuart Blackton, S. Lubin, W. N. Selig, Carl Laemmle, George Kleine and George K. Spoor are a few of the new crop of moving picture millionaires. As many more are on the road to future fortunes.

Among the technical directors who receive large salaries are David Wark Griffith, whose film "The Birth of a Nation" is earning large returns, Tom Ince, Mack Sennett and Edwin S. Porter of the Famous Players. Their earnings are very large, because in addition to their salaries they receive royalties on the films manufactured, or have large holdings in the companies.

Why are "Kitten Girls?"

"WHY," complained a picture 'fan,' "do they use so many fluffy little kitten girls in the moving pictures?"

This important query, affecting the future peace of nations, was referred to a well known director who is rather noted for using so many girls of this type in his pictures.

He smole a sly smile.

"Picture theaters," he said, "Have grown much larger in the past year or two. The result is that the figures on the screens have to be a great deal larger.

"In a recent 'closeup' that I produced, the face of the girl shown was over six feet across. Her eyes were more than a foot and a half wide. If she had had any wrinkles in her face, they would have looked like Panama canals. On account of this excessive enlargement it is important to use girls whose faces have not many lines. Hence the fluffy kitten."

Long live her fluffiness!

The Mother Tongue Wags

THE poor old English language of Shakespeare has a hard time keeping pace with invention these days. Hurried human thought hasn't time to go dawdling around the nice hedge-rowed paths of syntax, but takes a short cut and adds another to the lexicon of slang. As a result our old mother-tongue is hanging out from exhaustion like a rabbit dog's, and is fast falling back to be cared for by the professorial Red Cross who are in the caboose of progress with Sanskrit and the early Chinese writings.

Among the contributions of motion pictures to the language is the phrase "Acting on the dime," a georgeade meaning acting in photoplays. The expression is derived from the early plaints of actors who found that they had much less room to work in pictures than on the stage. When a profession grows its own slang is usually means it has come to stay, and "Acting on the dime" is as good as it comes.

HINTS on PHOToplay WRITING

By Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

Photoplay Magazine's authority in this department is one of the most successful scenario



editors and writers in the world. Many of the most interesting film features are his creations.

VI

EDITOR'S NOTE:—A concrete example is of great service by way of illustration. At the request of the Editor of PHOToplay MAGAZINE Captain Peacocke has selected, with great care, from hundreds of manuscripts which came to him in his executive capacity, a two-reel scenario. The "working text" is herewith reproduced just as it was used in the Universal studios. The author is Max K. Rausch. The photoplay was directed by Ben Wilson, and it featured Mr. Wilson and Miss Frances Nelson. It is to be commended for its conciseness, and its small cast of players. At this juncture in Captain Peacocke's instructive chapters it is deemed advisable to present a distinct "example," even though the price is the omission, for one month only, of this department's entertaining as well as authoritative information on the invention and construction of photoplays. Do not miss Captain Peacocke's November instalment; it is brimful of facts that every photoplay-maker, amateur or professional, ought to know.

"Neutrality"—A War Drama in Two Reels.

SYNOPSIS. Alphonse Marteau, a Frenchman, and his daughter, Jeanette, live on ranch; his neighbor, Franz Schmitt, German, and his son, live on adjoining ranch. Both Marteau and Schmitt are veterans of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. They are good friends though and Max, son of Schmitt, is suitor for Jeanette. Jeanette is knitting scarf for Schmitt's birthday.

News of the European war comes to both families, bringing back to both men the memory of their fighting, 44 years ago. Schmitt goes to Marteau and finds the tricolor on the staff before his house; enters house and finds Marteau in old uniform, covered with decorations; Marteau in great excitement starts argument and gets insulting, finally striking Schmitt with his sword. Max coming in with Jeanette, Marteau forbids Jeanette further friendship with Max; Max takes his father home. There Schmitt orders Max to put German flag on his staff and to get old German uniform with the

Iron Cross decoration. Max refuses; Schmitt gets them himself.

Two weeks later. Schmitt recovered from Marteau's sword wound. Max meets Jeanette coincidentally on river where she is getting water; they plan to reconcile their parents. In the meanwhile Schmitt went riding and finds Marteau unconscious, owing to a fallen log. Schmitt binds up Marteau's injured arm with scarf Jeanette made him, which he always wears. Schmitt places him across his horse; brings him to Marteau's home. Schmitt leaves Marteau in care of Jeanette.

When Marteau recovers consciousness he recognizes Schmitt's scarf and feels remorse; he sends for Schmitt and Max and a reconciliation follows. A picture comes to both men's minds; both see themselves in their uniforms while between them stand Max and Jeanette, holding stars and stripes. So peace and contentment reigned in both hearts.

Moral: In a neutral country be neutral.

CAST:

Alphonse Marteau, - - French farmer
Jeanette, - - - - - His daughter
Franz Schmitt, - - - - -
- - - - - German neighbor of Marteau
Max, - - - - - His son
A mail carrier.

LEADER: Subtitle 1. Peace and Friendship.

Scene 1. Parlor in Schmitt's house. Schmitt on. Schmitt reading; Max enters

with game; congratulates his father on birthday.

2. Exterior of Marteau's house. Marteau comes out; looks around; re-enters.

3. Parlor interior. Jeanette on. Marteau comes in, looking for Jeanette; finds her knitting scarf for Schmitt's birthday.

4. Close. Jeanette shows scarf to her father.

5. Parlor same as scene 3. Marteau and Jeanette leave room.

6. Exterior of Marteau's house, same as in 2. Marteau and Jeanette leave on

horseback to see Schmitt and bring scarf and wishes to birthday.

7. Woods. Show Marteau and Jeanette riding.

8. Exterior of Schmitt's house. Marteau and Jeanette arrive; knock at door.

9. Parlor in Schmitt's house, same as in 1. Schmitt and Max on. Marteau and Jeanette enter, received joyfully; make merry; Jeanette puts scarf on Schmitt; joy and thanks; Max and Jeanette exit.

10. Schmitt's garden. Jeanette and Max caressing.

11. Garden. Schmitt and Marteau walking in garden.

12. Bench in garden. Max and Jeanette on, caressing; the two fathers come from behind bush and watch them delightedly; lovers walk out of scene; fathers shake hands.

Subtitle 2. Sad Tidings.

13. Schmitt's garden. Schmitt and son working in garden; mail carrier enters, bringing mail with news of European war.

14. Close. Show paper close, containing news about war between France and Germany.

15. Back to scene 13. Schmitt and son express regrets.

16. Schmitt's stable. Schmitt and son saddling horses to bring news to Marteau.

17. Fields. Schmitt and son riding.

18. Marteau's garden. Marteau on. Receives mail and news about the war; goes excitedly into the house.

19. Parlor. Jeanette on. Marteau enters excitedly; shows papers to daughter; Marteau takes flag from cupboard and both exit.

20. Exterior of Marteau's house. Marteau and Jeanette come out of house; Marteau starts to put up flag; Jeanette protests, no use; flag goes up.

21. Parlor, same as in 19. Jeanette enters, sobbing.

22. Road. Schmitt and son riding.

23. Parlor, same as 19. Jeanette on. Marteau enters in uniform with decorations, poses and flourishes sword.

Subtitle 3. Fighting Old Battles.

24. Garden. Jeanette on. Schmitt and son arrive and greet Jeanette; exchange news; Schmitt asks for Marteau; Schmitt goes towards house, while Max and Jeanette seat themselves on bench.

25. Window. Schmitt looking through window, sees—

26. Parlor. Marteau posing in uniform.

27. Window, same as 25. Schmitt looking into window; goes toward door.

28. Door. Schmitt knocks at door.

29. Parlor, same as 26. Marteau hears knock at door; goes to open door.

30. Door. Schmitt on. Marteau opens; Schmitt enters.

31. Parlor. Schmitt enters, offering Marteau hand in greeting; Marteau refuses; starts argument about war.

32. Bench in garden. Max and Jeanette kissing.

33. Parlor, same as 31. Marteau gets insulting, strikes Schmitt with sword.

34. Bench in garden, same as 32. Max and Jeanette hear noise in house; exit.

Subtitle 4. The Other Veteran of the Franco-Prussian War.

35. Parlor, same as 33. Marteau and Schmitt on; Schmitt wounded on head; Max and Jeanette enter; Marteau forbids Jeanette further friendship; Max and his father exit.

36. Room in Schmitt's house. Schmitt and son enter; Schmitt orders Max to take German flag from bureau and bring German uniform; Max protests; Schmitt gets flag himself.

37. Garden before Schmitt's house. Schmitt comes out from house and puts up German flag.

Subtitle 5. For the Fatherland.

38. Attic. Schmitt getting uniform from old trunk, lovingly.

39. Parlor in Schmitt's house. Max on. Schmitt enters with uniform and shows to son the single decoration, The Iron Cross, telling him about the war of 1870.

40. Close. The Iron Cross.

Subtitle 6. Lonely Hearts.

41. Mountain and woods. Max sitting on log; whittles stick; downcast; exits.

42. Mountain overlooking Marteau's farm. Max enters and looks to farm longingly.

43. Fade in Jeanette in her garden.

44. Back to scene 42. Max exits.

45. Bench in garden. Jeanette sitting on bench, lonely and dreaming.

46. Fade in scene 32.

47. Back to scene 45. Jeanette kissing her ring and weeping.

Subtitle 7. Two Weeks Later.

48. Garden before Schmitt's house. Max cleaning fishing net; Schmitt comes and asks son to come with him hunting; Max refuses; Schmitt exits.

49. River. Max sitting by the river fishing; Jeanette appears on opposite side to get water.

50. Shows Max crossing river.

51. Other side of river. Jeanette on. Max comes through river; Jeanette falls weeping in his arm.

52. Close view of Max and Jeanette.

53. Back to scene 51. Max and Jeanette seated on rock; plan to make peace between their parents.

Subtitle 8. Anxious for News.

54. Parlor in Schmitt's house. Schmitt reading paper; happy over news of German victory.

55. Paper close; headlines, news of German victory.

56. Marteau's parlor. Marteau reading same paper; anger and disgust.

Subtitle 9. The Next Day.

57. Marteau's garden. Marteau reading paper; French repulsing Germans; shows happiness.

58. Paper close; headlines of French repulsing Germans.

59. Schmitt's parlor. Schmitt reading same paper; disgust.

Subtitle 10. The Accident.

60. Woods. Marteau busy with cutting tree; tree falls striking head and pinning arm; unconscious.

61. Close; close view of Marteau

pinned under log and still unconscious.

62. Woods. Schmitt riding; sees Marteau; hastens forward.

63. Woods, same as 60. Schmitt arrives; pushes tree back.

64. Close. Schmitt kneeling at Marteau's side; binds injured arm to splint with scarf.

65. Back to scene 60. Shows Schmitt taking Marteau on his horse and leading him to his home (Marteau's home).

Subtitle 11. Good for Evil.

66. Gate at Marteau's garden. Jeanette leaning on gate dejectedly; sees Schmitt approaching with Marteau over horse; Schmitt takes Marteau from horse and brings him into house.

67. Marteau's room. Schmitt and Jeanette bring Marteau in and lay him on couch; with kind words to Jeanette, Schmitt exits.

68. Close. Marteau recovers consciousness; recognizes Schmitt's scarf; is remorseful.

69. Back to scene 67. Jeanette enters; Marteau shows her scarf and tells her that Schmitt saved his life. Bids her to go and bring him; she exits.

Subtitle 12. Reconciliation.

70. Schmitt's garden. Schmitt and Max on; Jeanette arrives; asks them to come to her father.

71. Marteau's room, same as in 67. All enter Marteau's room; Marteau extends hand to Schmitt, which is gladly taken.

72. Vision. Marteau and Schmitt in uniforms; Jeanette and Max between them, holding stars and stripes.

73. Back to scene 71. Schmitt seated by Marteau's couch; Jeanette in Max's arms, kissing, etc. Happiness. Fade out.

The Movies Make 'em Miss—

The Small Boy—All day suckers; the swimming hole; dime novels; tick-tack raids; cigarettes; chores; lessons.

The Working Man—Settling the European war; socialist meetings; Lemp's; the evening paper; Anheuser; Pabst.

The Nursemaid—Washing the baby; washing the baby's four-cornered toga; kissing the park cop; kissing the "mars-ter;" Laura Jean Libbey's works.

The Hypochondriac—The joys of misery; visits to the doctor; symptom symposiums; Peruna; the clairvoyant; the spiritualist fest.

The Commuter—His supper; Saturday night shave; the boys in the back room; the date with the wife; Kelly pool; the last train.

The Saloonkeeper—Old friends; cash-register rhapsodies; beery singing; the face on the bar-room floor; feet on the third rail.



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Where millions of people—men, women and children—gather daily, many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. A prize of \$5.00 will be given for the best story each month, and one dollar for every one printed. The stories must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to put your name and address on your contribution. Think of the funniest thing you have ever heard at the movies and send it in. You may win the five-dollar prize.

Baby's Pin-money—Gets \$5

ROSTENSTEIN took his wife and baby to the picture show, but while there the infant began to cry, and the Rosenstein family was requested to leave, the manager refunding the money.

Next week, while at the same theater Rosenstein became bored.

"Do you like this show, Becky?" he asked his wife.

"No, it's bum," she replied.

"All right," said Rosenstein, getting his hat.

"Stick a pin in the baby."

*E. D. Hallock,
Baltimore, Md.*

Amorous Incurable

A MAN had just died in the picture, with his eyes wide open. Suddenly he blinked.

"Oh, the dead man winked," cried a girl to her escort.

"Well," explained the explainer; "he's just flirting with death."

*Naomi Esse,
Newark, N. J.*

Eternal Masculine

THE ladies were as black as the No. 8 pool ball, and as woolly as the West.

"Say, Pansy," asked one, "what Rastus done git married foh?"

"I don't know, Liza chile; de Lawd knows he keeps right on wuk-kin."

*Victor C. Casper,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.*

Lunacies of the Wealthy

ON the screen, head bowed, the "high class" pater familias was asking the breakfast blessing.

A small piping voice was heard to exclaim: "Oh, Mama, he's talkin' to his taters, same as papa says they does."

Florence House, Springville, Iowa.

Hand-Me-Down Cachinnation

WILL you please remove your hat?" implored the thin man. "Why should I?" snapped the fat lady, ahead.

"I paid, and I want to laugh, too," pleaded the t. m.

"Well, you watch my shoulders, and when I laugh, you laugh," giggled the hateful f. l.

Ruth Bell, Bronx, N. Y.



Achilleian Armor

OUR hero was leading the last desperate charge, which was to turn the tide of battle. Shells burst above him, bullets whistled through the air, his men fell all around him, but he rushed on unscathed. "He must be wearing Paris garters," remarked the nut.

"Why?" innocently inquired the victim. "Apparently," said the nut, "no metal can touch him."

T. C. Rogers, Binghamton, N. Y.

Provident Providence

TWO middle aged women had followed the ordeals of the young wife of a movie drunkard, with their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Things went from bad to worse, until triplets came to the sad wife.

"Oh the poor thing," wept one of the women. "What'll she do now?"

"I don't know," sniffled the other cheerlessly, "but when God sent the rabbits, he sent also the grass."

*George N. Eriksen,
Elizabeth, N. J.*

Love's New Etymology

THE lights of the parlor burned low. Curled in a deep leather chair, eyes closed, small Johnny chaperoned his sister and her beau. The lovers thinking Johnny asleep began to knock a few kisses back and forth. At one of these pleasant junctures, father entered.

"Here, what's going on?" he demanded drily.

"We were just discussing the kith and kin of the movie actors," replied the frustrated daughter. "Weren't we, Johnny?"

"Yeth," replied that derelict chaperon. "Mr. Smith would say, 'May I have a kith?' and Sis would say, 'You kin.'"

*Joseph J. Fitzgerald,
Everett, Mass.*

A Hold-up Imminent

FOUR - YEAR - OLD Johnny was crying because he had to leave the theater, after merely seeing the show once.

"Be a good boy," coaxed Mama, "and when the ice cream man goes by tomorrow I'll give you five cents."

"You give me five thents," sniffled Johnny, appeased, "and the ithe tream man won't go by; he'll thop."

*Pauline Sterling, E.
Watertown, N. Y.*

The Reason at Last

THERE was a scene on the screen of an old man on his death bed. He had taken an oath to die with his boots on. He takes advantage of the nurse's absence to get his shoes and draw them on.

"What does he want to die with his boots on for?" inquired the person who asks such questions.

"Oh," said the fellow, who answers them, "so he won't stub his toes when he kicks the bucket."

George W. Lawrence, Oakland, Cal.

Leads Dual Life

THE picture play was very moral and strong for the uplift. A man whose pious roundness of spectacle seemed to mark him one of the cloth turned to a young man in the seat beside him, and inquired sepulchrally:

"My friend to what end has your life work been directed?"

"To both ends," came the reply smartly. "I have the only first class hat and shoe store in

my town. Here's my card. Look me up."
Edward A. Fuller, Hyattsville, Md.

An Angry Spell

FOUR-YEAR-OLD RUTH was occupying a seat directly in front of two disapproving old ladies. While waiting for the lights to be lowered the child amused herself by kneeling in the seat and surveying the audience.

"Not very p-r-e-t-t-y," one of the women spelled, critically to the other.

"No, not very pretty, but quite s-m-a-r-t!" small Ruth snapped over the back of the seat.

*Florence Townsend,
New York.*



Da bum-a hurda-gurd'

A CAMERA man was taking a picture in a small village. A little girl who had been spreading her skirts and tentatively trying a few dance steps, approached him in deep disgust.

"Mister," she said, "it's out of tune; and where is the monkey?"

Clara M. Porter, Chicago.

His Hopes Dashed

"A H," exclaimed the enraptured young thing, "the climax of his wooing was so romantic. He proposed to her on the verge of a mountain gorge."

"What did she do?" gasped the other.

"Threw him over."

Mabel McNeill, Sydney, Nova Scotia.

How Much for Babies?

ONE of the ads which were shown on the screen between the reels caused almost as much merriment as the pictures themselves. It read:

Delicious Ice Cream Sodas, 10 cents at 5 cents.

Blank's; Children,
Miss Cora Slorahn, Chicago, Ill.

Dress Rehearsal

TWO ladies conversed animatedly, while their husbands enjoyed the pictures. As the awkward girl in the picture stepped on her hostess' dress, the men laughed brutally.

"What happened? Why do you laugh?" demanded a wife.

"Dear, the heroine just stepped on the train before it was wrecked."

"It's horrible of you to laugh. Nevertheless I wish I had been paying attention, for I love those sensational wrecks. What caused it?"

"Oh, just a wrong little switch."

Floyd Laver, Erie, Pa.

THE SECOND SHOT

By Elliott Balestier

HOW INNOCENCE FACED THE
MURDERER'S GIBBET FOR LOVE

Illustrations by Lubin

ALICE JASON hesitated. She did not like John Anthony—did not trust him at any time, and tonight she had a dim idea that he had made too frequent trips to the sideboard. His rather coarse face was flushed, and the expression of his bold eyes vaguely disturbed her.

Still he had done or said nothing in the least out of the way, and there was really no reason why she should refuse his request that they sit out the remainder of the dance. It really *was* too hot for dancing anyway. So she allowed him to lead her from the drawing-room into the dim, cool shadows of the conservatory.

But almost at once—in spite of reason—she regretted her decision. There was that in the increased pressure with which he held her hand within his arm, and led her deeper into the narrow, green aisles, that

rang the subtle alarm bell in her brain.

She stopped, striving with a light laugh to throw off the nervousness that oppressed her.

"Really," she said, "I believe it is warmer here than dancing." She strove to withdraw her arm, but Anthony held it pressed tightly against him.

"Do you?" he replied turning towards her. "I *always* find it warmer—and pleasanter—when I'm alone with you."

"Mr. Anthony!" The girl stiffened, again trying to release her hand from his arm, but before she could free it he had imprisoned it in his.

"Don't play with me, Alice," he said. "You know I love you. You must know that."

Alice drew herself up.

"I know you are our guest," she said coldly. "And I believe you are—not yourself. Therefore I can overlook this insult—*once*. Kindly take me back."

"Phil, don't!" she cried. "Don't make a scene! Remember, he is our guest!"

"Is it an insult to love a woman?" he persisted, still detaining her hand. "Most women don't think so—in their hearts."

"It is for *you*," she replied desperately. "You are not free, nor am I. You know I am engaged to Phil Dunbar."

"Dunbar," repeated Anthony contemptuously. "That—milk-sop!"

"He is at least a gentleman," flashed Alice, anger banishing the last of her fear. "Take me back instantly or I shall call him and my father."

But instead of obeying, Anthony swung her around and gripped



From the photoplay of the same name by George W. Terwilliger

her with fierce fingers by her other arm.

"Don't play the ingenue, Alice," he said harshly. "I'm not a boy to be made a fool of. You know I want you and what I want I get. Any man does who is a man. Oh! I have no objection to Dunbar as a fiancé," he added with a short, ugly laugh, "or a husband either, so long as he doesn't interfere with your loving me—and you must, for I'll make you."

With a swift, brutal movement he drew her to him, and for a moment she felt his hot, liquor-laden breath on her cheek, then suddenly the arms that held her were torn away; she heard the sound of a heavy blow on naked flesh, and Anthony reeling back had fallen panting and glaring upon a bench, while Phil, mad with rage, seemed about to hurl himself upon the cowering form.

But Alice sprang forward and seized the uplifted arm. "Phil, don't!" she cried. "Don't make a scene! Remember he is our guest."

But Dunbar was beside himself. "Let me go!" he cried. "Let me kill the beast! I heard what he said! I heard—"

Anthony stood up, a cold sneer on his lips. He was a larger man than Dunbar, and far more powerful; on even terms Phil would have stood little chance, but the test was not to be made, for the stern voice of Alice's father interrupted them.

"This is my affair, Philip," he said curtly, his keen gray eyes taking in every detail of the scene. "You will oblige me by taking Alice back to the drawing room. As for you, sir," he continued coldly, turning to Anthony, "you are, much as I regret it, my guest—"

"A condition," interrupted Anthony with a sneer, "that need not embarrass you much longer."

"That will not embarrass me a minute longer," replied the old man fiercely. "Go, sir, at once! My patience is not inexhaustible."

"And let me warn you, you hound," flared Phil, despite Alice's efforts to get him away, "that next time we meet I'll be free—to kill you—and by God I'll do it too!"

It was not conscious melodrama. He was very young and very hot-headed, and he

meant exactly what he said at the minute. And he said: "By God, I'll kill you."

II.

Alice felt that she could not face her guests again that night in any case. She must have time to recover her poise.

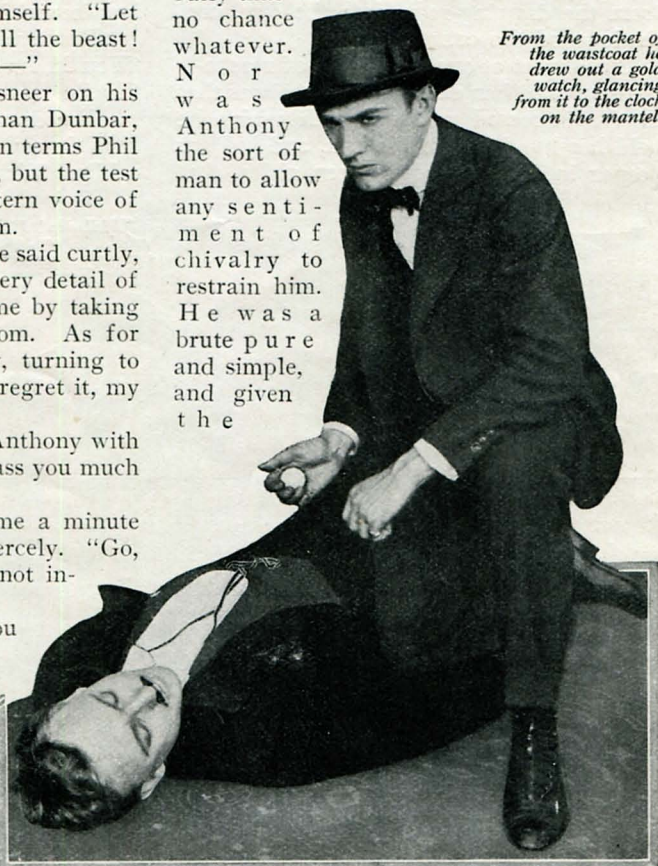
So begging her father to make some excuse for her she slipped around the veranda to her room, which faced the terraced garden on the lower floor of the rambling, bungalow-like house, and shaken and trembling, now that the reaction had set in, threw herself upon her bed.

Presently as she grew calmer her thoughts turned to Phil. That his threats were merely the reckless words of a hot-headed boy she knew, but what if he met Anthony before his anger had cooled and time brought wiser counsels.

He might attack him, and she realized fully that that man to man Dunbar would stand no chance whatever.

Nor was Anthony the sort of man to allow any sentiment of chivalry to restrain him. He was a brute pure and simple, and given the

From the pocket of the waistcoat he drew out a gold watch, glancing from it to the clock on the mantel.



chance would undoubtedly vent his anger on the weaker man without any compunction.

She must see Phil before he left the house, and talk sense to him. Rising, she switched on the light and hastily scribbling a note, asking him to meet her at their usual trysting place under the elm in the garden at eleven-thirty, rang for her maid and dispatched it. The local visitors would leave by eleven, she knew, and by half past the last of the house guests would have gone to their rooms.

For a long time she lay there thinking, but gradually the weariness that follows excessive emotion overcame her and she slept.

It was the staccato roar of motors, and the sound of laughter that finally woke her, and she waited until the last car of departing guests had sped on its way and silence had settled over the house.

Then with a dark cloak over her evening dress, Alice slipped out of her window, and stole through the garden, to the big elm with its cozy rustic bench, half hidden, by the bower of vines that covered it.

But Phil was not there. It was eleven thirty-five. Why had he not come? It was not like him to be late. Perhaps he had gone home first to change his evening clothes, and something had detained him. That *must* be it. Alice sank upon the bench, her eyes following the gravel path that led to the garden gate. When Phil came she could see him the moment he entered the gate.

But he did not come. Five—ten minutes passed. Fearing now that her absence from the house might be noted, she rose to return to her room. At this moment the shadow which had been stealthily fleeing before the moon drew away and revealed something black—black, yet glittering in the path.

What was it? What—? It looked like—! With a choking, gasping cry she sank back, clutching the arm of the bench convulsively. It was a foot—a foot incased in a shining patent-leather shoe! A man's foot! Phil's!

She could not think; only the words pounded, shrieked, in her brain—"Phil is there! Phil is dead!" over and over in meaningless repetition.

Then suddenly she remembered that Phil never wore patent leather shoes. In the

flood of relief that the memory brought she almost forgot her terror.

Immediately her natural courage reasserted itself. Someone was lying there—hurt—perhaps dead.

Springing to her feet, she hurried forward and bent over the form stretched by the side of the path, and once more horror and terror overcame her. But it was a different terror this time. It was not as it had been when she imagined it to be Phil, yet it was for Phil that she feared, for the man who lay before her, his arms thrown wide, mouth open and eyes staring, was John Anthony—dead; and the dark stain that spread over the lower part of his shirt front and white waistcoat told only too plainly how he had died.

Alice's brain reeled with the rush of thoughts that flooded it. Had Phil done this? He had said—! Had anyone beside herself and her father heard his words? She didn't know. She wasn't sure, but it was more than possible—it was probable, and if so suspicion would point at once to him. Unless? Could it be that in a fit of remorse—or self-disgust—? But no, John Anthony was not the kind of man to kill himself.

But as the thought had come to her she had instinctively stepped back, and now as her eyes swept the graveled path, a cry of joy escaped her, and stooping she seized the small revolver that lay almost under her feet.

But even as she touched it the cry died to a smothered, hopeless, sob, for she knew the weapon. It was a gold-plated, pearl-handled, automatic, one of a pair that Phil himself had bought, two years before, and one of which he had given to her. Her own was at that moment in her bureau drawer. This one was Phil's.

The last hope was gone; in its place came deadly terror for Phil, and then the fierce, unreasoning determination to save the man she loved at any cost—the primitive savage instinct to fight for the mate who is in danger.

A plan, fully formed, leaped into her mind. Without hesitation, she thrust the pistol into her dress, and stooping, seized the shoulders of the dead man, and strove to drag him towards the house.

But the impossibility of the feat became apparent at once, and she paused, thinking as never before. Then her eye fell upon

a toy express wagon, left by one of the children in the garden, and she sprang to it. It was a big one, in which two or three children could ride, and still possessed of the artificial strength that comes to the most delicate person in emergencies, she dragged the body upon it. Slowly, carefully, to make no sound, she drew her burden to the house.

There before the window she stopped, and putting forth all her strength, lifted the body into the room.

Quickly then she removed the wagon to a distance. Returning, she hid Phil's pistol in a secret cupboard of her own, at the back of her closet. She worked feverishly. Seizing her dress at the shoulders, she tore it downward, and without removing the confining pins, pulled her hair into wild disorder. Then taking her own automatic from the drawer she stepped to the center of the room.

For a moment she paused, looking around eagerly. The scene was set. Nothing had been neglected. From the clock on the mantel came a soft, clear chime—the first stroke of midnight, and at the moment her left hand went to her throat, and from it issued one wild, terrified shriek, clear and loud, followed—as her fingers closed, fiercely, bruising and scratching it—by a succession of half strangled screams. Staggering against a chair she upset it, and as her father's voice raised in alarm and encouragement came to her, the pistol roared, and at the same moment a table crashed heavily to the floor.

A second later, when her father, followed by half the guests, burst into the room, she stood gasping, disheveled, white as marble—apparently almost fainting with terror, crowding against the bureau, the smoking weapon in her hand, and at her feet the body of John Anthony.

"He forced his way in the window," she gasped. "He attacked me—I—I killed

him! I shot him—in self-defense!"

Then before even her father could reach her, she sank to the floor unconscious.

III.

But Alice's weakness did not last long. The arrival of the police a few moments later, and the necessity for telling her story in a convincing manner, restored her nerve. For Phil's sake she must be brave.

It had seemed to her that she had left no loophole by which the truth might be discovered; but now she realized that the harder part—the searching questions of officials; the *living* of the lie she had manufactured—was yet to come, and with that realization came doubt and fear.

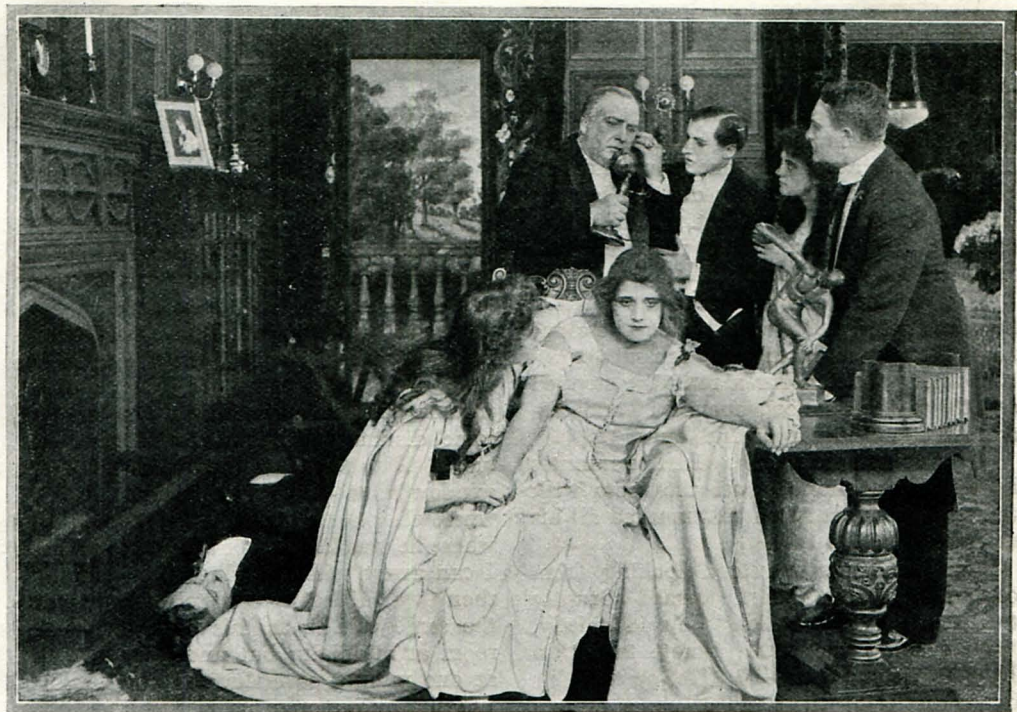
Had she known it, there was little to fear from the local police. Were they the only element with which she had to cope, the ordeal would have soon been over; the Jason's were too prominent, too wealthy and respectable, for their word to be doubted or seriously investigated.

They came; the chief looked about casually, listened to Alice's story of the night's events, including the scene in the conservatory—in which there was no mention of Philip Dunbar—corroborated so far as his knowledge went by her father, and accepted it at its face value.

"I guess
t h e r e

*"She is guilty of but
one thing—a brave
though futile attempt
to shield the
slayer."*





"He forced his way in the window!" she gasped. "He attacked me—I—I killed him!"

won't be any trouble, Mr. Jason," remarked the chief. "It's a perfectly clear case of justifiable homicide. Of course we can't touch the body until the coroner comes, and I'll leave a couple of men here to look after things, but as far as Miss Alice is concerned, I don't think there'll be anything disagreeable. Most likely the coroner's jury will bring in a verdict that will clear her."

He broke off to address a slim, pleasant-faced, smooth-shaven young man, dressed in correct evening clothes, who at that moment appeared in the door. "Why, how-de-do, Mr. Herbert. Johnny on the spot as usual, I see. But there's nothing here for you I'm afraid. Perfectly clear case."

He rapidly sketched the details of the case as told him by Alice. "Mr. Herbert," he went on, turning to Mr. Jason and Alice, "is the man who ran down the Firber murderess, and solved the Carter case. He's visiting Colonel Denbeigh down the road, as perhaps you know. On a vacation, he says. But it seems he can't keep away from trouble."

The detective bowed gravely, his keen eyes roving with extraordinary rapidity

around the room, but he did not reply to the loquacious chief directly; instead he turned to Mr. Jason and Alice.

"Do you mind if I look about a little?" he asked courteously. "It is possible that I may be of service to you in the matter."

Mr. Jason hesitated, but after a moment bowed his assent. "If the chief does not object, we certainly do not," he said a little curtly.

"Sure, sure," added the policeman, quickly. "Go as far as you like. But hang me if I see what good it'll do you."

A slight dry smile curved the detective's lips. He moved rapidly about the room, peering here and there. Before the mantel he paused, looking for a moment at the clock, but only twice did he touch anything. Once, when he took up and examined the pistol, and again when, from the debris beside the fallen table he picked up a scrap of paper, glanced at it, and carelessly crushing it in his hand, apparently tossed it into a waste basket.

Finally he came to the body; kneeling beside it he examined it carefully; once he raised a foot, and looked closely at the patent-leather shoes. Then from the pocket

of the stained waistcoat he drew out a gold watch, glancing from it to the clock upon the mantel, while the others watched him curiously, and with varying emotions. To Alice the ordeal was the worst of the evening. The swift, assured motions of the man, and his absolute silence, terrified her. She felt that if something did not happen she would scream or faint. Her nerves were at the breaking point when Herbert replaced the watch and rose.

"Do you mind if I go out on the porch?" he asked quietly. "I would like to be alone for a moment to arrange my facts."

Without waiting for a reply he stepped swiftly to the window, opened it, and disappeared, closing it behind him.

He was not gone long. In five minutes he was back, slipping into the room with the curious, silent speed that marked all his motions.

For a moment he stood looking from one to the other; then he turned abruptly to the girl. "Miss Alice," he said quietly, "this evening you wrote a note to Philip Dunbar asking him—" He opened his hand, disclosing the scrap of paper he had picked from the floor and apparently cast aside, "to meet you under the elm at eleven-thirty. Did he keep the appointment?"

Alice started. "Where did you get that?" she gasped, her dry lips scarcely able to form the words. "I sent it by—" she stopped, unable to proceed. But a frightened voice answered from the doorway.

"I took it, Miss Alice, but Mr. Phil had gone, and when I brought it back to you, you was asleep, so I laid it on the table."

Alice breathed a sigh of relief. There was nothing in the note she knew to incriminate Philip.

"No," she replied boldly, answering the detective's questions; "I did not understand before why, but he did not come. I waited from half past eleven until five minutes of twelve—it—it was then that—that he followed me."

Herbert smiled slightly. "I do not know if the truth which I have discovered will be agreeable or not. To Mr. Jason I believe it will be, for I am prepared to state positively that his daughter had nothing to do with this man's death—she is guilty of but one thing—a brave, though futile, attempt to shield the slayer."

Alice's face, already as pale as seemed

possible, turned ashen. "What—what do you mean?" she gasped.

"Let me give you the facts," returned the detective. "The bullet that killed Anthony passed through the pocket of his vest, shattering the shaft of his watch and stopping it at one minute past eleven o'clock. The bullet fired by Miss Alice, admittedly at twelve o'clock shattered the works of the clock on the mantel, stopping it on the stroke of midnight; further, from her pistol but one shot was fired.

"Again I find upon the dead man's clothing numerous traces of gravel; upon the heels of his shoes, and the bottoms of his trousers are evidence that he was dragged some distance over gravel and grass and mold. Also a well defined track from that window to a point just beyond the elm, where the path is stained with blood, shows where he was killed and how he came here. I can assert with assurance that John Anthony was killed by a pistol of apparently the same caliber as this one, not in this room at midnight, but under the big elm, at one minute past eleven. And further, judging by rumors of a quarrel and threats that have come to my ears and by the fact that Miss Jason was willing to go to the lengths she has to establish an elaborate fiction, there is a strong suspicion that the murderer—or at least the slayer—was—Philip Dunbar."

He paused, as with a moan of despair Alice sank fainting—a real faint this time—into her father's arms.

Shortly thereafter the detective and the police chief left the house of trouble and strode along the road towards the Dunbar home, to place Philip under arrest.

IV.

When Alice regained consciousness she lay upon the bed in her father's room, and he alone was with her. A heavy silence brooded over the house of tragedy. The guests had retired to their rooms. In Alice's room two policemen kept guard over the silent form upon the floor. For a moment she lay still, unable to remember what had happened or where she was. Then as memory returned she started up.

"Where are they?" she cried. "Where have they gone? Are they going to arrest Phil?"

Her father strove to soothe her, but in vain. She insisted upon knowing, but when she learned all he knew—which was little—she closed her eyes in despair—apparently in resignation; but it was only another example of the cunning a great love will breed in the most open nature.

She must go to Phil! In some way she must save him! But that her father would never consent to her leaving the house she knew instinctively, therefore she dissembled.

"If—if I could have a glass of wine?" she begged. Her father must go to the dining room and get it, she knew, and then—

A moment later she was flying through the garden and down the road, towards the Dunbar home, a quarter of a mile away.

Save for a dim light in Phil's room the house was dark when she reached it, and the blank, silent windows told her nothing. Had they been there? Or was it possible, as her father had suggested, that they would wait until the coroner's jury decided something definitely? In either case she must know.

The house was as familiar to her as her own, and she knew that in all probability one of the library or dining room windows would be unfastened. In that peaceful, honest countryside there was little fear of thieves.

It was as she hoped, and once inside she stole silently up the stairs. Since the death of his father, Phil lived in the house alone, save for the servants, whose rooms were in an outlying ell, so she had no fear of meeting anyone.

Such was her anxiety and fear that all thought of the proprieties or anything else was banished from her mind, and without pause or hesitation she pushed open the door of Phil's room and entered.

But inside the threshold she paused, a horror greater even than when she found the body of the murdered Anthony depriving her of the power to move—to think—almost to breathe. For the bed was not unoccupied, as she had feared to find it, but a girl's head of tousled gold curls pressed the pillow.

One bare arm, round even in its thinness, was thrown outside the coverlet that outlined the slender form. A pretty girl, despite the feverish flush, and haggard lines that marred the small, piquant face.

With a sobbing, choking cry that seemed to wrack her frame like a consumptive's cough, Alice stood staring, and it seemed to her she could feel her heart turned to ice within her. For *this* she had done—what she *had* done. And then the girl on the bed opened her eyes—hard, bitter, disillusioned eyes—and raised herself on one elbow.

"Hello," she said. "Who are you? You are not the nurse. Where's the doctor? Where is Phil?"

"Where is Phil?" repeated Alice, scarcely realizing she spoke, not knowing what she said. "Have *you* done anything to save him? You lie here asleep while they drag him off to jail—to the gallows. While I—"

She stopped abruptly and turned toward the door.

"Wait!" cried the girl on the bed. "What do you mean? What are you talking about? Doctor! Doctor Ward! Stop her! My God, what has happened now?"

But Alice was already in the hall, rushing blindly towards the stairs, and in a moment would have been free of the house, if three steps from the stairs she had not collided violently with a large man, who without a word took her by the arm and led her back into the room.

"What does she mean about Phil?" demanded the girl on the bed. "Make her speak, doctor! Make her tell me!"

Alice answered without urging—mechanically—dully. "He quarreled with a man. He shot him. Now they will hang him."

The girl sat upright in bed, her hair flowing out wildly around her, her eyes blazing with fever and excitement. "Who? Who? Who do they say he shot?" she demanded.

"John Anthony," replied Alice, as a subject replies to a hypnotist.

A peal of wild laughter broke from the girl on the bed.

"John Anthony!" she repeated hysterically. "The fools! Phil shot him?" And then with a sudden change of tone: "You don't know who I am, do you? Well, I'll tell you. I am Elsie Dunbar."

"Elsie Dunbar?" repeated Alice, a sudden surge of joy sweeping over her. "Phil's sister—who ran away three years ago, before I knew him?"

"Yes," replied the girl. "Phil's sister,

the one who made up her mind to go to hell her own way, and went—with John Anthony. I got tired of the life after a while and last night I came home. Phil was out—I got his gun and went to find Anthony. He ruined me; he should marry me—or take the consequences. He—took—the consequences."

"You—you shot him?" cried Alice.

"I shot him," returned Elsie grimly. "He tried to bully as usual. Took me by the throat and forced me to my knees. I put the gun against him and fired once—once was enough for him—and for me too, I guess. Where are you going now?"

"To Phil!" cried Alice, turning towards the door, but again the doctor stopped her.

"Wait," he said; "I knew nothing of this. Chief Warren and another man came a little while ago, and Phil went out with them. If he has been arrested for this crime, or is suspected, Elsie's confession had better be put in writing. I'll witness it. It will not injure her. The unwritten law will protect her surely. Just wait until I get some paper."

Phil Dunbar sat dejectedly in the chief's office, staring dully at the brilliant red carpet that covered the floor. The evidence

against him had been reviewed, and that it was damning he could not but admit, but except to insist that he had been home from quarter of ten until they came for him at one-thirty, he refused to speak.

"I'm sorry, Phil," said the chief sadly. "Honest, I can't hardly believe it myself, plain as it is. Can't you think of anyone else who might have done it? I wish to God you could."

Phil could. The hour of his sister's return; the state of excitement in which she had arrived; the absence of his pistol from its usual place in his bureau drawer—told its own story to him; but he would not speak.

"Well," began the chief gloomily, "I guess there's nothing to do but lock you up. I'd rather—"

Without ceremony the door burst open, and Alice, hatless, disheveled, still in her torn evening dress, but with the light of a great joy on her face, rushed in and threw herself into Phil's arms.

"It's all right!" she cried, and half turning to the chief thrust a sheet of paper—Elsie's confession—triumphantly into his hand.

"Read!" she commanded, and turned once more to Phil.

Camera Phantasmagora



Photo by Floyd

You'd think this sunrise, but it isn't; it's girl-rise, and the mighty optics and caput appearing above the mountain are Mary Fuller's.



Photo by Floyd

A rare portrait, from the Blak Tun pyramid, supposed to be Ee Dith Sto Rah, a favorite pantomimist of the Brook Lhinn Pharaohs.



A Regular Boulder

243 East Fifty-Seventh Street,
New York City.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Just another rose for your bouquet. Ever since a year ago when by chance I purchased PHOTOPLAY instead of another magazine which I had been reading several years, I have been a sincere admirer of your publication. Now, here come the rocks: It seems to me you are wasting too much space on questions and answers. I notice each month the department devoted to this nonsense is growing larger. Please don't let it! In the August number you had eleven pages of answers. Oh! Editor, how could you? Hearty wishes.

GRACE HART.

On the Other Hand

San Francisco, Cal.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I have just finished reading your August magazine, and I must say it is great. There is not a fault to be found with it. PHOTOPLAY is far above any other magazine I have ever read. The personal stories of the players are very interesting; the pictures are bright and clear, and *your question and answer department is splendid—the best going!* I am highly pleased with your magazine, and I know hundreds of others who think the same of it that I do. Sincerely,

EDNA A. PARKER.

Our Form Admired

Indianapolis, Ind.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Am just dropping you a line to congratulate you on the form of your magazine as you are now issuing it. Have just finished the August number, and it is about all that could be desired. I am a camera man, and in the estimation of myself and professional associates your magazine far surpasses other magazines in the same field. Where you have it over them is in the accuracy of your technical articles. Keep on giving us plenty of them. Respectfully,

M. B. KINGENSMITH.

The Newsdealer Says—

Eighth and Walnut Streets,
Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Just a few words in regard to that twentieth century wonder, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. I wish to say, both as reader and

seller, that it is the most wonderful monthly ever put out. It certainly has an easy lead over all others, both in the movie and fiction fields. Only one kick and that is: why don't you supply the news company with enough copies of your magazine. We don't get half enough for our trade, and are exhausted a day or two after release. What is your idea in not supplying enough? Have you the subscription bug too? Respectfully,

A. RADEL, Josel's Newstand.

Our Troubadour

551 Government Street,
Mobile, Alabama.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen:

Of PHOTOPLAY, I'm an ardent lover. I read every word from cover to cover. Send me three issues, March, April and May; They will banish the gloom of a rainy day. All other movie magazines you beat: They are the broth, you are the meat. I hope my words won't cause them pain; They scatter the chaff, you furnish the grain. For three back numbers I enclose the pay, Please send them to me without delay. May PHOTOPLAY continue a sweet monthly rose. Wishing you well, I now must close.

S. C. RAMSEY.

The Literary Optimist

490 Twenty-Eighth Street,
Ogden, Utah.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: I never read PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE until a short time ago, when by chance I came into the possession of a copy. It was so varied and inclusive of all interesting divisions of the moving picture world, that I felt at once I must have it. I am now writing scenarios, and find Captain Peacock's hints vitally interesting, encouraging and helpful. I wish I knew him personally. I admire his optimism. His articles are so different from those by other scenario authorities. Please send me the March issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as I can't get it here. Optimistically yours,

ROBERT W. MAJOR.

Teacher Plays "Hookey"

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: You must learn how my friends and I enjoy the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It is continually outrivalling all other magazines,

and just to illustrate this fact I can tell you that on the date of each issue, all the girls at school are occupied with it instead of their lessons. In history hour the other day the teacher had to take the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE away from a girl, and what do you think I saw the next hour, which was study hour in the history room. The teacher herself was simply cramming that very magazine instead of marking exam papers. So you can readily see that your magazine is appreciated. Very sincerely,

MADELINE AYRES.

A Beach Pebble

Saltaire, Fire Island Beach.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Allow me the privilege of complimenting you on the August number of PHOTOPLAY. It was the best ever. Not that the older numbers were not excellent, but each month's issue seems better than the last. Sincerely, E. JONES.

Donner Vetter!

Donner, La.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: I can only praise your magazine by saying that I enjoy it to the fullest extent, buy it every month and look forward with eagerness to each new issue. My wish is that it may continue to grow, and become even more interesting, if such a thing is possible. Very truly, CHARLES B. GILBERT.

Hot Cakes at Hot Springs

Hot Springs, Ark.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: Last month, after one day, the supply at our four bookstores of THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for July was exhausted. How is that for record breaker at Hot Springs?

AN ADMIRER.

We Apologize

Mitchellville, Iowa.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: I have been a reader of your magazine for some months and like it immensely. I have two faults to find. PHOTOPLAY does not come often enough, and is not large enough. Sincerely,

MISS E. KEISTER.

Thanks for This!

Somerville, Mass.

ROCKS AND ROSES.

I think you have achieved wonders with your wholly delightful magazine. As a most ardent film fan I have been interested in every new start in movie journalism, but PHOTOPLAY has climbed the highest. It is seven or eight months since I first read this publication, but since then I have not missed an issue. How I read them! It is really amazing to see how fascinating even an old copy can be. Respectfully,

LOUIS M. SANBORN.

Our Best Bow

Belhaven, N. C.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: I have just finished reading the August number of PHOTOPLAY, and must admit it grows more wonderful with every issue. It's the same old axiom: To have better business, make your business better. With your efforts to make each number better I can only see in the near future, your magazine step forward as the most widely read in America. T. RALPH JARVIS.

No Circulation Suicide Here

Los Angeles, Cal.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: I am just one of many who think so much of PHOTOPLAY. There are eight in our family, and as a rule you can find three or four PHOTOPLAYS in our home every month, because not one of us will wait for another to finish reading it. Regards to PHOTOPLAY. JACK DAVIS.

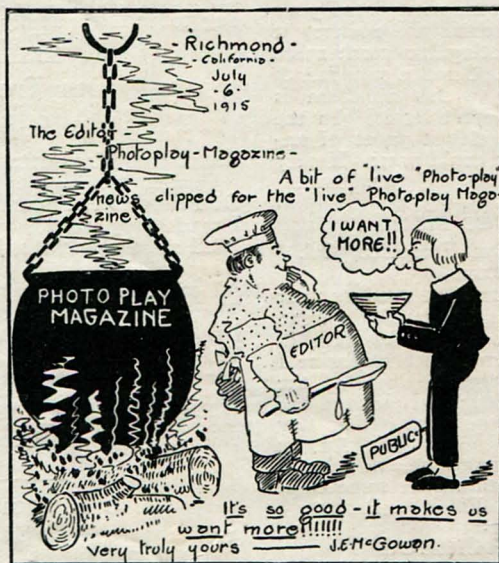
At First Sight

Detroit, Mich.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I had never read a copy of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, until I got the August issue from a friend. Now I can hardly wait for the September issue. It is certainly fine! I have seen other moving picture magazines but none have pleased me as much as yours. I was surprised to see so many different parts, which are not in other magazines. I am especially interested in—but what's the use? I am interested in it all! Truly yours,

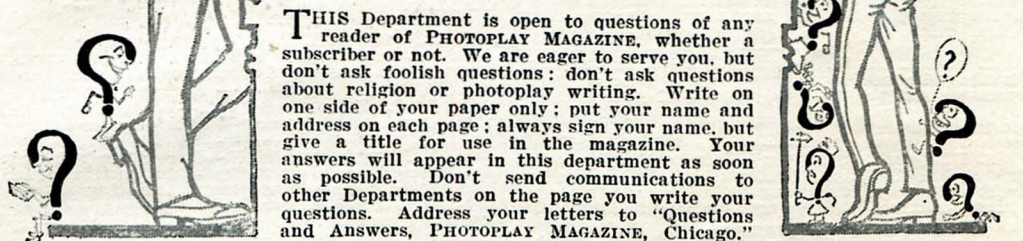
WINONA DWYER.



A Pictorial Rose

One of our readers, Mr. McGowan, has taken his pen in hand and given the public an Oliver twist that tickles our vanity so much, we are publishing it.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS



THIS Department is open to questions of any reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, whether a subscriber or not. We are eager to serve you, but don't ask foolish questions: don't ask questions about religion or photoplay writing. Write on one side of your paper only: put your name and address on each page; always sign your name, but give a title for use in the magazine. Your answers will appear in this department as soon as possible. Don't send communications to other Departments on the page you write your questions. Address your letters to "Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago."

S. S., SEATTLE, W. R., SAN BERNARDINO, AND B. B., NEW YORK.—The filming of the "Birth of a Nation," took place principally in California, although some of the plantation scenes were taken in the south. Fully 95 per cent of the pictures—all the battle scenes—were taken at Hollywood. The musical accompaniment, with the exception of the plantation songs, was composed or adapted for this play by Joseph Carl Briel, and is a triumph in musical environment, as it contributes very largely to the effectiveness of the play.

G. F. M., OGDEN, UTAH.—Marguerite Snow was formerly with the Kinemacolor and Thanhouser Companies, with the latter company achieving fame as the Countess Olga in "The Million Dollar Mystery." At the present time Miss Snow is at the Quality Pictures Corporation studio, of Metro, at Hollywood, California. She is a southerner, born at Savannah, Georgia, September 9, 1891, and like Enid Markey attended Loretto Heights Academy in Denver. James Cruze, however, was born in your own city in 1884.

J. E. M., LEWISBURG, PENN.—"Was Carlyle Blackwell's first engagement in the movies with the Kalem Company, in the Blackwell-Joyce series?" No, Carlyle Blackwell joined Vitagraph for his initial photoplay work, after leaving the stage, and went to Kalem about a year later, being with them for four years. After his engagement with Kalem he organized a company of his own, the Favorite Players, but is now with Lasky, his latest play being "The Puppet Crown," with Ina Claire.

H. C. B., CHARLTON CITY, MASS.—Full page pictures of Mary Pickford and William Russell appeared in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and we shall be pleased to forward you a copy on receipt of 15c.

M. V., DENVER.—After much discussion, Anita Stewart herself settled the dispute regarding the color of her eyes, in the interview in September PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. She says they are brown, and always have been.

S. AND W., PETALUMA, CALIF.—Champ Clark has achieved a great deal of fame but he is not the father of Marguerite Clark—he is a Democrat!

M. P., SIMPSON MISSION, TEX.—Evelyn Nesbit, the wife of Harry Thaw, is not a sister of Miriam Nesbitt of the Edison Company. Certainly, write us as often as you have questions to ask.

E. W., KANSAS CITY.—Myrtle Stedman and Forrest Stanley take the leading roles in "Wild Olive," and either may be addressed in care of Bosworth-Morosco, 220 West 42d Street, New York City.

D. J. D., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—William S. Hart of the New York Motion Picture Corporation was born at Newburgh, N. Y., Dec. 6, 1876, but he went west when six years old. He is of English-Irish descent, stands six feet two and weighs 194 pounds. He played in Broadway productions for eighteen years and remarks, regarding matrimony, that he "never had the chance."

M. F. M., LAKE PLACID, N. Y.—Mr. Wheeler Oakman has never played with any company except Selig. He was born in Washington, D. C., Feb. 21, 1890, is six feet in height, has brown hair and blue eyes. He is married to Gertrude Ryan.

I. B. M., ABERDEEN, MISS.—The Fox feature, "A Fool There Was," was filmed in Florida: "The Plunderer," with Wm. Farnum, in Dahlonega, Ga., one of the few active gold mining districts of this country.

J. J. M., N. Y. C.—Yes, Marie Eline (the Thanhouser kid) and her sister, Grace Eline, are both playing "big time" vaudeville at present. They have not been with Thanhouser for some time, and it is said a serial is contemplated by the Eline Company.

J. C., ELIZABETH, N. J.—Tom Mix, of Selig, was born in Colorado. One of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, he stands six feet one, and has played with Selig in its western films ever since he entered the movies. His permanent address is Las Vegas, N. Mex., where Selig has recently established a studio.

M. E. N., MEDFORD, MASS.—The desert scenes in "The Black Box" were taken in Death Valley, California. Charles Chaplin started with Essanay at \$500 per week, and his salary has been advanced several times since then. Just what it is at the present time is difficult to say.

K. K., CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.—Florence Dagmar plays the part of Alice, the settlement worker, in "Kindling" (Lasky). Edna Mayo was with Pathe and with Carlyle Blackwell's Favorite Players, in addition to legitimate productions, prior to joining Essanay.

N. K., MURRAY BAY, CAN.—"The Warrens of Virginia" (Lasky) was filmed in Hollywood, California, the big battle scenes being taken on the 18,000 acre ranch in the San Fernando valley nearby. The interiors, of course, were taken at the Lasky studio.

L. K. P., MILWAUKEE.—Both Norma and Constance Talmadge are now with the National Film Corporation, with studios in Hollywood, Calif.

L. S., CLEVELAND.—Carlyle Blackwell was born in Troy, Pennsylvania, but spent most of his early life in Syracuse, N. Y. John Charnock, Sr., in Vitagraph's "Island of Regeneration," is Leo Delaney; John Charnock, Jr., as a boy is Bobby Connelly, and as a man, Antonio Moreno.

R. C., WASHINGTON, D. C.—William Worthington—all right!

D. C. H., WASHINGTON, D. C.—You will find a very interesting and instructive discussion of the film industry in Mr. Davis' article in August, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, "Investing in the Movies." It explains how the films finally reach the moving picture theatre and the reasons for the business arrangement which is necessary to secure this distribution.

C. and A. M. E., BELTON, TEX.—Gypsy Abbott is the wife of Henry King. Just have a little patience and you will see pictures of your friends again—they will be far better than any that are in the old issues.

A. D., PINE BLUFF, ARK.—Florence Lawrence is married to Leigh B. Trafton; Muriel Ostriche is with Vitagraph and may be addressed at their Brooklyn office. Try Rosemary Theby and see.

A. M. H., BOSTON.—We doubt very much whether you can procure pictures from "The Birth of a Nation," or "The Clansman," as it is also called, but you might write the Mutual Film Corporation's New York office regarding them. The Biograph re-issues appear on the Biograph program; they are the property of the film company and not of the director. They are now on the market.

A. F. S., ORANGE, N. J.—Dame Rumor rampant—Beverly Bayne engaged to Francis X. Bushman! For the love of Michael, where do these crazy stories start?

J. C. J., ST. PAUL.—We know of no such company.

E. L., LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.—There is absolutely no truth in that statement that Vera Sisson is dead. She's very much alive.

L. R., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Be a little patient and you will see a great deal about Mary Pickford and her new plays. Isabel Rea is with Biograph.

H. W., SAN FRANCISCO.—Robert Warwick is appearing in current World Film releases. Mary Pickford has brown hair.

J. K., ROCHESTER, PA.—We refuse to recommend any scenario school, clearing house or exchange. There are a number of companies filming in the South at present. Nestor is a Universal brand. "The Man of It" (Reliance) was released May 29th.

X. Y. Z., SANTA BARBARA.—Ben Wilson is with Universal. We shall have to do something very soon regarding a Robert Warwick interview.

W. E. H., BALTIMORE, MD.—"The Goddess" was filmed partly in New York City and partly in North Carolina. The wild mountain scenes are in the South.

M. H., SIOUX FALLS, S. DAK.—Mary Pickford and Owen Moore played opposite in "Caprice," "Mistress Nell," and "Cinderella." Marguerite Clark's eyes are brown, her hair light brown.

F. T., ST. LOUIS.—In "Such a Little Queen," Mary Pickford has the title role, the King is Carlyle Blackwell; the Prime Minister, Russell Bassett; the Prince, Arthur Hoops, and Robert Traylor is Harold Lockwood. James Kirkwood plays opposite Miss Mary in "Behind the Scenes."

A. R., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The leading parts in "Wild Olive" were taken by Myrtle Stedman, Thomas MacLarnie, Forrest Stanley and Herbert Standing.

L. H., ALBANY, N. Y.—All of your questions have been answered in the last two or three months, and we wish you would refer to those issues.

J. R. C., ELIZABETH, N. J.—Brent Lindsey in "The Commanding Officer," is Douglass Gerrard.

S. O., MANCHESTER, N. H.—Out of hundreds and hundreds of contributions to "Seen and Heard at the Movies," the editor selects those that he considers the most amusing, and they appear in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. If yours did not appear—try again!

S. H. D., BOSTON.—Paramount is a distributing company. They regularly handle the Famous Players, Lasky, Bosworth, Morosco, and Lasky-Belasco films, but at different times have distributed feature films of the Deutsche Bioscope, Oz Film, New York Motion Picture Corporation, Edison and others, including releases under their own name, "Paramount." A company of this character corresponds very nearly to the wholesale house of the mercantile field. Mr. D. W. Griffith may be addressed at the Majestic-Reliance studio, Los Angeles.

H. E. M., MINNEAPOLIS.—The nun in "Hypocrites" is Myrtle Stedman.

R. M. G., MARSHALLTOWN, IA.—Richard Marcus in "Innocence at Monte Carlo" (Thanouser) is Ray Johnston.

D. N., FT. SMITH, ARK.—The Mutual brands are: Broncho, Domino, Kay-Bee, Keystone, American, Beauty, Reliance, Majestic, Thanouser, Falstaff and Komic. Address Florence LaBadie at the Thanouser studio, New Rochelle, N. Y.

F. D., CIMARRON, KAN.—Chester Barnett takes juvenile leads with the Peerless Features (released through the World Film Corp.).

C. L. M., WATERTOWN, N. Y.—We always appreciate interesting letters from our friends; many thanks.

L. S., DENVER.—Theda Bara may be addressed in care of the Fox Film Company, as listed herein.

I. B., COLUMBUS, GA.—Arlene Pretty of the Vitagraph was born in Washington, D. C., September 5th, 1893. She is the daughter of Mr. Edwin Pretty. Her first stage appearance was with the Columbia Players, a stock company in Washington, but about two years ago she turned to photoplays.

(Continued on Page 163)

The Woman-Question

propounded in a nice tangle of tress, fingers, bare arm and a single eye, on page 83 of the September issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE was Gertrude McCoy. The Edison star had this picture taken in a moment of impish summer humor, and so successfully did she hide her identity that although scores of replies to the query were received, no one fathomed the Bronx-park secret of who she really was.

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A GREAT, PRACTICAL AND USEFUL PHILOSOPHY

The Story of "Conscious Evolution" and Its Discoverer

By DONALD RICHARDSON

THE simple fact that the human body is built up of billions of cells, all resulting from the evolution of one original cell, is in itself interesting, but little more to the average person. The further declaration that health, life and pleasures of the body depend upon the condition of each individual cell compels notice.

When, however, along comes an individual who combines intimate scientific knowledge of the human cell with the discovery of the means to insure its health and develop unusual energy and potency—who by reason of study, experience and a certain genius, shows us how without inconvenience, apparatus, drugs, study or loss of time, we can put unusual health and uncommon life into every one of our vast multitude of cells, thus giving the human body and mind the maximum of health, pleasure and power, and do this in a very perfectly natural, easy and practical way—then we are all attention.

A Great Secret of Life

This is the marvelous secret uncovered in a wonderful little book by Swoboda, a great pioneer in the realm of physiological science. Some day the complete history of "Conscious Evolution" and its discoverer will be recorded, with all its immense significance and far-reaching ramifications. This brief article can only sketch the rough outlines.

The story of Alois P. Swoboda is one of the romances of human history. As the discoverer of the origin and nature of the laws governing "conscious energy" and of a scientific system for applying those laws in a manner that has operated successfully in over two hundred thousand cases, Swoboda occupies a peculiar niche in earth's hall of fame. He did not merely write a great book, paint a great picture, invent some useful device, or win some particular battle. His fame is built on a far more substantial foundation. He is the wizard of the human body. He is the apostle of the greater, the successful life. Swoboda not only re-creates men and women; he makes them more powerful, capable, and happy than they were before. He advances them a tremendous way along the line of human development. The man himself—as well as his hosts of enthusiastic clients—is a most convincing example of the effectiveness of his methods. He has revolutionized the methods of energizing the body and mind.

The Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution Based on a Knowledge of All Sciences

Swoboda fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with unusual life and energy. And his

mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. He discourses with learned fluency on the science of "Conscious Evolution" which embraces all other sciences, entering with equal ease and facility on any phase of this all-important subject. Start him on his particular specialty—the development of human powers—and he pours out a veritable flood of illuminating exposition. Earnest and vehement, he rises to eloquence as he unfolds in his masterful manner the magnificent possibilities of man under the guidance of "conscious energy." You are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the Swoboda system of body and personality building. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed person the best proof of the correctness of his theories and of the success of his "Conscious Evolution."

The Aim of Conscious Evolution is Better Minds, Better Bodies, Better Health and More Intense Pleasures

Mr. Swoboda must not be classed with ordinary physiologists, physicians, faddists or with those whose aim is merely the development of muscle. Neither his philosophy nor his science is confined to such narrow limits. Swoboda's plan comprehends the complete development of the human being,—increase of internal force, more body power, more brain power, mind power, and, in fact, greater capacity to live and enjoy in every way. He is primarily interested in those influences which make for a fuller and more potent life.

One cannot remain long in the presence of Swoboda without realizing that he is mentally and physically a superman. He makes you feel that you are only partially well, and vigorous and ambitious, only partially developed, that, in short, you are only half as alive as you must be if you wish to enjoy to the full the benefits of living,—that you are leading an inferior life. No one can read his book without becoming conscious of his wonderful power and personality.

Swoboda is a Man Who is Centuries in Advance of His Time

His discovery of conscious evolution is itself of epochal importance. But its scientific and successful application is more wonderful still.

The feat of Franklin in drawing the electric spark from the clouds was a wonder of the time. Yet it

took a hundred years to master the secret of that electric spark and harness the giant force of electricity to the uses of mankind. Swoboda not only discovered the marvelous secret and principle of Conscious Evolution, but applies it to individuals with results that are incalculable. Swoboda might, indeed, be called a specialist for the human race.

A single electric spark is of little importance. But intensify that spark and multiply it a billionfold, and you have the power, the heat and the dazzling lights of a great city. So with our cells, says Swoboda. Quicken one, and it makes little difference. But energize and intensify them all, and you have a "live-wire" human being, with mental and physical potency plus!—the Swoboda kind of body and mind.

What would happen to a business man who allowed half of his workmen to idle away at their machines, not only losing their own time and effort but interfering with the producing power of the rest of the force? Yet that is exactly what the average human being does with the workers in his physiological factory. You have a most ingenious, pleasure and power producing machine in your possession. The machine that means health or weakness, pleasure, happiness, success, or failure, and yet, you allow it to practically run itself or erroneously believe that when this machine is ready to completely crumble that some physician possesses the magic power of restoring your health and life through the use of a drug. Far from securing health and pleasure, however, this resort to and belief in extraneous assistance, really encourages physical and mental decay, because it weakens by non-use and neglect, the body's natural resources, power, and means of recuperation.

The Human Body is a "War Machine"

The commander who goes into battle with an incapable army is handicapped at the start. The man who goes into the battle of life with his physiological forces far below par is foredoomed to at least partial failure. The great bulk of us are hardly drawing on our tremendous stores of energy and vitality. We are letting our cells grow stale and sluggish. Our human machine should be running in perfect condition in order that we may get the most out of it,—before we can enjoy its full powers in complete and rounded fashion. Strengthen the vitality of these cells and you not only make the body more alive but the brain more susceptible to new ideas from without, as well as greatly increase its own power to generate ideas. Many a man is getting a great deal of pleasure out of his mind but nothing out of his body.

Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth died with him. Your fountain of youth will die with you. Each man's fountain of youth is within himself. Through Conscious Evolution only can you drink to the full of the fountain of youth.

Swoboda demonstrates that no matter how old we may be we can through the conscious use of the principles of Evolution make ourselves full-powered dynamos, with every part and wheel and power-belt thoroughly in trim, working smoothly and at maximum capacity,—100 per cent efficient.

If you believe you have developed to the highest degree your vitality, energy and powers of living and enjoying, you are, according to the Swoboda

Standard, indeed mistaken. Conscious Evolution can lead you to a new and even greater realization of health, energy and pleasure.

More power, energy and life are the needs and will be the salvation of the present generation. The problem has always been how to get them. Eagerly we try each solution offered, swarming like the Athenians after every new thing. And yet the means lie right within us, as Swoboda clearly demonstrates.

Conscious Evolution is an antidote to old age in its every form and variety of conditions. It scientifically reduces excessive blood pressure, restores elasticity to arteries and turns the dial of physiological time in the direction of youth, efficiency, vitality and greater pleasure.

No one who is energized through Conscious Evolution will be subject to indigestion, intestinal sluggishness, nervous exhaustion, brain fog, sleeplessness, nervousness, or any functional difficulty of any character.

Swoboda Has Written a Wonderful Little Book

This book explains the Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been explained before. It makes clear Swoboda's new theory of the mind and body. It startles, educates and enlightens. It tells how the cells build the body and how to organize them beyond the point where nature left off, for each one of us. It will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course; the information which it imparts cannot be duplicated elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities through conscious evolution of the cells; it explains Swoboda's discoveries and what they are doing for thousands of men and women of every age and condition. It tells of the Dangers and after-effects of Exercise, and Conscious Deep Breathing. Swoboda's book shows how anyone may possess unusual health and vitality.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind and for showing you how you may be able to attain greater pleasure and in every way a superior life.

Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles of evolution, which Swoboda discovered. It will open new avenues through which you may become successful, in satisfying your most intense desires. It is not a dry treatise on physiology; on the contrary, it tells in a highly interesting and simple manner just what you need to know, about the body and mind and the laws of their evolution.

Do not fail to take advantage of this opportunity to obtain a copy of this book while it is free. Address Alois P. Swoboda, 1322 Aeolian Bldg., New York City, N. Y.

Since writing the above the writer has met a man who said: "Although I have been a close student of the body and mind all my life, and am a writer on the subject, Mr. Swoboda's book gave me a deeper conception of the body and mind than I have attained from years of study. Intellectual men and women must find his book of great interest. His theory of the body and mind was entirely new to me, and I believe that he is right."

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M. A., EDELMONT, SO. DAK.—In Universal's "Doorway of Destruction," Edward is Jack Ford and Frank is Howard Daniels. Francis Ford leads.

A. K. B., CORNING, N. Y.—Yes, William Dunn plays in "The Juggernaut" (Vitagraph). The last two letters in "La Badie" are not silent. In "Strongheart," Molly Livingston is Gertrude Robinson; she is now with Lasky.

THE AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO. is reported to be in the market for one, two and three reel scenarios and desires manuscripts submitted.

M. V. C., CHICAGO.—Chester Barnett is the clerk in "The Pit." Norma Phillips, "Our Mutual Girl." In "The Dancer and the King" (World) the Dancer is Cecil Spooner and the King is Victor Southerland.

D. P. C., UTICA, N. Y.—Pathe distributes "The Exploits of Elaine," but they are produced by the Whartons, whose studio is now at Ithaca, N. Y., where they have erected new buildings on a large tract of land adjacent to the lake.

G. C., MINNEAPOLIS.—Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little take the leading roles in "The Big Sister's Christmas." The cast of "The Broken Toy": Merle—Violet Mercereau; Adele—Sylvia Jarmin; Ralph—James Cooley; Bessie—Bessie Toner; Merle's father and mother—William Welsh and Marie Wierman.

M. S., WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.—Creighton Hale is at the Wharton studio, Ithaca, N. Y. Earle Williams is the young Doctor in "The Awakening" (Vitagraph), and William Dangman (Freddy the Ferret in "The Goddess") is Jo's crippled brother.

W. H. A., CLEVELAND, O.—You may address the Hearst-Selig Weekly at the Selig office, Garland Bldg., Chicago.

L. D., N. Y. C.—Wm. F. Haddock, who has directed plays for Edison, Melies, Eclair and other companies, entered the moving picture field in 1903. He was born in New Hampshire, and before becoming interested in photoplays was on the stage.

B. J. G., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Roscoe Arbuckle is married to Minta Durfee, also of the Keystone Company. Katherine La Salle, Guy Coombs and Robert D. Walker take the leading roles in Kalem's "An Innocent Sinner."

G. C., LOS ANGELES.—Jack Mulhall is the young husband in Biograph's "S100."

J. F. O'C., DORCHESTER, MASS., and P. B., BOWLING GREENE, MO.—The little blonde in the Keystone comedies is Cecile Arnold.

W. Y., LEAD, SO. DAK.—Mabel Normand was born in Atlanta, Georgia, twenty-one years ago. "Sea Nymphs" was filmed at Balboa Beach, Los Angeles.

J. A. H., ATLANTA, GA.—"Thillie's Punctured Romance" (Keystone) was released last spring. The cast included Mabel Normand, Marie Dressler, Charles Chaplin and Chester Conklin.

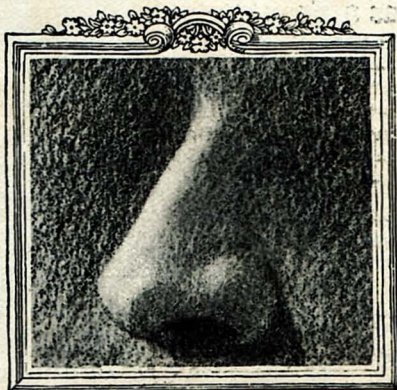
J. K. H., ANDERSON, S. C.—Augustus Carney is with Majestic-Reliance. The cast of "Mabel's Wonderful Way" (Keystone): Mabel Normand, Roscoe Arbuckle, Alice Davenport, Ed Kennedy and Glen Cavender.

I. P. C., MARIETTA, GA.—Page Peters is married, and has recently left Lasky.

J. D. H., DAYTON, O.—Address Wilmuth Merkyl in care of the United Photo-Plays Company.

C. F., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Jimmie Cruze has not made a definite announcement as to his future plans. Lila Chester is with Thanouser, but Nolan Gane died last spring.

E. M. S., ALTOONA, PA.—Harry Spingler is with the Fox Film Corp. and may be addressed in its care.



Conspicuous nose pores

How to reduce them

Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores.

In such cases the small muscular fibres of the nose have become weakened and do not keep the pores closed as they should be. Instead, these pores collect dirt, clog up and become enlarged.

To reduce these enlarged pores: Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing the nose for a few minutes with a *lump of ice*.

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores. This treatment with it strengthens the muscular fibres so they can contract properly. But do not expect to change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect. Use this treatment *persistently*. It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

P. N. H.—Wallace Reid takes the part of Phillip Ray in Mutual's "Enock Arden." Wally is now playing opposite Miss Farrar with Lasky.

V. D., ROGERS PARK.—Romaine Fielding is with the Lubin Company, and directing rather than acting at the present time, though he leads, as Jerry Long, in "When Souls Are Tried," and as The Mexican Man, in "A Species of Mexican Man."

B. W. G., WILKES-BARRE, PA.—The Johnson-Willard fight pictures were taken under the supervision of Mr. Fred Mace, who is now with the Keystone Film Co. So far they have never been allowed presentation in the United States.

L. E. M., KANSAS CITY, asks us, "Did you know that there is a town in Kansas named for Charlie Chaplin? It's a wee, small town, but nevertheless it is there, just like Charlie." And probably some day it will go spinning around on one leg, just as he does.

H. D. R., OAKLAND, CALIF.—Your interest in moving pictures, both as an art and as an industry, is fully justified. The business is firmly established, but it has not reached its fullest development, as is evidenced by the latest plans to introduce photoplays at regular "legitimate" prices throughout the entire country. Local conditions will vary from time to time, but the industry as a whole has every promise of an exceptionally bright future; this has been called the Age of Transportation, but moving pictures are creating an Age of Information, and service rendered is always the basis of reward.

S. H. S., NASHVILLE, TENN.—The cast of "The Crucible" (Famous Players): Jean—Marguerite Clark; Craig—Harold Lockwood; Amelia—Justina Johnstone; Mrs. Fanshaw—Lucy Parker; Miss Van Ostyn—Barbara Winthrop; Stella—Helen Hall.

L. M. P., NORWOOD, MASS.—John Barrymore and Pauline Neff are Mr. and Mrs. Fitzhew in "The Man From Mexico" (Famous Players). Yes, Harold Lockwood is also in the cast as the successful suitor for the hand of Mrs. Fitzhew's sister.

R. M., LYNCHBURG, VA.—According to the picture, Trixie died following the gambler's shot, in "The Sins of the Mothers," a sacrifice to her mother's evil life.

A. R. E., N. Y. C.—The cast of the "Moonstone" (World): Franklin Blake—Eugene O'Brien; Rachel—Elaine Hammerstein; Godfrey White—William Roselle; Rosanna Spearman—Ruth Findlay. Of "Jim, the Penman" (Famous Players): James Ralston—John Mason; Louis Percival—Harold Lockwood; Baron Hartfeld—Russell Bassett; Capt. Redwood—Frederick Perry; Lord Drelincourt—William Roselle; Nina—Marguerite Leslie.

E. R. C., WORCESTER, MASS.—Miss Florence Reed takes the role of Georgiana Carley in "Her Own Way." Mrs. Carley is Blanche Davenport; Mrs. Steven Carley is Clarissa Selwynne; Lieut. Coleman is Robert Barrat; Steven Carley is Fraunie Fraunholz, and the Grand Duke is James O'Neil.

P. K., ST. PAUL.—Will Drake, Benton, and Flo Drake are roles taken by Morris Foster, Boyd Marshall and Florence La Badie, in Thanhouser's "Crossed Wires." This film was released June 29th.

E. C. I., MONROE, WIS.—Regarding your entering the film producing field, you may use any name for the company that is desired, if it is not in conflict with a name already in use. A license is not necessary, unless you mean a corporate charter, which may be secured from the state in which you reside. All films must be submitted to the National Board of Censorship, and must be the positives which are used in the theatres. It would be well to correspond with distributors however, in order to learn the opportunities for disposing of your films, before doing very much.

A Local Salesman Wanted in 50,000 Towns Top Pay for All or Part Time

This big concern—The Oliver Typewriter Co.—is famed for its winning sales methods. Yet we are now launching a brand new model in the most brilliant selling campaign in all our history. This means the chance of a lifetime for someone in each of 50,000 towns. Those who act at once can secure the exclusive agency for the wonderful new typewriter—Oliver "NINE."

15,000 local Oliver agencies have already been awarded to clerks, bankers, merchants, telegraphers, ministers, doctors, workmen, etc. These people are already earning handsome incomes by handling the Oliver sales in their towns.

Hundreds started by giving us part time. You can too. You can soon see the profit and standing this agency gives you. Then devote all your time to this dignified business.

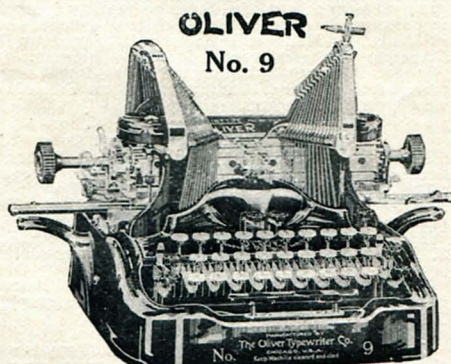
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One—the Optional Duplex Shift—multiplies speed and makes touch writing 100% easier! Another—The Selective Color Attachment—does all the work of a 2-color ribbon and serves as a valuable check protector besides.

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And we let them offer the famous **PRINTYPE**, too, without extra charge.



The Standard Visible Writer

Printype Slide Films

Make your own announcements, run ads for extra revenue—on Printype Quick Slide Films. Any Oliver agent will supply them at extremely low prices.

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We give each agent exclusive sale in his territory. And we send him **FREE** the "Oliver School of Practical Salesmanship," that has brought success to thousands.

Then we furnish names of prospective buyers that come to us from our mighty magazine advertisements. Often we send traveling salesmen to help you close deals.

Yet we give you the profit from every new Oliver sold in your territory during your agency arrangement.

Agent's Sample Oliver

Our plan lets you acquire one of these latest model Olivers that gives the public 25 per cent more value without increased cost!

We let you own your sample on the same terms as the most successful and experienced Oliver agents. You are also privileged to sell on our popular purchase plan—**17 cents a day!**

Opportunity Book FREE

Mail the coupon or send a postal for this inspiring book that explains our agency offer. Sent **FREE**, postpaid.

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Send me free, postpaid, Opportunity Book, with details of your agent's proposition.

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EXACT SIZE 25¢ BOTTLE

J. H. M., BROOKLYN.—Edwin August is now with the Comstock Film Corporation, which releases its plays through the World Film Corporation.

A. C., J. A. M. and M. W. M., SOUND BEACH, CONN.—Tom Moore is the eldest of the Moore brothers. Owen next and Matt and Joe the two most recent arrivals. Ed Coxen is not in the cast of "A Good Business Deal" (American).

H. G., EVANSVILLE, IND.—Florence Cole is Elsie McLeod, and Inspector Robbins, her husband, is Thomas McEvoy, in Kalem's "Her Husband's Honor." Antonio Moreno, of Vitagraph, was born in Madrid, Spain, twenty-eight years ago. James Morrison was born in Mattoon, Illinois.

G. B., CLEVELAND, O.—"The White Pearl" (Famous Players), with Marie Doro, is scheduled to be released early this fall.

E. B., SOUTH BEND, IND.—Jack Standing is Mary Pickford's lover in "Fanchon the Cricket."

D. K., PHILADELPHIA.—Catherine is Arline Pretty in "The Man Who Found Himself" (World); Robert Warwick leads.

E. C. C., CHARLESTON, W. VA.—Two Anita Stewart interviews have appeared very recently: April and September. Mary Pickford is interviewed in May PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and another will appear shortly. Blanche Sweet is the subject of "The Girl on the Cover" in April PHOTOPLAY. We do not know of any list of players which covers everyone in the photoplays, and to keep such a directory up to date would be out of the question, as many of the actors are with a company only during the production of a certain picture and then go elsewhere.

I. R., FRANKFORD, MO.—Borden and Dennison, in "The Comeback," are Elmer Clifton and Ralph Lewis, respectively. James Cooley is the American in "Love and Money."

J. R., N. Y. C.—Marguerite Clark, Harold Lockwood, James Cooley, Jack Pickford and E. L. Davenport have the principal roles in "Wildflower." In Edison's "House of the Lost Court," Elinore is Gertrude McCoy; Delores is Viola Dana; Mrs. Edgerton—Mrs. Wallace Erskine; Lady Rosamund—Helen Strickland; Sir Anthony—Robert Connors; Captain Elliott—Duncan McRae; Nina—Sally Crute, and the butler is William West. William Farnum impersonates Maurice Branchard, the man who rose from the docks to wealth and power, in "Samson" (Fox); Maud Gilbert takes the role of his wife; Marquis D'Andolin is played by E. L. Davenport; the Marquise is Agnes Everett. Max, the son, is Harry Spangler; he is William Farnum's "partner" in "The Plunderer." Miss Pearl White was born in Missouri.

L. M. B., BROOKLYN.—The Fool, in "A Fool There Was" (Fox), is Edward Jose, playing opposite Theda Bara as "The Vamp." The cast of "The Devil" (N. Y. M. P. C.) is as follows: The Devil—Edward Connelly; Isabella—Bessie Barriscale; Harry Lang—Arthur Maude; Elsa—Clara Williams; Millie—Rhea Mitchell; Alfred Zanden—J. Barney Sherry; Andrews—A. Hollingsworth.

K. L. M., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Virginia Charnock, in "The Island of Regeneration" (Vitagraph) is Naomi Childers.

R. MCK., TROY, N. Y.—It is said there is something very mysterious about the great amethyst ring which Mr. Bushman always wears, and no one has been able to learn its real history.

E. N., DAYTON, O.—There is no connection between the Famous Players and Pathe Freres; they are entirely distinct organizations. Richard Travers and Lillian Drew took the leads in "Jane of the Soil."

K. A. B., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Yes, in "Betty in Search of a Thrill," Betty falls asleep and her adventures are dreams. Tsuru Aoki is Janira in "The Beckoning Flame" (a Thos. H. Ince film).

E. L. B., N. Y.—The Thanhouser Twins, whom you admire so much, are named Marion and Madeleine and their last name is Fairbanks. They live in New Rochelle, N. Y.

W. D. W., JOHNSTOWN, PA.—James Young, being such a well known actor and director, would probably be rather surprised to learn that you do not know that his wife, Clara Kimball Young, is married. They are one of the best known couples in moving pictures.

F. K., LOUISVILLE, KY.—William Russell, who plays the role of Blair Stanley, in "The Diamond from the Sky," is at the American Film Co. studio in Santa Barbara. If you are unable to obtain photographs from advertisers, he would probably send one to you.

E. K., CHICAGO.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE does not revise scenarios for its readers, as the series of articles by Captain Peacocke, if studied thoroughly and systematically, and the principles applied to scenarios being written, will better serve the purpose. Captain Peacocke's articles will make clear the theory and principles governing scenario writing; criticism merely points out that this detail or that detail is incorrect, but does not explain the whys and wherefores.

G. H., NEW YORK, writes us in a very patriotic mood protesting against one of our Canadian readers claiming Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin. "It really can't be held against them where they were born, and it is evident that Uncle Sam has claimed them for himself, and his children—meaning the U. S. (us)—and they are Americans." Looks as though Americans could be just as loyal to their country as Canadians to theirs.

P. L. B., ELKADER, IA.—"When the Fleet Sailed," is one of Florence La Badie's latest screen vehicles, but she is appearing regularly in the productions of the Thanhouser company.

D. R., MIAMI, OKLA.—Betty Gray has the title role in Vitaphone's "The Girl Who Might Have Been," a very human detective story. In Lubin's series of photoplays, "The Road of Strife," Crane Wilbur plays the part of Robert Dane.

F. B., DETROIT.—In "Naughty Henrietta" (American) the role of Dan Mathews is taken by Webster Campbell. "To be enduringly happy, one must be selective in one's beliefs about women," the writer of "Purgatory's Ivory Angel," remarks in September PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Wherefore he chose to disbelieve Theda Bara a Cincinnati girl, but nevertheless she is.

A. W., BRENTHAM, TEX.—Edith Taliaferro and Tom Forman are the two who take the principal parts in "Young Romance" (Lasky), and Alice Joyce leads in "The White Goddess" (Kalem), the story of which appeared in April PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

W. E. B., PITTSBURGH, an old navy man, remarks: "In a picture I saw recently the leading man was supposed to be a Lieutenant, but most peculiarly, wore the uniform of an Ensign." The struggle for accuracy of detail is as far from ended as ever. Fay Tincher is still playing with Komic, one of her recent pictures being "Father Love," a one reel film, released August 8th.

M. A., PHILADELPHIA.—Lester Cuneo has joined the Metro company, and in "The Second in Command," he is Lieut. Manning, Murief's brother. He left Essanay about the same time that Mr. Bushman severed his connection with them.

A. H. G., HARMONY, MINN.—If you contemplate opening a moving picture theatre arrangements for films should be made through the branch offices of the various film distributors. It would be well to write to Paramount Pictures Corp., 110 W. 40th St.; General Film Company, 1600 Broadway; Universal Film Mfg. Co., 1600 Broadway; Fox Film Corp., 130 W. 46th St.; Mutual Film Corp., 71 W. 23d St., or Pathe Exchange, 25 W. 45th St., all in New York City.

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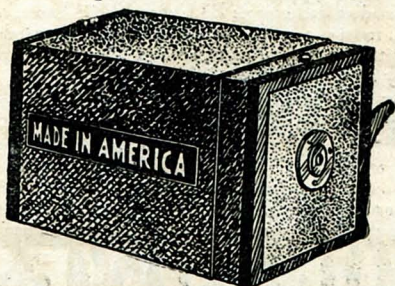
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Y. B., N. Y. C.—Mary Pickford is in New York at the present time, as the Famous Players intend to produce most of their pictures in the east for sometime to come, in fact until their new California studios are ready for occupancy. Marguerite Clark comes from Cincinnati, and not Bridgeport, Conn.

C. L., BENSONHURST, N. Y.—Charles Chaplin has not been East recently, and we have no idea when he may go to New York. However, if the rumors of a vaudeville engagement, this fall or winter, prove true you should see him at that time.

E. W., INDIANAPOLIS.—D. W. Griffith and R. A. Walsh are entirely different persons, though both are directors at the Majestic-Reliance studios in Los Angeles. You should write Mr. Walsh at the studio.

P. P. B., FLORIDA.—You might write to Eleanor Woodruff at the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn.

C. M. K., CHICAGO.—Cleo Madison is a former Chicagoan and had acquired much experience on the stage before going into moving pictures.

M. A. C., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Yes, Frederick Lewis, playing Joe, in "The Lily of Poverty Flat," was formerly with Sothern and Marlowe, as you surmised.

C. S., EL CAMPO, TEX., AND M. M., KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Clara Kimball Young is with the World Film Corporation and may be addressed in its care. Miss Edna Mayo is not married.

F. P., LOUISVILLE, KY.—Bryant Washburn is married to Mabel Forrest and may be addressed at the Chicago Essanay studio.

P. L., N. Y. C.—Arthur Johnson has left Lubin and at the present time we understand that he is at liberty. However, his plans will probably be announced shortly.

M. W. H., JR., NASHVILLE, TENN.—Tottie Twinkletons in Kalem's "Midnight at Maxim's," is Alice Rodier. "Maxim's" looked rather empty many times in this picture, and the disappearance of confetti and streamers in close-ups of the entertainers, and their sudden reappearance later, was rather noticeable. Alice Joyce is no longer with Kalem, and is not playing at the present time.

O. B. J., ST. LOUIS, and E. K., ELIZABETH, N. J.—The cast of "The Stoning" (Edison): Ruth—Viola Dana; her father and mother—Charles Sutton and Helen Strickland; the Minister—Robert Connors; the boy—Yale Boss; the brakeman—Harry Beaumont. The rich man's daughter in "Out of the Ruins" is Gladys Hulette.

THIS NEW TOY

will delight any youngster's heart. It is a smaller model of the **Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner**—14 inches high. It has a highly polished aluminum nozzle, revolving brush, dust bag and handle—just like the big one.

This size operates without electricity, and can be had for 25c in stamps or silver. It is well worth a dollar, but is sold at the smaller figure to any home having electricity in order to advertise the full-size



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The kiddies like to "keep house" with the Toy Frantz-Premier. So if you want to make a hit with them, and at the same time give them a toy they won't grow tired of, send 25c today.



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1112 Power Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

D. B., CIRCLEVILLE, O.—A picture of Frank Borzage, of the New York M. P. C., has not appeared in the art section recently, so it is impossible to supply such a number.

H. C. S., BALLSTON SPA, N. Y.—While one hundred twenty-four sub-titles in a four reel picture is a very large number, probably altogether too many, still if they are snappy and to the point, it is possible that their use would be effective. The use of the fade-out and cut-back however, generally serves the purpose of explaining the story, and is far preferable.

L. M. R., PRATT, KAN.—Pauline Fredericks may be addressed in care of the Famous Players' New York office, and Miss Farrar in care of Lasky's Hollywood studio.

X. Y. Z., DEPOSIT, N. Y.—Again the matrimonial affairs of Blanche Sweet assume mountainous proportions to one of our readers, but the answer is still that she is not married. Samantha in "The Lonesome Heart" (American), is Margarita Fischer, and Sara Prue is Lucille Ward.

G. G. AND G. V. R., WINTHROP, MASS.—Mr. Bushman's middle name is Xavier. In "Thirteen Down," Arnold Austin is Francis X. Bushman; Jeanne is Beverly Bayne; Dr. Lamarde is Thos. Commerford, Robert Orson is Bryant Washburn and Baron Schoman is Lester Cuneo. As we have remarked before, Marguerite and Ethel Clayton are not related and Miss Normand is not married. "The Goose Girl" was adapted from the novel of the same name, and Marguerite Clark takes the title role as the little Princess—Monroe Salisbury is the King. "Wildflower," featuring Miss Clark and Harold Lockwood, was adapted from a book length story by Mary Germaine, which appeared in Munsey's Magazine.

R. D. T., RICHMOND, IND.—Yes, Gladden James, of Vitaphone, took part in the stage production of "Officer 666," as well as "The Third Degree," and "The Girl of the Golden West." His first appearance on the stage was in 1894, at the age of six, and he joined the Vitaphone Company in April, 1913. Address Blanche Sweet at the Lasky studio, Hollywood.

B. C., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—We are glad that Miss La Badie responded so quickly to your request for a photograph, but we knew that she would do so, and for that reason we gave you the information on page 168 of the August issue. Miss Farrar is unmarried.

A. W., CHICAGO.—Miss Arnold plays the role of the mother, Yvette, in the first part of "The Swinging Doors" (Universal), and the part of the daughter Margot in the second part. Jean, however, is Murdock MacQuarrie, and not Frank MacQuarrie.


B. R., KANKAKEE, ILL.—In Lubin's "Whom the Gods Would Destroy," John Strong is portrayed by Joseph Smiley, and Rice and his brother Tom, are George Soule Spencer and Francis Joyner. Nell and Laske are played by Ruth Bryan and Lilie Leslie, while the detective is John Smiley.

E. B. K., HAZLETON, PA.—G. M. Anderson, of the Essanay's, Niles, Calif., studio, still figures in western dramas, and nearly a dozen were released this summer: "Broncho and the Land Grabber," "Broncho Billy's Word of Honor," "Broncho Billy and the Posse," and others. We like the questions first, and you had them just right.

R. M. B., BATH, ME.—Dorothy Gish is Minerva in "Minerva's Mission" (Majestic-Reliance); Cora Drew is her aunt; W. E. Lawrence is Grant, and James Gorman is the workman. Richard Stanton portrays Dick Morgan, Leona Hutton—Anne, Thelma Salter—Stella, and Edward Brennan—Warner, in Kay-Bee's "On the High Seas."

E. F., CLEVELAND.—Yes, Thomas H. Ince played with the Prospect Stock Company in your city six or seven years ago.

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JULIE CRUZE, the daughter of James Cruze and Marguerite Snow, took the part of Florence Gray as a baby in the early part of "The Million Dollar Mystery."

L. K. AURORA, ILL., and **C. L. S., BELLEVUE, PA.**—Sidney Bracy is married to Evelyn Forsythe. Florence La Badie, Morris Foster and Harris Gordon took the principal parts in "God's Witness" (Thanouser). This play was first entitled "At the Mercy of Tiberius."

R. MCS., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—No, the story of "The Arab" has never appeared in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

M. W., GRAND JCT., COLO.—If you turn to your May PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE you will find the cast of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," on page 156.

L. T., GUTHRIE CENTER, IA.—You refer to Miriam Cooper of "Birth of a Nation" fame, in "The Artist's Wife," a Majestic-Reliance production.

M. M., WASHINGTON, D. C.—William Farnum played the part of Glenister in Selig's "The Spoilers"; Thomas Santschi was McNamara; Kathlyn Williams—Cherry Malotte; Bessie Eytton—Helen Chester; Frank Clark—Dextery; Wheeler Oakman—Broncho Kid; Jack McDonald—Slapjack.

M. S., INDIANAPOLIS.—Ruth Roland was born in San Francisco, Aug. 21, 1893.

H. J. M., EDINBURG, ILL.—We trust you are able to visit some of the studios when in California, but admission is difficult to obtain, and it is hard to reach many of the studios, as the trip must be made by auto, in numerous instances.

H. S., SEATTLE.—Yes, Dustin Farnum is married.

M. F., MINNEAPOLIS.—Mildred Harris' parents are not players. Neither Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish, Mae Marsh nor Lovey Marsh is married.

E. S., ROCHELLE, ILL.—Lila Chester of the Thanouser Company is unmarried.

M. W., SWAIN, N. Y.—According to the latest reports Boyd Marshall of Thanouser is not married.

J. C. W., FAIRFIELD, NEB.—We can not recommend any agency for correction or sale of scenarios. Why pay a middleman to do something you can do to better advantage yourself. If you study it out? "Licensed film manufacturers" refers to the original group of companies which operated under the film patents and formed the General Film Company.

P. C., BOONVILLE, MO.—"The Diamond from the Sky" was filmed in California around Santa Barbara, and in the American studios at that place.

A. K., ST. LOUIS.—Tony and Angelica, "From Italy's Shores" (Universal), are Roy Stuart and Jane Novak.

L. R., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Irenya in "The Unafraid" (Lasky) is Marjorie Daw.

B. M., CHICAGO.—The Doctor, in Kalem's "Prejudice," is Robert Ellis. Yes, many of the players answer letters from friends, though this is not true of all, and you will have to write and do the experimenting yourself.

M. MCC., ST. PAUL.—One of Marguerite Clark's latest releases is "Seven Sisters," the story of which appeared in September PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. There are no studios open to the public, that we know of, and special permission to visit them is exceedingly hard to obtain.

G. D. C., SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—The paragraph, "How he met Lucille Lee, pretty little blonde soprano in the choir of the Episcopal church in Sheephead Bay, married her, and made her baby brunette sister, Anita Stewart, a world-famous star of silent drama, I have told in another story," from "Ince of the Atlantic," in August PHOTOPLAY, refers to "Anita, A Star-in-Law," in April PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

E. P. C., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—You will find answers to your Helen Holmes railroad pictures on page 89 of July PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Tom Moore's real name is Thomas Moore! Mary Miles Minter of Metro is thirteen. Julia Swayne Gordon and Anita Stewart are not related, as much as they resemble each other.

V. M., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Practically all of the scenes in "The Goddess" are taken at the Vitaphone studio in Brooklyn. The mountain scenes are of North Carolina and Long Island, but the strike scenes in the coal district are all studio products.

G. L. W., MITCHELL, SO. DAK.—Barbara Tennant plays opposite Howard Estabrook in "The Butterfly" (World).

D. A., DES MOINES, IA.—Gretchen is Violet McMillen; Von Hoffman—Thomas Chatterton; the Count—Herchal Mayall; and the Countess—Ida Lewis, in "A Modern Noble."

J. T. W., ROSS, CALIF.—Yes, Anita Stewart has a younger brother, George, about fifteen years of age.

C. G. W., CLEVELAND.—Enid Markey is with New York Motion Picture Corporation, and Dorothy Davenport with Lasky. You might write to them at those addresses.

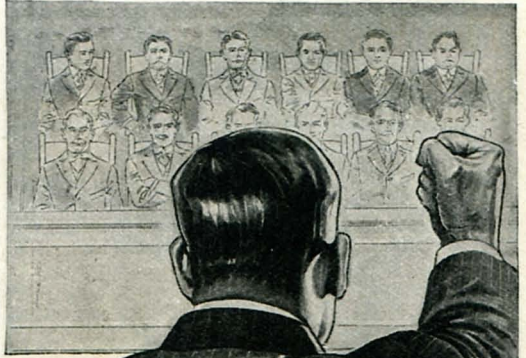
H. B. McD.—"The Spoilers" was released nearly a year ago. One of Francis X. Bushman's last Essanay plays was "Providence and Mrs. Urmey." Beverly Bayne played opposite him.

C. E. L., SYDNEY, N. S. W.—The girl in the "Stool Pigeon" is Vera Sisson. Your other questions have been answered since you wrote us.

E. M. R., TORONTO.—Sanford Quest, in "The Black Box," is Herbert Rawlinson.

A. B., GUTHRIE, OKLA.—A cut-back is a momentary return to a portion of the film which has previously been shown. It is a most effective means for securing a well connected story.

P. L.—The leading players in each of the following films: "The Man Who Could Not Lose," Carlyle Blackwell; "Beulah," Henry Walthall; "In the Days of Famine," James Morrison and Dorothy Kelly; "The Melting Pot," Walker Whiteside and Valentine Grant; "May Blossoms," Gertrude Robinson; "Souls in Pawn," Ben Wilson and Dorothy Phillips; "Quest of the Sacred Gem," Edna Mayo and Charles Arling; "Money, Money, Money," Ethel Clayton and Joseph Kaufman.



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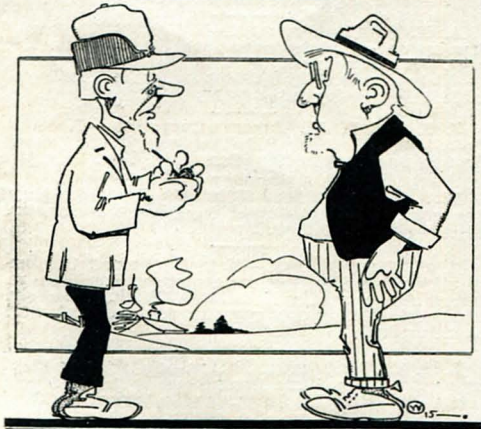
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Textile Manufacturing
Gas Engines

Civil Service
Railway Mail Clerk
Bookkeeping
Stenography & Typewriting
Window Trimming
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French
German

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J. Z., CLEVELAND.—The cast in "Through Turbulent Waters" (Edison): Alice—Gertrude McCoy; Paul Temple—Frank Farrington; Jane—Bessie Learn; her mother—Helen Strickland; her father—Duncan McRae; Mr. Montrose—Robert Brower; Frank Wentworth—Edward Earle; the leading woman—Marjorie Ellison.

L. F., LOS ANGELES.—Inasmuch as you do not give the name of any plays, we must ask that you give the name of the producing company, as Pathe releases for many studios and otherwise we have no idea with which one your friend may be.

S. M., SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Boyd Marshall is the Confederate lover, Randolph, playing opposite Lorraine Huling, in Thanhouser's "Fifty Years After Appomattox."

Z. B., DES MOINES.—Duncan McRae is Captain Elliot in "The House of the Lost Court" (Edison).

R. A., MONROE, N. C.—Miss Cleo Ridgely is with Lasky in Hollywood, Calif.

M. G., SAN FRANCISCO.—Mary Pickford's trip to Japan is rather uncertain at present on account of the war; in fact, no definite announcement of any kind has been made. And then M. G. remarks, "My favorite is Mary Pickford. In the roles she portrays she simply makes sunshine out of darkness. We find so much to admire in the little actress, with her curls and her poise, but that is not all which attracts us. It is her personality and individuality—her own sweet self."

O. J. R.—We can supply all the issues of this year beginning with April. Read the current advertisements in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE concerning pictures of your favorites. "Carmen" is to be the first Lasky picture featuring Farrar.

A. G., ALLENTOWN, PA.—Syd Chaplin is still with Keystone in Los Angeles.

G. H., DETROIT.—Earle Williams is five feet eleven. We referred to "Sweethearts" elsewhere.

D. C., KANSAS CITY.—Even though you addressed Mr. Bushman at the Metro studio in Los Angeles, instead of Hollywood, it undoubtedly reached him, though it may have been delayed a little.

L. L., CEDARHURST, L. I.—No, Miss Marguerite Clark is unmarried.

J. P. L., THETFORD, QUE.—The artist in "The Heart of the Princess Marsart" is Harry Benham. For the cast of "Fairy Fern Seed," kindly refer to page 163 of September PHOTOPLAY.

A. N. S., LOS ANGELES.—Rolf's "High Road," has been released for some time; Valli Valli is the star. The player on the strip of film you sent us is Vicky Forde. Syd Chaplin was in the legitimate before going into pictures.

J. S. and L. H., STRONGHURST, ILL.—Kirke in Selig's "His Father's Rifle" is Guy Oliver. George Larkin was born in New York City, Nov. 11, 1888.

M. P., CLAYTON, MO.—Elizabeth Burbridge plays the part of Betty Wright in "Shorty's Troubled Sleep" (N. Y. M. P. C.).

E. C., DALLAS, TEX.—Metro's "Second in Command," their first Bushman picture, has been released for some time. Francis X. Bushman and Marguerite Snow are opposite for the first time in this play.

L. A. C., DORCHESTER, MASS.—In Famous Players' "When We Were Twenty-one," the lead was taken by William Elliot, and Charles Waldron played Dick Carraway, the character impersonated by Nat Goodwin in the original stage presentation. In the "Moth and the Flame" (Famous Players) Edward Fletcher is impersonated by Stewart Baird; Charles Dawson—Edward Mordant; Douglas Rhodes—Bradley Barker; James Walton—Arthur Donaldson; Marion Walton—Adele Rey; Mrs. James Walton—Dora M. Adams; Jeanette Graham—Irene Howley.

STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give below a number of the principal ones:

AMERICAN FILM MFG. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago, or Santa Barbara, Calif.

BALBOA AM. PROD. Co., Long Beach, Calif.
BIOGRAPH COMPANY, 807 East 175th St., New York, or Girard and Georgia Sts., Los Angeles, Calif.

BOSWORTH, INC., 220 West 42d St., New York, or 201 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles.

CALIFORNIA M. P. CORP., San Francisco.
THOS. A. EDISON, Inc., Orange, N. J., or 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City.

ESSANAY FILM MFG. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago; Niles, Calif.; or 651 Fairview St., Los Angeles, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM Co., 213 West 26th St., New York, or Bronson and Melrose Sts., Hollywood, Calif.

FEATURES IDEAL, INC., 1630 Gordon St., Hollywood, Calif.

FOX FILM CORP., 130 West 46th St., New York.

GAUMONT COMPANY, 110 West 40th St., New York.

DAVID HORSELY STUDIO, Main and Washington Sts., Los Angeles, Calif.

KALEM COMPANY, 235 West 23d St., New York; Jacksonville, Fla.; 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Calif., or Verdugo Road, Glendale, Calif.

KEYSTONE FILM Co., 1712 Allesandro St., Los Angeles, Calif.

GEO. KLEINE, INC., 166 North State St., Chicago.

L-KO MOTION PICTURE Co., 6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY Co., 120 West 41st St., New York; or 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

LUBIN MFG. Co., 20th and Indiana Ave., Philadelphia, or 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

MAJESTIC-RELIANCE STUDIO, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

OLIVER MOROSCO FEATURE FILM Co., 201 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION, 71 West 23d St., New York City.

NATIONAL FILM CORP., Santa Monica Blvd. and Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

NEW YORK MOTION PICTURE CORP., Inceville, Santa Monica, Calif.

PATHE EXCHANGE, 25 West 45th St., New York City.

QUALITY PICTURES CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

SELIG POLYSCOPE Co., Garland Bldg., Chicago; 1901 Alessandro St., or 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

TRIANGLE FILM CORP., 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York, or Universal City, Calif.

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Casts of Stories from Films in This Issue

THE IMPOSTOR

World

<i>Sir Anthony</i> , a millionaire	Alec B. Francis
<i>Blink</i> , Sir Anthony's twin	Alec B. Francis
<i>Aubrey</i> , Sir Anthony's son	Sumner Gard
<i>Gouger</i> , Blink's pal	Leslie Stowe
<i>Mr. Priestly</i>	E. M. Kimball
<i>Mary Priestly</i>	Dorothy Fairchild
<i>The Tearer</i> , later Miss Gibson	Jose Collins

SOLD

Famous Players

<i>Helen</i>	Pauline Frederick
<i>Donald Bryant</i>	Thomas Holding
<i>Robert Wainwright</i>	Julian L'Estrange
<i>Johnson</i>	Lowell Sherman
<i>Lucy</i>	Lucille Fursman
<i>Dolbear</i>	Russell Bassett

MI PERDIDA

Vitagraph

<i>Juan Mora</i> , a violinist	Nicholas Dunaew
<i>Perdita</i> , his wife	Dorothy Kelly
<i>Henri Ducharme</i> , orchestra director	William Dunn

THE SECOND SHOT

Lubin

<i>Alice</i>	Ormi Hawley
<i>John Anthony</i>	Kempton Greene
<i>Phil Dunbar</i>	Earl Metcalfe
<i>Alice's Father</i>	Herbert Fortier
<i>The Detective</i>	Arthur Mathews

THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

Selig

<i>Halsey Innes</i>	Guy Oliver
<i>Aunt Ray</i>	Eugene Besserer
<i>Gertrude Innes</i>	Stella Razeto
<i>Louise Armstrong</i>	Edith Johnson
<i>Jack Bailey</i>	William Howard
<i>Liddy</i>	Anna Dodge
<i>Mrs. Watson</i>	Jane Watson
<i>Old Tom</i>	F. J. Tyler
<i>Detective Jamieson</i>	Fred Huntly
<i>Arnold Armstrong</i>	Clyde Benson
<i>Paul Armstrong</i>	George Hernandez
<i>Dr. Walker</i>	Bert Grasby

MARRIAGE OF KITTY

Lasky

<i>Katherine Silverton</i>	Fannie Ward
<i>John Travers</i>	Richard Morris
<i>Lord Belsize</i>	Jack Dean
<i>Helen De Semiano</i>	Cleo Ridgley
<i>Jack Churchill</i>	Tom Forman
<i>Annie</i>	Mrs. Lewis McCord



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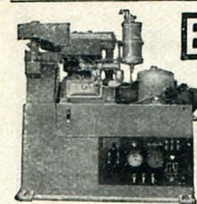
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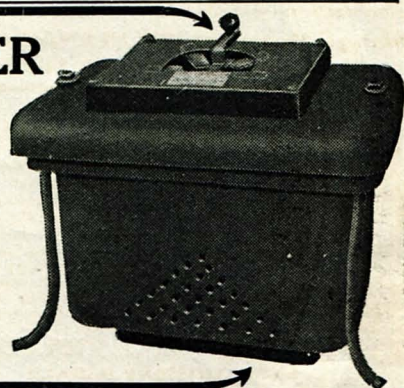
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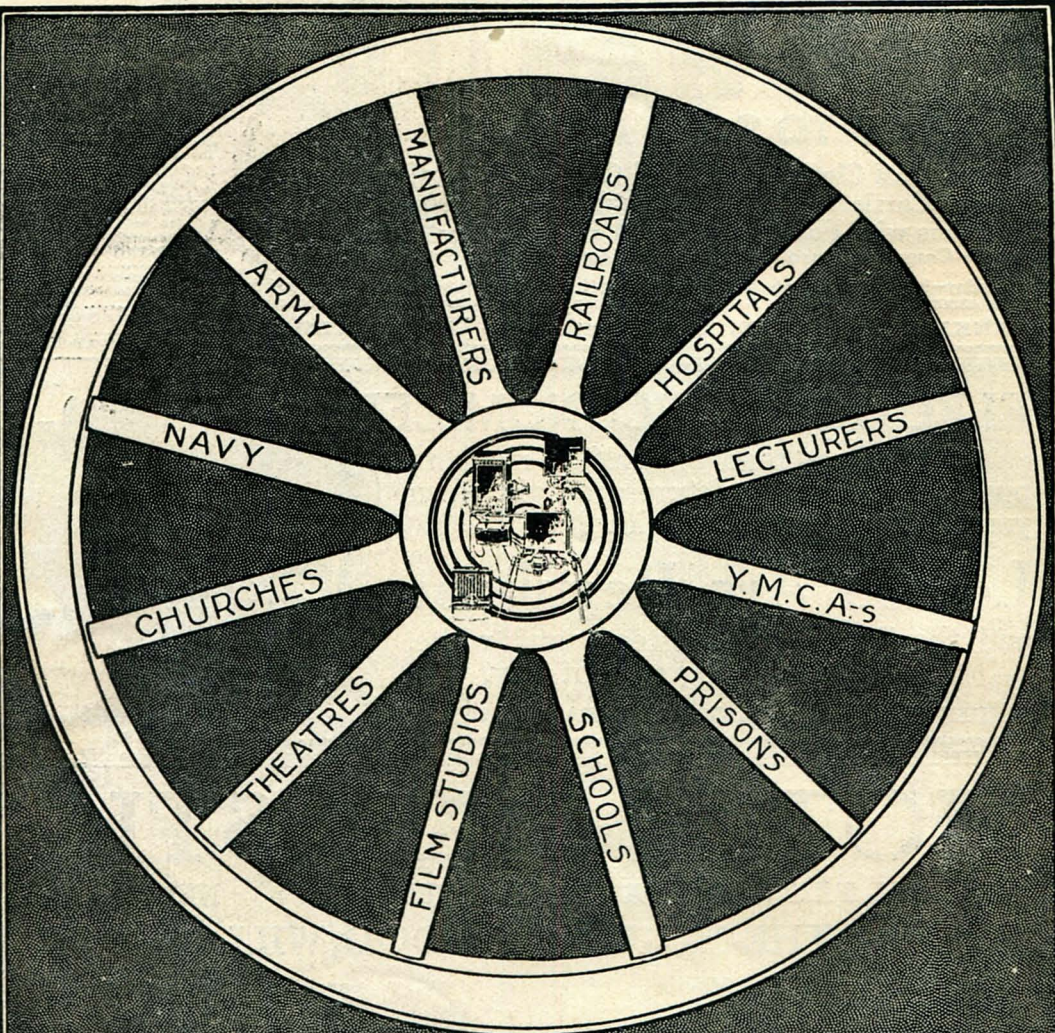
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